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THE NEW YORKER

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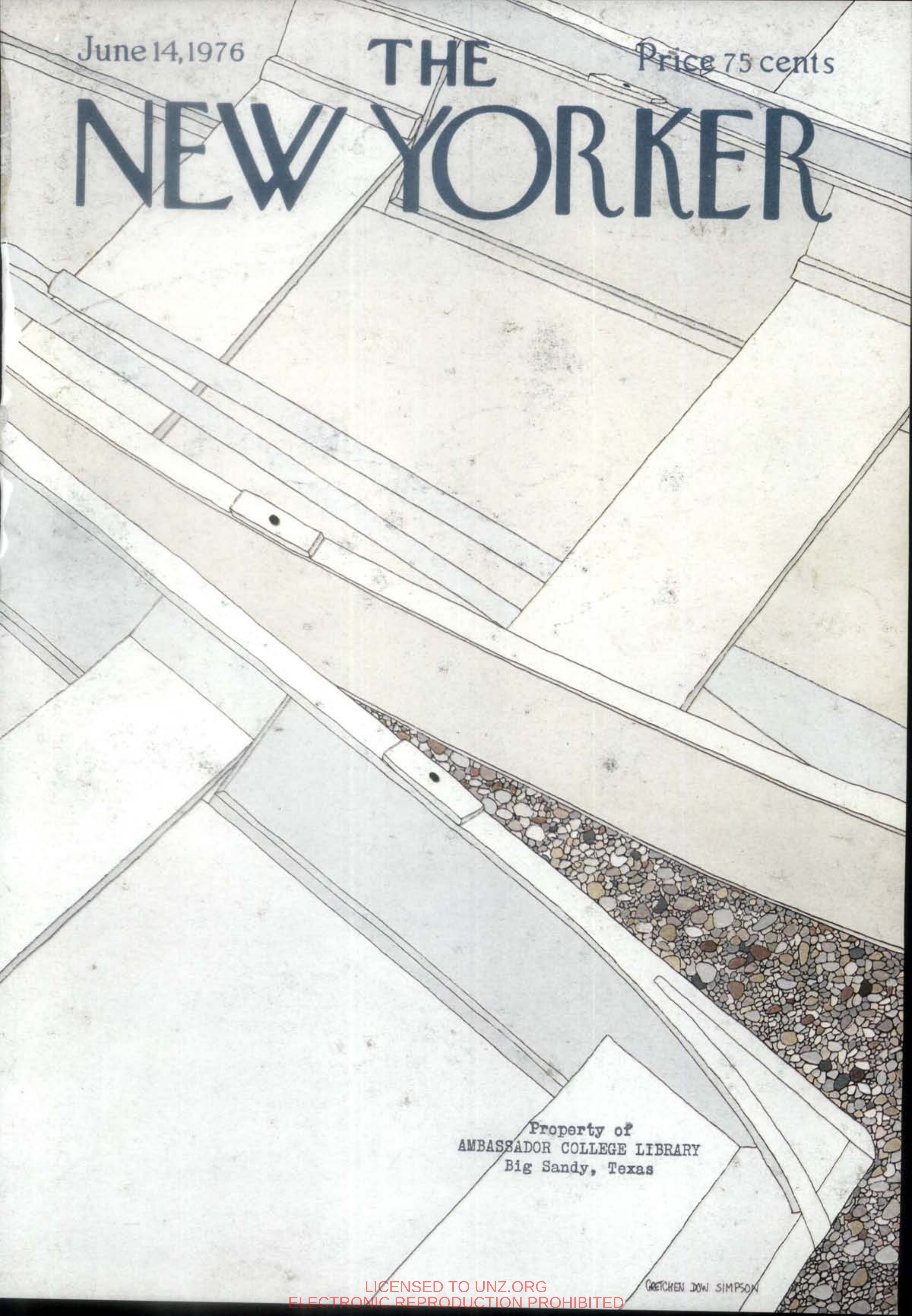

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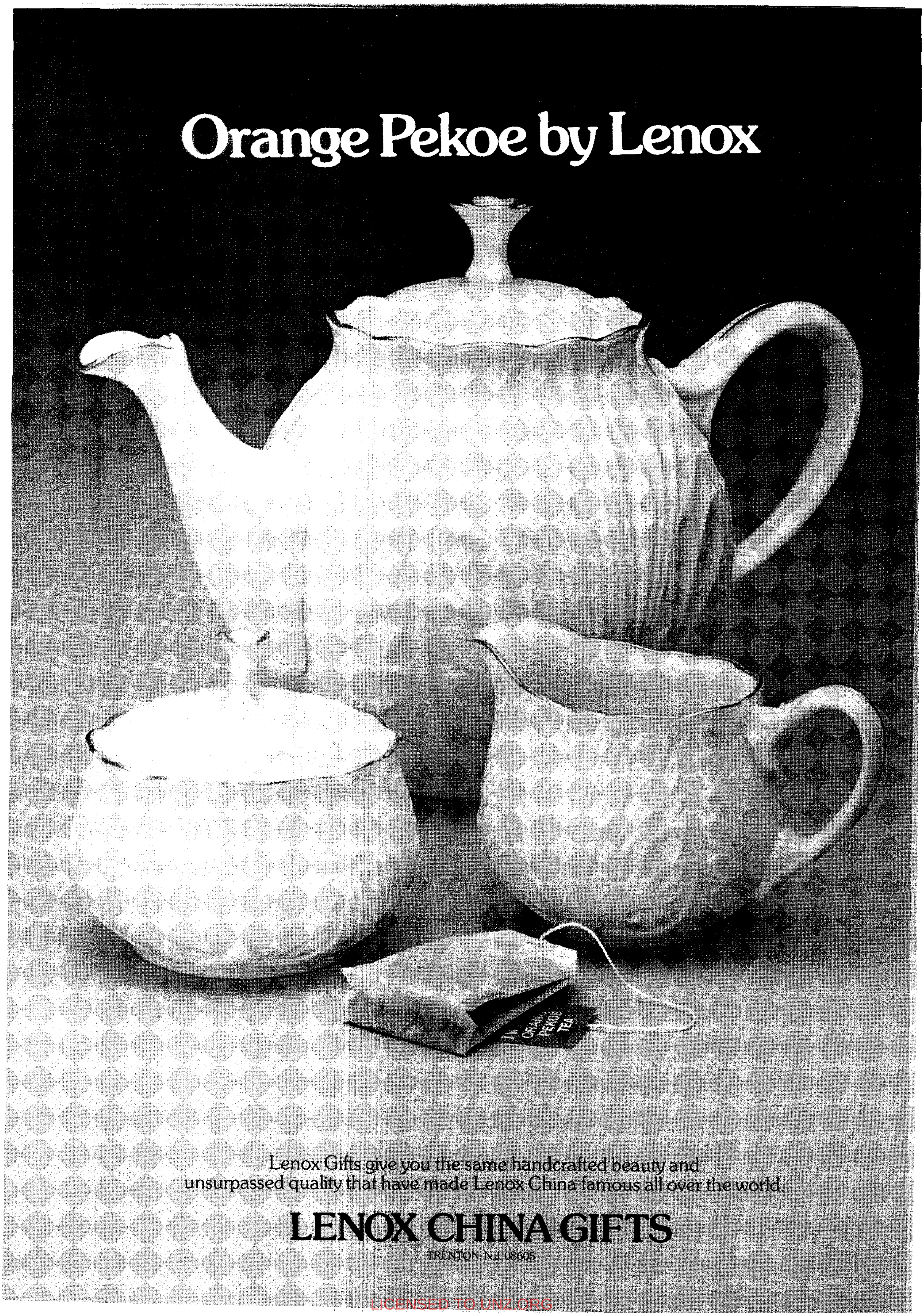

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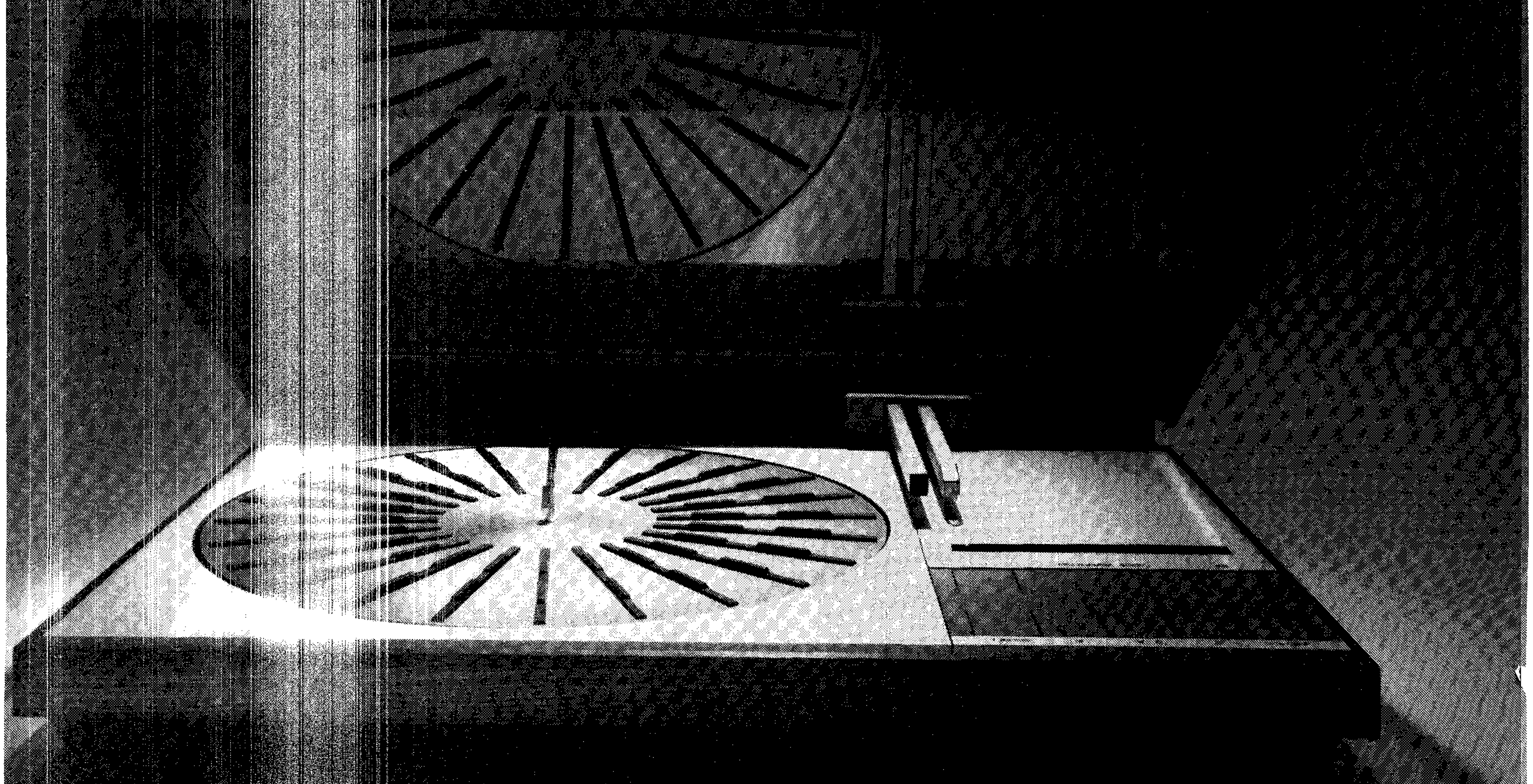

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Belle of Amherst—Not a play but a one-woman divertissement, in which Julie Harris charmingly impersonates Emily Dickinson. Dickinson's verses survive more plausibly than her character. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's Tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—A comedy by Neil Simon, made up of four one-act plays, starring Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Barbara Barrie, and Jack Weston. Gene Saks directed. Previews Wednesday, June 9. Opens officially on Thursday, June 10. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Eden—The setting of Steve Carter's play is somewhere in the West Sixties, back in the nineteen-twenties. The leading character is a stern West Indian paterfamilias who is a follower of Marcus Garvey and his Back to Africa movement, and most of the action concerns a kind of guerilla warfare he conducts with a young American Negro and his aunt, in the apartment next door. Needless to say, his daughter falls in love with the American and he with her. The play is funny, sad, convincing, and thoroughly honorable. The cast, headed by Graham Brown, is very good indeed. Edmund Cambridge directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Knock Knock—A comedy with many laughs and some wisdom. Lynn Redgrave, Charles Durning, John Heffernan, and Leonard Frey are in a new production, directed by José Quintero. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Livin' Fat—A satire, by Judi Ann Mason, played as a broad farce, about a young black janitor in a bank who "finds" a packet worth fifteen thousand dollars (after the bank has been robbed) and agrees to let his upright parents decide whether he may keep it. Much of the play is funny, as directed by Douglas Turner Ward and as performed by Frances Foster, Minnie Gentry, Frankie Faison, Joyce Sylvester, and (in the leading role) Dean Irby. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

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Me and Bessie—Perhaps the main weakness of Linda Hopkins' attempt to re-create Bessie Smith is that she is a jittery and uncertain actress. But now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

My Fair Lady—A well-nigh perfect revival of the well-nigh perfect musical. See it in this decade if you can. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Norman Conquests—A venal husband seeks to make everyone happy by incessant acts of seduction. Alan Ayckbourn is a clever playwright, and we laugh continuously at his dark view of domesticity, which is presented to us in three independent plays, each complete in itself and staged at succeeding performances. The schedule is complicated—**table manners:** Wednesday, June 9, at 2; Friday, June 11, as well as Monday, June 14, and Wednesday, June 16, at 8; and Saturday, June 19, at 2. . . . **living together:** Wednesday, June 9, at 8; Saturday, June 12, at 2; and Tuesday, June 15, as well as Thursday, June 17, and Saturday, June 19, at 8. . . . **round and round the garden:** Thursday, June 10, and Saturday, June 12, at 8; Wednesday, June 16, at 2; and Friday, June 18, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

Pacific Overtures—A musical that, with comparatively little music, tells the unedifying story of how Commodore Perry helped open up Japan in 1853. With an all-Asian and almost all-male cast. Songs by Stephen Sondheim, direction by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pal Joey—A revival of the Rodgers and Hart (book by John O'Hara) musical, which originally opened on Broadway in 1940. Theodore Mann has directed a cast headed by Eleanor Parker, Edward Villella, Janie Sell, and Joe

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sirola. Previews through Wednesday, June 16. Opens officially on Thursday, June 17. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Rebel Women—David Dukes, as General William Tecumseh Sherman, gives an admirable performance opposite Kathryn Walker, who also gives an admirable performance, as a Confederate wife, in this rather nebulous play by Thomas Babe. With Leora Dana, Deloris Gaskins, John Glover, and Deborah Offner, among others. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Royal Family—A revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores. Under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, it is still very fresh and funny. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, and Sam Levene, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Runner Stumbles—A nun and a priest fall in love, and since the time is long ago and the place is rural Michigan, there is much sadness for all. A commendable play by Milan Stitt, with Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Something's Afoot—A witless and almost musicless musical that affects to parody Agatha Christie. The star is Tessie O'Shea, who is no Margaret Rutherford. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

So Nice, They Named It Twice—Neil Harris's drama about the drug-ridden underworld of Harlem is sometimes harrowing, often funny, and always absorbing, and the performance, under Bill Lathan's skillful direction, goes very well indeed. With, among others, Bill Jay, Veronica Redd, Alfre Woodard, Robbie McCauley, Brent Jennings, and, in the role of a powerful, menacing rackets tycoon, the playwright himself. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans, Dorian Harewood, and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Threepenny Opera—A superior production of the Brecht-Weill musical, in an accurate translation of the harsh-voiced original. Raul Julia is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 5:30.)

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Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8. and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—A saucy little musical, which was the bee's knees in 1915. The music is by Jerome Kern, and some of the lyrics are by P. G. Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—Edward Albee's witty and compassionate study of the human predicament. With Colleen Dewhurst and Ben Gazzara, ably directed by Mr. Albee. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—**CHICAGO:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Keith McDermott, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,713 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Wednesday, June 9, at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday, June 11, at 7:30; Saturday, June 12, at 6 and 9; and Sunday, June 13, at 2 and 5. Moves to the Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St., 246-6699, where previews will be given Thursday and Friday, June 17-18, at 8; Saturday, June 19, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, June 20, at 3. Opens officially on Tuesday, June 22.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.). . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 9, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Thursday, June 10, at 8: "Watermill" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Friday, June 11, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Meditation," "Square Dance," and "Piano Concerto in G Major.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 12, at 2: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 12, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 13, at 1: "Serenade," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," "Concerto Barocco," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Sunday, June 13, at 7, and Tuesday, June 15, at 8: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Wednesday, June 16, at 8: "Watermill," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Piano Concerto in G Major.". . . ¶ Thursday, June 17, at 8: "Serenade," "Sonatine," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Friday, June 18, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," "Duo Concertant," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 2: "Fanfare," "Duo Concertant," "Pas de Deux," and "La Sonnambula.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 8: "Watermill," "La Sonnambula," "Tzigane," and "Square Dance." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 27.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 9, and Thursday evening, June 10: "Giselle.". . . ¶ Friday evening, June 11; Saturday matinée and evening, June 12; and Monday evening, June 14: "La Bayadère," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Shadowplay.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 15 (company première—a benefit performance; for tickets, call 757-7035); Wednesday matinée and evening, June 16; Thursday and Friday evenings, June 17-18; and Saturday matinée and evening, June 19: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 26.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Wednesday, June 9, and Friday, June 11, at 8; Saturday, June 12, at 2; and Sunday, June 13, and Tuesday, June 15, as well as Thursday, June 17, and Saturday, June 19, at 8: "Aureole," "Tablet," "Runes," and "Cloven Kingdom" (première). . . . ¶ Thursday, June 10, and Saturday, June 12, at 8; Sunday, June 13, at 2; Wednesday, June 16, and Friday, June 18, at 8; and Saturday, June 19, at 2: "Public Domain," "Big Bertha," and "Esplanade." (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510. Closes Sunday, June 20.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, June 15, and Saturday, June 19, at 8, and Sunday, June 20, at 2: "Four Temperaments," "Grosse Fugue," and "Les Sylphides.". . . ¶ Wednesday, June 16, at 8, and Saturday, June 19, at 2: "Adagio Hammerklavier," "Concerto Grosso," "Solo for

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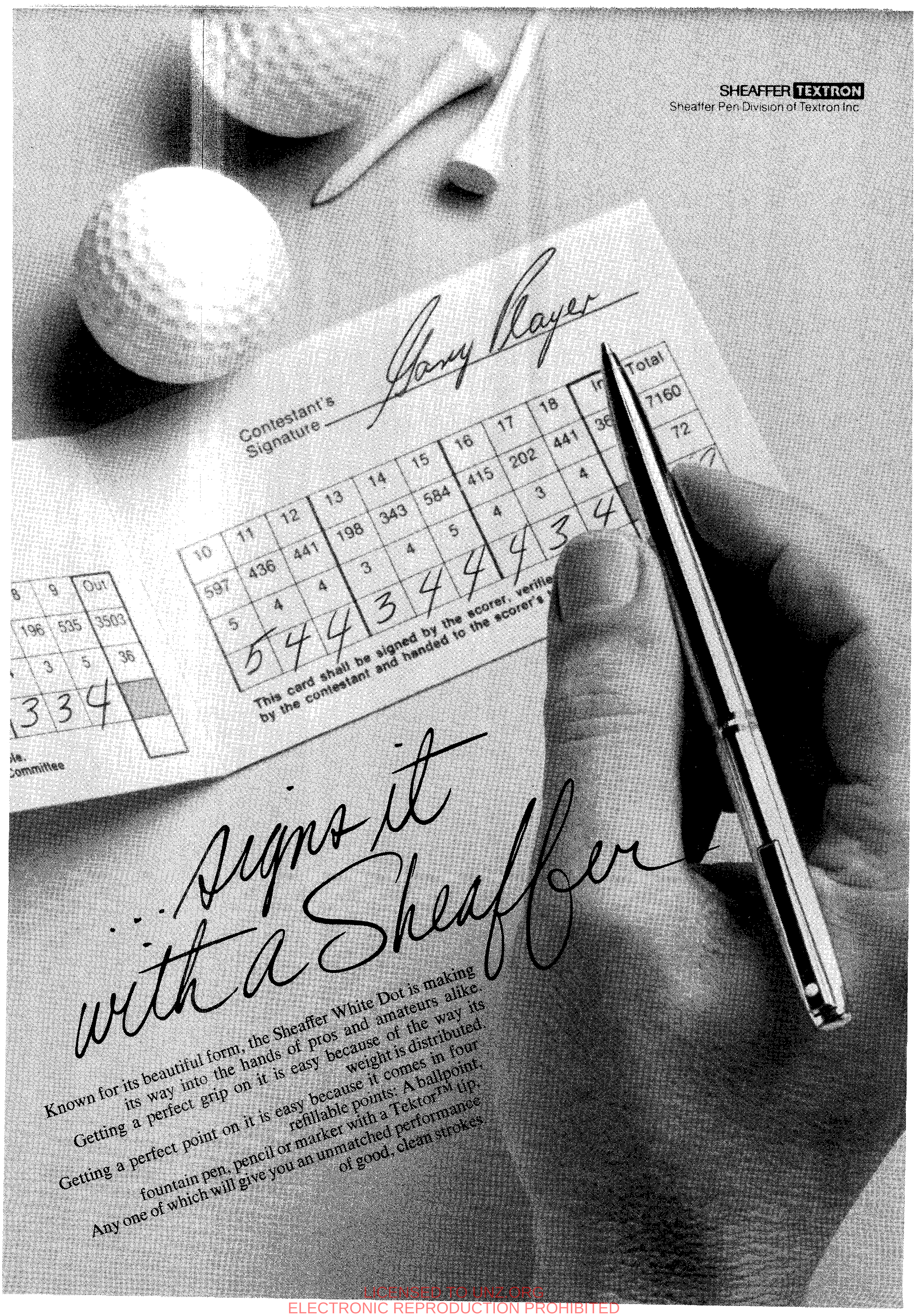
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Voice 1," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Thursday, June 17, and Friday, June 18, at 8, and Sunday, June 20, at 7:30: "Madrigalesco," "Grand Pas de Deux," "Continuum," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Matteo EthnoAmerican Dance Theatre—In a program called "Images of Asia," with Sahomi Tachibana. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, June 17, at 7; Saturday, June 19, at 8; and Sunday, June 20, at 2 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Saxophonist **CHARLES MCPHERSON** is in charge of a quintet that features pianist **BARRY HARRIS** and trumpeter **LONNIE HILLYER** through Saturday, June 12. On Wednesday, June 16, the New York Jazz Quartet—**FRANK WESS,** on flute and saxophone; pianist **ROLAND HANNA;** bassist **RON CARTER;** and drummer **BEN RILEY**—will come in for four nights. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Singer, pianist, and rock songwriter Billy Joel performs through Thursday, June 10; all his shows have been sold out for a couple of weeks. Friday through Sunday, June 11-13, bluesman **JOHN HAMMOND** will be onstage. Hammond, who is the son of the record producer and who has never looked as though he spent much time hopping freights, nonetheless brings off "Terraplane Blues" and other relics from the Robert Johnson period. On Monday and Tuesday, June 14-15, Esther Phillips, known for her Dinah Washington spinoffs, will perform. On Thursday, June 17, singer and pianist Peter Allen will arrive with a backup crew, a repertory of bittersweet, world-weary, schlock-chic compositions, and a whole gang of Elton John mannerisms. Singer Marilyn Sokol will share the stage with Allen. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. On Monday, June 14, pianist **BOBBY DOROUGH** and his bassist, **BILL TAKAS,** will arrive to compete with the conversationalists. The Sunday man is **BARRY HARRIS,** whose piano style is subtle and low-volume, with a highly developed melodic sense. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is home and wearing a tux rather than a N. Y. Bets sweatshirt. He is assisted by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper.... **BARBARA CARROLL,** a strong piano soloist who occasionally seems to take an almost wild delight in her work, is in the Bemelmans Bar, weeknights from nine-thirty, through Saturday, June 12. On Monday, June 14, **MARIAN MCPARTLAND,** all fire and brilliance, will be back again.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar—the name stands for Country, Bluegrass, Blues and Other Music for Uplifting Gourmandizers—has been presenting mostly local, primitive rock bands for some time. Although Hilly Kristal, the owner, had originally hoped for a convergence of the Boston blues and the Washington bluegrass scenes in his club, he says he found more vitality in the scores of young, crude rock bands in the New York-New Jersey-Long Island area. Kristal reports that he's now getting calls for auditions from aspiring rock groups in Philadelphia, Minneapolis, and Acapulco. Most of the music amounts to very loud, short, punchy, occasionally out-of-tune, decade-old rock and roll. Music most nights from after nine-thirty; Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Nearly two years ago, **HELEN HUMES,** who was a Basie vocalist from 1938 to 1942, came out of semiretirement and was booked into the then new, spiffy, uptown version of the now defunct Half Note. For a few nights of her engagement, she swayed, smiled, bubbled, and gestured classically to about eleven people—eleven enchanted people, to be sure. By now, Miss Humes and her strong comeback are well-known, and it's gratifying to see her swaying, smiling, bubbling, and gesturing classically to so many. No one, in fact, has done better at diverting the diners here, where the music, waitressing, eating, and coming and going are all carried out on the same floor level. Miss Humes is aided by pianist Jerry Wiggins and bassist Major Holley Mondays through Saturdays. On Sundays, boogie-wooglist **SAMMY PRICE** cuts loose. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, June 15, pianist Dick Wellstood will sit in with the regulars. Red Richards plays piano most nights from eight-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Sunday, June 13, will be turned over to four-string tenor guitarist **TINY GRIMES** and his group, which will begin at eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** is usually here, working with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist **WILBUR LITTLE.** On Sunday, June 13, Chiasson and Little will collaborate with **EDDIE DIEHL,** another fine guitarist, from five to nine. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three, **BROOKS KERR,** a twenty-four-year-old stride pianist and Ellingtoniac, **SONNY GREER,** the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years, and **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945, goad each other and come up with delightful swing numbers. And, Mondays through Saturdays from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Wayne Wright, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and his trio prove it, through Tuesday, June 15. On Wednesday, June 16, pianist Ahmad Jamal, who once estimated that he has played "Poinciana" about a hundred thousand times, will come in with his trio. Two sets Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven, and three on Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music on Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is back and has rejoined the resident blowers—**CLAUDE HOPKINS** on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Pianist Lance Hayward performs nightly, except Wednesdays, when Jim Roberts takes over the keyboard. Music from nine-thirty to three.

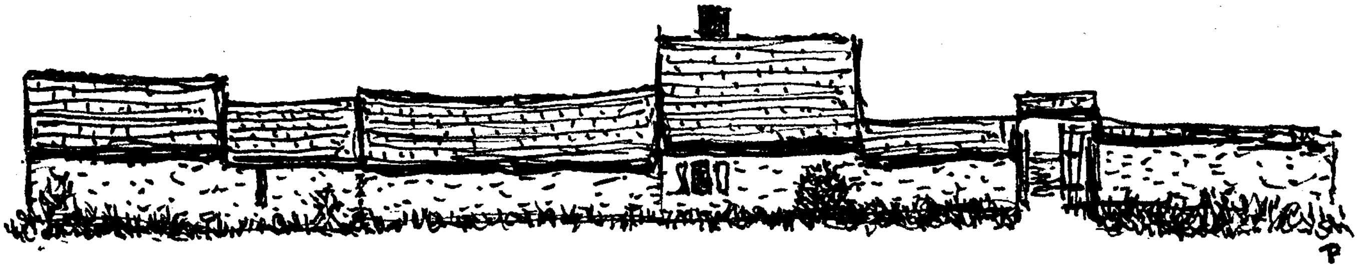
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BENNY CARTER,** the non-Parkerian progressive alto saxophonist from the forties who went on to spend most of the last twenty-five years in Hollywood recording studios, has begun a rare New York club date. He's working with pianist **RAY BRYANT,** drummer **GRADY TATE,** and bassist **MILT HINTON** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. On Wednesday, June 9, alto saxophonist Dave Sanborn heads up a combo. Monday through Wednesday, June 14-16, saxophonist Denny Morouse will be here with his quintet. Thursdays through Saturdays will be given over to wily drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** and his young quintet. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. The **PERSUASIONS,** a remarkable street-corner a-cappella soul-and-gospel quintet, finish on Friday, June 11. On Saturday and Sunday, June 12-13, **DAVE VAN RONK,** a big, bearlike lumberjack of a folksinger, will be on hand, doing his raspy-voiced renditions of songs by the Rev. Gary Davis, Mississippi John Hurt, and Joni Mitchell. On Wednesday, June 16, singer and songwriter Tim Hardin, a folk legend, if an uneven performer, in the sixties, will begin five nights here. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dinner and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI,** who is altogether charming, and who looks more like an aging classical maestro than the hot-jazz player he still is, winds up a week here on Sunday, June 13. On Tuesday, June 15, Judith Cohen, a short and wiry, frenetic singer-comedienne—she looks like someone you might grapple with at a department-store-basement bargain table—will return. She dresses in flowing caftanlike dresses, wears her bright-red hair in an astonished-looking short cut, and puts on a



Beverly Sills speaks her mind on public broadcasting.

Beverly Sills, star of the New York City Opera and the Metropolitan Opera.

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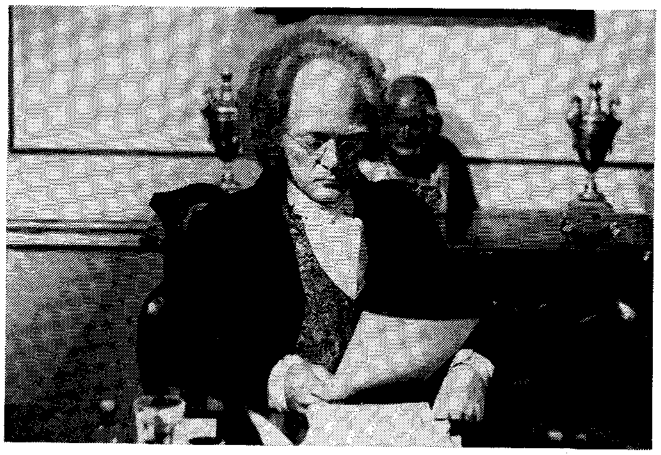
We will, of course, continue our support of PBS programs that feature American productions and American artists.

George Grizzard as John Adams.



Beverly Sills as Queen Elizabeth.

Grants from Atlantic Richfield have made possible such American-produced shows and series as The Adams Chronicles, Music From Aspen, The Bill Moyers/Aaron Copland Special, and In Performance at Wolf Trap, whose third consecutive season will be presented this fall on PBS.

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clown's ruffled collar for her interpretation of "Be a Clown," which segues into (what else?) "Send in the Clowns." Her backing combo includes supporting female vocals and an overemphasized, sentimental cello. Her large following happily approves of everything she does. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various jazz groups play every night. Among them is a vigorous twelve-piece band under the leadership of pianist and arranger **DAVE MATTHEWS** which meets on Mondays. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays, trumpeter and occasional vocalist **CHET BAKER** works with and inspires a relaxed, young neo-fifties quartet. On Thursdays, saxophonist Eddie Daniels and his lively quartet perform. On Sunday, June 13, Janet Lawson will sing with pianist David Lahm's trio. Music from nine-thirty most nights; Sundays from nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Bassist **RON CARTER** and his trio perform through Sunday, June 13. On Tuesday, June 15, **TEDDY WILSON** will begin a six-night run with bassist **MIKE MOORE** in this friendly little establishment. Wilson, who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and many others over the past forty years, is still achieving wonders; he's about due to win over a new generation of listeners. The hours are from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner, and, while the owners reapply for a liquor license, soft drinks.

Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—A place that draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. On Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, trumpeter **NAT ADDERLEY** and his quintet will alternate with saxophonist Houston Person's combo and vocalist Etta Jones. Music from about ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**MILT JACKSON,** who in this age of four- and five-mallet vibraharpists needs only two to play satisfying blues on his beautiful Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp, works with the **CEDAR WALTON** trio through Sunday, June 13. On Monday, June 14, slipping, sliding, gliding, and flying trombonist **BILL WATROUS** will bring in his exciting, if somewhat mainstream, young band. On Tuesday, June 15, saxophonist Dave Liebman and his free-jazz-rock band, Lookout Farm, will descend the murky staircase. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays and Tuesdays, **EDDIE DURHAM,** a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he plugged in during the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. On Wednesdays, **JO JONES,** who takes his drum solos while sitting rigidly straight and smiling directly at the audience, is very much in command of a quartet. Thursdays and Fridays, a bop quintet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays are most often claimed by two tenor saxophonists—**BUDDY TATE** and Paul Quinichette, who still plays with a Lester Young complex—drummer Ronnie Cole, and pianist Jim Roberts. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—An often sparsely populated music room except on Tuesdays, when, after ten-thirty, seventeen musicians led by Dick Cone begin loping through some of Cone's charts. Pianist Norman Simmons, bassist Lisle Atkinson, and drummer Al Harewood team up through Saturday, June 12. On Wednesday, June 16, alto *saxophonist* **CHARLES MC PHERSON** *will arrive* with his quartet. On Sundays, **JAKI BYARD** works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

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JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Concert—Odetta, Al Carmines, Judith Cohen, Gerri Griffin, Andrea Marcovicci, Martha Schlamme, and others who have performed at the cabaret Reno Sweeney. (Carnegie Hall, CI 7-7459. Friday, June 11, at 8.)

Steve Miller Band—Beacon Theatre, Broadway *at 74th St. 874-1718.* Saturday, June 12, at 8.

Ellington Showcases—A program of Duke Ellington music, with Bob Wilber conducting a group that includes Joe Newman, Sonny Greer, Kenny Davern, Hank Jones, Jack Gale, and George Duvivier. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, June 13, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Lyrics and Lyricists—The last (postponed from May 16) in a series of programs in which lyricists (in this case Randy Newman) discuss their work, with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, June 13, at 8:30.)

Diana Ross—With three mimes and a trio of girl singers. (Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Monday, June 14, through Saturday, June 26. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45.)

Grateful Dead—Beacon Theatre. Monday and Tuesday, June 14-15, at 8.

Highlights in Jazz—Helen Humes, the Countsmen (Buddy Tate, Earle Warren, Doc Cheatham, and Benny Morton), Jerry Wiggins, Major Holley, and Panama Francis. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Tuesday, June 15, at 8.)

Richie Blackmore's Rainbow and **Thin Lizzy**—Beacon Theatre. Thursday, June 17, at 8.

Eddie Palmieri, Cal Tjader, and **Airto**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, June 19, at 7:30 and 11:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Carol Anthony—Old fuddy-duddies, crafty infants, and characters in between, sculpted about half life-size in linen mâché and trimmed with real accoutrements (spectacles, roller skates, hats, baseball mitts, medals, champagne glasses) suitable to their age and station. Through Saturday, June 12. (Griffin, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Dina Gustin Baker—Recent oils, lusty in both subject matter and color, in one or two of which she seems to be trying to do to men what de Kooning does to women. Through Saturday, June 19. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Giorgio de Chirico—A retrospective of paintings and sculptures by this earliest of the Surrealists, who is now in his eighty-eighth year and still turning out mystical landscapes inhabited by broken columns, galloping horses, festive towers, and mannequins that have a life of their own, all under a brilliant Italian sky. Through July 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

Enrico Donati—A retrospective exhibition of works (paintings and sculptures) ranging from his surrealist paintings of the forties to his more recent abstract, textural works. Through Friday, June 18. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Morris Graves—*Still-life paintings of flowers,* done in tempera with his characteristic use of feathery white blossoms. Through Saturday, June 12. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Sante Graziani—This artist is having a great year, since he specializes in star-spangled, red-white-and-blue compositions built around portraits of George Washington, with Martha occasionally also present (not to mention Abraham Lincoln). Through June 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Michael Heizer—Abstract paintings—scrims of a solid color, really—on shaped canvases, plus eight thick slabs of beautiful mahogany that can be fitted together into a perfect eight-foot circle or reassembled in countless designs. Through Saturday, June 12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

David Hockney—Drawings (portraits of friends, Egyptian landscapes, and other subjects) in pencil, pen and ink, and crayon. Also graphics. Through June 25. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Bernard Langlais—Wooden sculptures of animals, mostly with anthropomorphic faces whose features are built up in layers and then painted; there are Assyrian-looking lions and inquisitive giraffes, plus eagles, bears, cows, and a huge surfacing sea lion with bristling whiskers. Through Saturday, June 19. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Daniel Lifschitz—Small, elegant pastels by a Swiss artist who achieves an unusual depth for this medium by working on black paper and using several layers of fixative as the work proceeds. Through Friday, June 11. (Touchstone, 118 E. 64th St.)

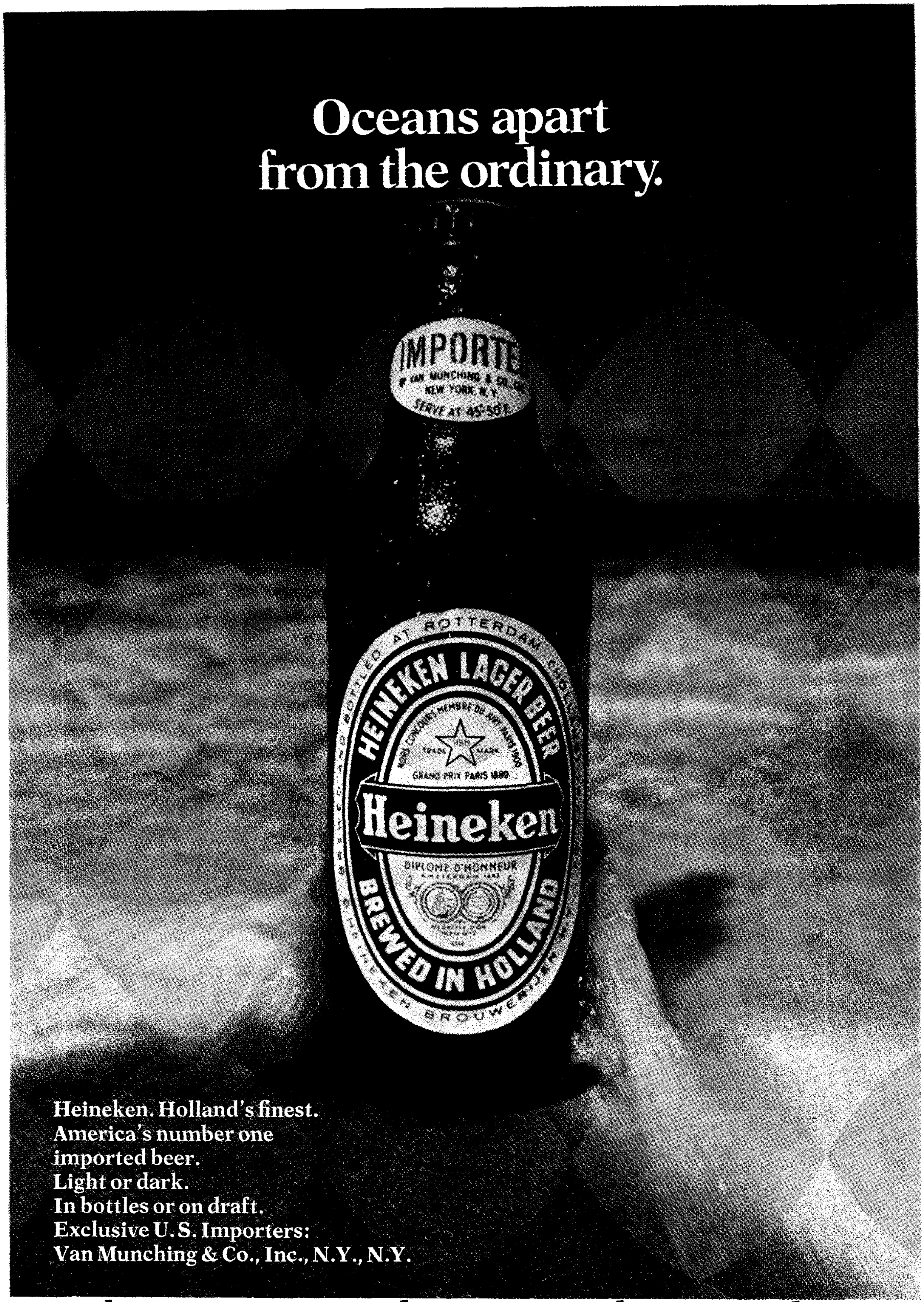
André Masson—A show of works on canvas and paper, using sand, shells, gouache, and other materials, which is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Through June 30. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—A scattering of watercolors and oils by the German Expressionist. Through July 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Andy Warhol—Paintings and drawings of cats and dogs; the cat drawings seem to have a little more of the Warhol stamp than the paintings. Through Friday, June 11. (Schefler, 212 E. 72nd St.)

Andy Warhol and James Wyeth—Each of the artists is exhibiting portraits of the other. Through July 9. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, drawings, and graphics by five artists, including Jan McCartin and Shozo Nagano. Through Saturday, June 19. . . . **BYKERT,** 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings by four new artists. Through July 2. . . . **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Tony DeLap, David Roth, John Wesley, and others. Through July 30. . . . **FAR,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: A selection of about a hundred and twenty-five drawings, many of gem quality, executed by American artists over the past two hundred years. (Whatever made the gallery think of *that?*) Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by four new talents. Through June 25. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** *21 E. 67th St.:* Two exhibits, one of French and American Impressionists, such as Bonnard and Twachtman, and the other of recent work by gallery artists Will Barnet, Ogden Pleissner, and others. Through July 16. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART,** 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by gallery artists Frank Stella, Larry Poons, Robert Goodnough, and others. Through July 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: A selection of paintings and drawings by Julius Bissier, Pol Bury, Hans Hartung, and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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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others. Through June 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons, *New Yorker* covers, and watercolors by Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, and others. Through July 16. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: A show of drawings by gallery artists, among them Douglas Cumming and Louisa Matthiasdottir. Through July 16. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Grace Hartigan, Budd Hopkins, and Stephen Greene are three of the artists showing works in various mediums. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Figurative forms by gallery members, including Hana Geber, Sahl Swarz, and Cleo Hartwig. Through Wednesday, June 16. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

The Cuzco Circle—Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Peruvian paintings, done by colonials and mestizos in the rococo way that their religious teachers (Spanish, Italian, and Flemish) taught them. Through July 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Quick List—Other artists whose work is being shown uptown include: **RUDOLF BAUER** (1889-1953) at Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30); **CHRIS BURDEN** at Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Leonard Baskin—Watercolors, bronze sculptures, and drawings from the past two years, based mostly on mythological and Biblical themes. Through July 9. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

John Button—Expertly handled gouache renditions of architectural subjects here and there in California and in Houston. Through Saturday, June 12. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Alvin Loving / Alejandro Reino—Collages built up of strips of torn colored paper interlaced into arresting compositions. / Oil paintings of lonely, sea-worn boulders seen along some misty tidal flat and done in a sort of Magic Realist style by a Spanish artist who lives in Paris. Through Saturday, June 12. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

John MacWhinnie—More in this artist's series of portraits of other artists, this time including Lichtenstein, de Kooning (as a young man), and Duchamp (both as a young man and in his metamorphosis into Rose Sélavy), plus a study of Arshile Gorky's mother, an arresting painting of a young Osage Indian girl, and a self-portrait in the raw. Through June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Judith Murray—Oil paintings of abstract shapes that give the impression of exotic kites flying into the utter darkness of outer space. Through Friday, June 11. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Clifford Ross—Abstract paintings, all in heavy acrylic impasto; first one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, June 17. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

François Rouan—Drawings and paintings by a young French artist whose pen-and-pencil works, though largely abstract, have the detail and depth of Japanese prints, and whose "tressages," consisting of braided canvas, add another dimension to the grid patterns so many artists are currently working with. Most of the tressages are of a single, sombre tone, but one or two of them fairly erupt with color. Through Saturday, June 12. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—A show of works in a variety of mediums and first exhibited between 1912 and 1917 at Alfred Stieglitz's 291 Gallery. As a complement to this exhibit, several Stieglitz portraits, including some of Walkowitz, are on view. Through June 26. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ruckus Manhattan—Parts I and II of Red Grooms' three-dimensional caricature of nothing less than New York City whole, which can be touched, climbed on, and walked through. Parts III and IV, dealing with midtown and uptown, are promised later. A benefit. Through July 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and other works (by, among others, William Fares, Michael Vessa, and Nina Yankowitz), all of which are small in size. Through Aug. 13. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Peter Saul, Michael Isen, and Joan Brown are three of the contributors to an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and other works all taking the Bicentennial as their theme. Through July 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **GENESIS**, a new gallery, at 41 E. 57th St., devoted to contemporary British artists: The current exhibition of drawings, paintings, and sculptures includes works by Hubert Pattison, whose colored drawing of a red-eyed crying young woman stands out, and John Howard, who paints the élite at their cocktails. Through Sept. 11. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Landscapes and figures by Geer Morton, who with equal facility reduces mountains, clouds, and nudes to planes of contrasting color, in the California fashion; paintings of Indian-looking female figures by Arnaldo Miccoli, an Italian-born artist who now lives in Tenafly; and collages of various fabrics, some of them metallic, that resemble stratifications of rock, by Beej Dolnick, who lives in Marblehead. Through Friday, June 18. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Sylvia Guirey, Eliza Moore, and Jonathan Thomas showing abstract paintings. Through Friday, June 11. . . . **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: Latin-American painters and sculptors. Through Aug. 6. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Fred Gutzeit—Realist paintings of sidewalk debris. Through June 26. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

K. H. Hödicke—This Berlin artist offers what he calls his European Travel Bag, containing relics of his travels—a corkscrew, a couple of bugs he first encountered in Rome but met again in Florence and bottled, a heel of French bread that resembles a breast, and so on, to a total of twenty-eight items. Through Saturday, June 19. (Block, 409 West Broadway. Tuesdays, 1 to 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Robert Katz—Photographs of Montana farm machinery incorporated into drawings that seem to make something totemic out of them, done by a New York artist who has been teaching among the Indians in Big Horn County out there. Through Saturday, June 19. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

David Novros—A three-sided walk-in painting is part of an exhibit of abstract oils. Through Saturday, June 12. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

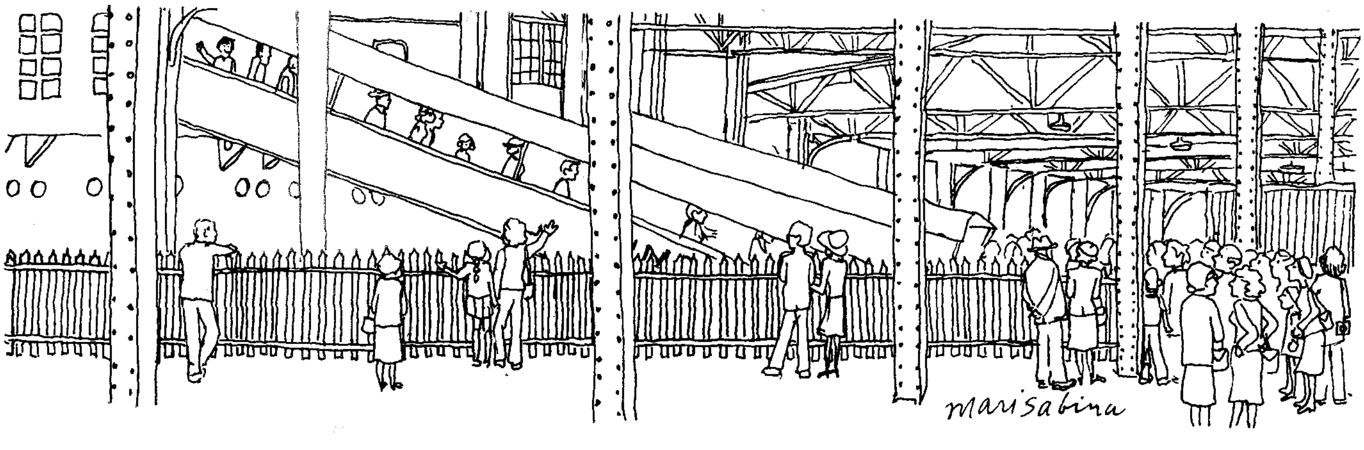
Jim Nutt—Colored drawings of odd-looking people who seem to belong in a comic-strip world and who cavort around, usually naked, on some sort of stage, waving their attenuated, useless arms and legs. If eroticism is intended, it misses. Through Saturday, June 19. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Fred Sandback / Dale Henry—Sculpture that might be called maximum minimal, since it consists of four rust-colored strings grouped together and stretched vertically from ceiling to floor and then for twenty feet or so along the floor, forming a nice right angle. / Drawings—or, at any rate, the *frames* for drawings—with a few streaks or a word or two daubed on the glass with a transparent resinous material. A Leonardo remark about perspectives being seen through a pane of glass is their raison d'être. Through Wednesday, June 16. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

John Tweddle—Rough-cut wooden shapes (they might have been sawed out of a barn door) partly covered with canvas and painted with abstract designs by an artist who lives and works in Texas. Through Saturday, June 12. (Solway, 139 Spring St.)

Sam Wiener (Evangeline Tabasco)—Heavy chunks of wood and heavy slabs of plate glass bolted together into wall and floor sculptures. Ms. Tabasco, a spiritual descendant of Duchamp's alter ego Rose Sélavy, is responsible for a show of very funny collages, mostly of a political bent, one series of which, Bicentennially, drags George Washington's noble countenance into the forefront of one celebrated painting after another—peeping out of the Mona Lisa's cleavage, for instance, or from a Jasper Johns target, or from a Lichtenstein glass of seltzer water. Through Saturday, June 12. (Lamagna, 380 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **BONINO**, 98 Prince St.: Among the gallery regulars who are currently being shown are Mary Bauermeister, whose glass-and-wood constructions are called lens boxes; Helaine Blumenfeld, who does sensuous sculptures in marble or metal; and Grace Knowlton, who makes huge spheres of a wire mesh covered with cement and ground stone. Through June 30. . . . **55 MERCER STREET GALLERY**: Paintings and sculptures by John Fekner, Tom DeFeo, and other invited artists. Through June 30. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: New works on paper by Tworkov, La Noue, and others. Through June 30. . . . **KNOWLTON**, 153 Prince St.: Works by four artists who have never shown in New York before. Phyllis Bramson, who makes baroque, expressive dolls, and Ron Isaacs, who makes convincing-looking wedding gowns, work gloves, and camisoles of jigsawed and painted plywood, are both from Chicago. Joan Zalenski, who makes feet (and legs) of clay which are disembodied but give a clear idea of



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

what their possessors are like, and Kathy Karwat, who makes deceptively naïve-looking watercolors, are both from Massachusetts. Through June 30. (Opens at noon.)... **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: A show of drawings—Janet Fish, Cynthia Mailman, Alan Cote, and others. Through Saturday, June 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) ... **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Nude sculptures by Joan De Andrea, made of vinyl and incredibly lifelike, dominate this show of paintings, sculptures, photos, and conceptual pieces. The other artists are Mark Faverman, Micha Laury, and Michael Martino. Through Saturday, June 12.... **PROTETCH**, 157 Spring St.: Drawings and other works by Jackie Ferrara, Jan Groover, Joel Fisher, and Pinchas Cohen Gan. Through Saturday, June 12.... **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS**, 112 Prince St.: Ten artists—Blythe Bohnen and Howardena Pindell among them—are exhibiting drawings. Through June 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)... **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Twenty-two alumni of Carnegie-Mellon University (Janet Culbertson, Gillian Jagger, and Philip Pearlstein, to name a few) showing a single work apiece. Through June 23.

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include:. **MAX GIMBLETT** at Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. (Through Friday, June 18. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6); **RAY WISNIEWSKI** at Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. (Through Thursday, June 17. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6).

OTHER GALLERIES

ERIC SLOANE—Oil paintings and pen-and-ink drawings, most of them depicting rural America. Through July 2. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Nell Blaine, Sidney Geist, Jacob Landau, and others. Through June 20. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ROBERT ADAMS—Landscapes taken in and around Denver, Colorado. Through Saturday, June 19. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

WILLIAM EGGLESTON—Color photographs (figures, still-lifes, landscapes) taken in Tennessee and northern Mississippi. Through Aug. 1. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

LATON HUFFMAN (1854-1931)—Photographs of the American frontier. Through July 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Saturdays.)

SERVE LOUVAT AND JEAN DE BIRÉ—Prints from the original glass negatives of two turn-of-the-century photographers. Through Friday, June 11. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.)

KLAUS A. SCHNITZER—Photographs taken in Israel. Through Saturday, June 12. (Rina, 23 E. 74th St.)

KEITH SMITH AND JAMES HENKEL—Hand-colored prints and other works. Through June 26. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

EDWARD STEICHEN (1879-1973)—A large show of gravures from *Camera Work*, and vintage prints from the twenties and thirties, including some of Steichen's most celebrated portraits. Through July 3. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

KAREN TWEDDY-HOLMES—Work from the last ten years, including portraits and architectural subjects. Through June 26. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

A. M. ZANE—Photographs of torsos, some of them hand-colored. Through Sunday, June 13. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **HARLOW**, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A show of portraits, including examples by Nadar, Carjat, and Adam-Salomon. Through July 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 6.)... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Eighty photographs selected from the more than three thousand works acquired by the Department of Photography since January, 1974. Through July 13. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)... **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Civil War photographs, some of them taken by Mathew Brady. Through July 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: A show of photographs (by Minor White, Judy Dater, Jan Groover, and others) that are included in Kelly Wise's survey of contemporary photography, "The Photographers' Choice." Through Saturday, June 19. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Eight Goya paintings, selected to represent the high points in the artist's career, on loan from the Prado. Through Aug. 7.... ¶ "American Ephemera" is a show of posters, valentines, advertisements, and other items (all dated before 1935) from the museum's print collections. Through Aug. 8.... ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Aug. 1.... ¶ Forty-one Chinese paintings from the Arthur M. Sackler collection, these dating from the fourteenth century through the twentieth. Through Sept. 7.... ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—who were noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than eighty paintings as well as a group of drawings are included in a retrospective exhibition of the Surrealist André Masson. Through Aug. 17. A complementary show is at the Lerner-Heller Gallery, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.... ¶ Photographs by William Eggleston. Through Aug. 1.... ¶ An exhibition of eighty recently acquired photographs. Through July 13. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of experimental music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads, and other naïve works. A really big show, occupying all three floors, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Contemporary Japanese ceramics, including about twenty-five pieces by Kitaoji Rosanjin, together with sword guards from a private collection. Through June 27. This exhibit opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such stones as the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, Harold Rosenberg, Louis Simpson, and Robert Helps. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Alice Neel, William Kienbusch, and others. Through Sunday, June 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—Forty-three Edo period kimonos (1615-1868) from the Kanebo collection, including four made with a tie-dye technique that took two years to complete—one year to tie the kimono in readiness for the dye, and another year to untie it. Through July 11. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary American quilts. . . . ¶ Clay soup tureens that were designed for a national competition. . . . ¶ Locks and keys dating from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth, on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design. All three exhibitions through Sunday, June 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Mechanical and other animated toys, the earliest dating from the seventeenth century, some of which can be handled by visitors. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Abstract paintings and drawings, ceramic sculptures, and wall hangings by Bing Davis. Through Sunday, June 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in a benefit recital postponed from May 5. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, June 9, at 8.)

Midnight Concerts—The second of two, this one a program of music by the sons of J.S. Bach, performed by the New York Bassoon Quartet; the Allison Instrumental Ensemble; Ingrid Dingfelder, flute; and Gerald Ranck, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall, 362-1911. Saturday, June 12.)

SPORTS

Baseball—yankees at Yankee Stadium: Vs. California, Wednesday and Thursday, June 9-10, at 8. . . . ¶ Texas, Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, at 8, and Sunday, June 13, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball), Monday, June 14, at 8. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday through Thursday, June 15-17, at 8:05. . . . ¶ San Francisco, Friday, June 18, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 19, at 4:05.

Boxing—Joe Frazier vs. George Foreman, heavyweights, 12 rounds. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Tuesday, June 15. Preliminaries at 8:15; main bout at 10:30.)

Racing—At **belmont**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, June 28. The Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 12; the Nassau County Handicap, Sunday, June 13; the Fashion, Wednesday, June 16; and the New York Handicap, Saturday, June 19. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:05, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **garden state park**, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Daily at 2; through Thursday, June 10. . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Friday, June 11, through Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . **atlantic city**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Thursdays, at 7:15, from Saturday, June 12, through Saturday, Oct. 2.

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium—Cosmos vs. Boston, Wednesday, June 16, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Toronto, Friday, June 18, at 7:30. (For tickets, call 484-6010.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis: Sets vs. Hawaii. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Saturday, June 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 17. . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Friday, June 18.

ET ALIA

Bicentennial Matters—If you can't beat it, join it: Early American books and papers, among them two copies of the Declaration of Independence, one printed in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776, and the other in Thomas Jefferson's handwriting. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . An exhibit of documents ranging from a letter written by Amerigo Vespucci (1476) to the Proclamation of the Louisiana Purchase, signed by Thomas Jefferson and attested to by James Madison, Secretary of State. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . An exhibition that centers on the Revolutionary War: maps, military buttons, ammunition, tools, present-day photographs of battle sites, and so forth. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . "Farewell to Old England" offers a look (by means of photomurals, newspaper accounts, and artifacts) at the lives of three New York citizens before, during, and after the Revolution. (South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton St. Daily, noon to 6.) . . . A collection of money and money substitutes used in Colonial America. (American Numismatic Society, Broadway at 155th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 4:30; Sundays, 1 to 4.) . . . A show of folk art on paper or made with paper done primarily by New York artists over the last two hundred years. An item of interest is an ink-and-watercolor drawing of New York Harbor that was made for the 1876 Centennial by a Utica schoolboy. (Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Poetry Readings—Spencer Holst and George Quasha reading from their own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, June 9, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.)

Flower Show—The June Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Wednesday, June 16, from noon to 6.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, June 10-11, at 2: American paintings, folk art, furniture, and decorations; from several owners. . . . ¶ Monday, June 14, at 2; Tuesday, June 15, at 10:15 and 2; and Wednesday, June 16, at 10:15: Watches and *objets de vertu*; American, Continental, and English silver; and French and American paperweights. From various collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, June 16-17, at 2: Old Master paintings, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, June 11.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—central park's sheep meadow: Tuesday, June 15, at 8:30 (rain date, June 17), "Aida," with Rita Hunter, Mignon Dunn, Gilbert Py, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Richard T. Gill. . . . **crocheron park**, Bayside: Wednesday, June 16, at 8:30 (rain date, June 17), "Madame Butterfly," with Anna Moffo, Joann Grillo, Ruben Dominguez, and Theodor Uppman. . . . **prospect park**, Brooklyn: Friday, June 18, at 8:30 (rain date, June 20), "Aida," with Rita Hunter, Mignon Dunn, Gilbert Py, Cornell MacNeil, James Morris, and Philip Booth. . . . **yankee stadium**: Saturday, June 19, at 8:30 (rain date, June 20), "Madame Butterfly," with Anna Moffo, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Schmorr.

Wollman Rink—Opening performances in the Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval, running through Saturday, Sept. 11. Monday, June 14, at 7:30: Henry Mancini's orchestra, Morgana King, and Sailor. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 16, at 6:30: Labelle. . . . ¶ Friday, June 18, at 6:30: Gentle Giant and Starcastle. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 6:30: Jesse Colin Young and Aztec Two-Step. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Washington Square Outdoor Exhibit—The semi-annual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon to sundown; through Sunday, June 13.

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Memorial Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rose bushes representing nine hundred varieties. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 8 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Family Plot" and "Frenzy."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through June 15: "Taxi Driver" and "Shampoo."
From June 16: "Family Plot" and "Frenzy."

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through June 15: "I Will, I Will . . . For Now" and "Race with the Devil."
From June 16: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 15: "Swept Away" and "The Seduction of Mimi."
From June 16: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 15: "Blazing Saddles."
From June 16: "The Man Who Would Be King."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through June 15: "Love and Death" and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
From June 16: "Robin and Marian."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Family Plot" and "Frenzy."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Winterhawk."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Missouri Breaks."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Last Woman" (X-rated).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Swept Away" and "The Seduction of Mimi."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Jewish Gauchos."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

First Avenue Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (688-0143)
Through June 10: "Family Plot" and "Frenzy."
From June 11: "Taxi Driver" and "Shampoo."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Winterhawk."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Guernica."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"All the President's Men."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 15: "The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox."
From June 16: "Robin and Marian."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Bad News Bears."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Mother, Jugs & Speed."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Leadbelly."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Winterhawk."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Deep Red."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Missouri Breaks."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through June 10: "Exhibition" (X-rated).
From June 11: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Rouge et Noir" and "Specter of the Rose."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Missouri Breaks."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Seven Beauties."
Theatre 2: "A Piece of Pleasure."
Theatre 3: "Male of the Century."
Theatre 4: Through June 15: "Winterhawk." From June 16: "A Boy and His Dog."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Hawmps."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through June 16: "1776."
From June 17: "Harry and Walter Go to New York."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment, Part 2."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"West Side Story."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 15: "The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox" and "Race with the Devil."
From June 16: "Family Plot" and "The Sugarland Express."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"A Piece of Pleasure."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Children of Paradise."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Lipstick."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 15: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."
From June 16: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Seven Beauties."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Lipstick."
Theatre 2: "Winterhawk."
Theatre 3: Through June 10: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" and "The Groove Tube." From June 11: "Jackson County Jail."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"La Chienne."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Missouri Breaks."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through June 15: "Playtime" and "Murmur of the Heart."
From June 16: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 15: "The Story of Adèle H." and "The Romantic Englishwoman."
From June 16: "All Screwed Up" and "The Seduction of Mimi."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 9: "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford; and "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Mr. Howard and Wendy Hiller.
June 10: "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Aznavour.
June 11: "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Lionel Atwill, and Cesar Romero; and "Blonde Venus" (1932), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and Dickie Moore.
June 12: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.
June 13: "Topper" (†) and another feature, to be announced.
June 14: "Juvenile Court" (†) and "Primate." (†)
June 15: "Humain, Trop Humain" (†) and "Calcutta." (†)
June 16: "Attica" (†) and "Riot in Cell Block 11." (†)
June 17: "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; and "Umberto D." (1952), in Italian, directed by, and with, Vittorio De Sica.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 9: "Up the River" (1930), directed by John Ford, with Spencer Tracy, Humphrey Bogart, and Warren Hymer; and "The Whole Town's Talking" (1935), directed by John Ford, with Jean Arthur and Edward G. Robinson.
June 10: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Muriel" (1963), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig.
June 11: "The Mother and the Whore" (1973), in French, directed by Jean Eustache, with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun.
June 12: "To Kill a Mockingbird" (†); and "The Member of the Wedding" (1952), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon deWilde.
June 13: "Caesar and Cleopatra" (†); and "Major Barbara" (1941), directed by Gabriel Pascal, with Rex Harrison, Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley, Sybil Thorndike, and Robert Newton.
June 14: "Torment" (†) and "Miss Julie." (†)
June 15: "The Householder" (†) and "Savages." (†)
June 16: "The Informer" (1935), directed by John Ford, with Victor McLaglen and Wallace Ford; and "Steamboat Round the Bend." (†)
June 17: "Blood and Sand" (†); and "Becky Sharp" (1935), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Miriam Hopkins, Frances

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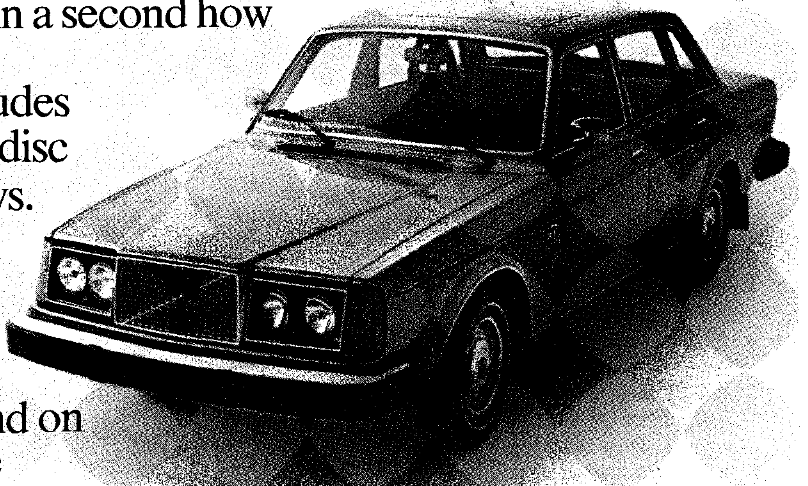

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Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

June 9: "Law and Disorder" (1974), directed by Ivan Passer, with Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine; and "Born to Win" (1971), directed by Ivan Passer, with George Segal, Karen Black, Jay Fletcher, and Paula Prentiss.

June 10: "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "Bedazzled" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.

June 11: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson; and "Payday" (1973), directed by Daryl Duke, with Rip Torn.

June 12: "Barbarella" (†) and "Greaser's Palace." (†)

June 13: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde.

June 14: "The Wind and the Lion" (†) and "Zulu." (†)

June 15: "The Day of the Locust" (1975), directed by John Schlesinger, with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, and William Atherton; and "The Great Gatsby" (1974), directed by Jack Clayton, with Mia Farrow, Robert Redford, Sam Waterston, and Bruce Dern.

From June 16: "Who's That Knocking at My Door?" (1969), the first film directed by Martin Scorsese, with Zina Bethune and Harvey Keitel.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through June 15: "Follow the Fleet" (1936), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Randolph Scott, and Harriet Hilliard; and "Carefree" (1938), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Jack Carson, Luella Gear, and Ralph Bellamy.

June 16-17: "Murder" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring; and "Young and Innocent" (1937), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 10 at 2:30: "The King on Main Street" (1925), directed by Monta Bell, with Adolphe Menjou and Bessie Love. . . . ¶ June 10 at 6: A program of short films by Harry Langdon, 1924-26. . . . ¶ June 10 at 8:30 and June 11 at 2:30: Two films directed by Gregory La Cava, with W. C. Fields—"Running Wild" (1927), with Mary Brian; and "So's Your Old Man" (1926), with Buddy Rogers and Alice Joyce. . . . ¶ June 11 at 6: "Beggar on Horseback" (1925), directed by James Cruze, with Edward Everett Horton and Esther Ralston, first four reels only. . . . ¶ June 12 at noon: A program of short films by Harry Langdon, 1925-38. . . . ¶ June 12 at 2:30: "The Gold Rush" (1925), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Mr. Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale. . . . ¶ June 12 at 5: "The General" (1927), directed by Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman, with Mr. Keaton and Marion Mack. . . . ¶ June 13 at noon: "Slide, Kelly, Slide" (1927), directed by Edward Sedgwick, with William Haines and Sally O'Neil. . . . ¶ June 13 at 2:30: "The King on Main Street." . . . ¶ June 13 at 5: "The Life of Moses" (1909), directed by J. Stuart Blackton; and "Judith of Bethulia" (1914), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Blanche Sweet, Henry B. Walthall, and Mae Marsh. . . . ¶ June 14 at noon: "Skinner's Dress Suit" (1926), directed by William A. Seiter, with Reginald Denny and Laura La Plante. . . . ¶ June 14 at 2:30: "Beggar on Horseback." . . . ¶ June 14 at 6: "Pousse Pousse" (1974), in French, directed by Daniel Kamwa; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 15 at noon: "We're in the Navy Now" (1926), directed by Edward Sutherland, with Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton, and Chester Conklin. . . . ¶ June 15 at 2: "Slide, Kelly, Slide." . . . ¶ June 17 at 2:30: "Skinner's Dress Suit." . . . ¶ June 17 at 6: "We're in the Navy Now." . . . ¶ June 17 at 8:30: "Anna Christie" (1923), directed by John Griffith Wray, with Blanche Sweet and William Russell. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through June 13: "TV Beauty Pageants" (1972-73) and "1972 National Political Conventions," two video programs by Billy Adler and John Margolies. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ Starting June 15: Video programs by Martha Haslanger, Rita Myers, and Jaime Davidovich. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Warhol, Kuchar, Jacobs, Conner, Brakhage, and others. Showings June 9 at 7; June 10-11 at 7 and 9; June 12 at 2:30, 7, and 9; June 13 and 15-16 at 8; June 17 at 7 and 9; and June 18 at 8.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—June 10-13: Two cinéma-vérité films—"Jane" (1962) and "Mooney vs. Fowle" (1961). . . . ¶ Starting June 17: "Musical Holdouts" (1975), directed by John Cohen; and "Maybe Next Week Sometime" (1974), directed by David Boatwright. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

All Screwed Up—A noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. In Italian. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/16/76.) (Olympia; starting June 16.)

All the President's Men—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (4/12/76) (Loews Tower East.)

Attica (1974)—An aching, precise study, produced, directed, and edited by Cinda Firestone, about the terrible days of waiting at Attica State Prison between September 9 and 13, 1971, which ended in a massacre of twenty-nine inmates and ten of their hostages by state troopers. The picture is a study of public rumor and prisoners' just grievances, lit by the amazing and commodious eloquence of the prisoners. Not a horror film. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 16.)

The Bad News Bears—A story of a team of sort of mini-Mets, with Tatum O'Neal as a pitcher, and Walter Matthau as a coach who feeds his team Coke and franks and pours slugs of Scotch into his cans of beer. (Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (Elgin; June 12.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant (1972)—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Waverly; starting June 11.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Gramercy; through June 15.)

Blood and Sand (1941)—In 1922, Valentino had starred as Juan, the poor Spanish boy who rises to fame in the bullring; in this later version, Tyrone Power played the part but color was the real star of the film. Rouben Mamoulian, who had directed the spectacularly bright "Becky Sharp," the first feature made in the three-color Technicolor process, planned this new film to resemble the works of the great Spanish painters, using dark, ominous tones and splashy, symbolic reds. As the bullfight critic, the huge Laird Cregar pirouettes, whirling Juan's red cape; as a rich, lusciously decadent vampire who represents "death in the evening," Rita Hayworth wears deliberately jarring crimsons. Unfortunately, the script doesn't have the energy of the color design; Tyrone Power looks weary and lacks romantic charge; the pace is draggy, and the presentiments of doom make one groan. In the role of Juan's saintly wife, Linda Darnell is beautiful but ludicrously American, and although, as Juan's mother, Nazimova (in her last screen appearance) manages to bring some emotion into her few scenes, it's embarrassing to see this legendary actress as a cliché peasant, on her knees scrubbing floors. Jo Swerling did the adaptation of the Ibañez novel; Hermes Pan and Budd Boetticher did the dances and choreographed the crowds. With John Carradine, Anthony Quinn, J. Carrol Naish, Vicente Gomez, Lynn Bari, Pedro de Cordoba, Victor Kilian, and Fortunio Bonanova. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 17.)

A Boy and His Dog—A futuristic film with Don Johnson, directed by L. Q. Jones. R-rated. (Quad Cinema; starting June 16.)

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—Despite its resonant title, Shaw's play is a minor comedy—a slight, sly conceit—and it was blown up out of proportion in this extravagant, Shaw-adoring version directed by Gabriel Pascal. The pomp overpowers the parody and the playfulness. Vivien Leigh romps about as the cruel, deceiving kitten who is to become a passionate, tragic queen, while Claude Rains—as her lover and mentor, the amused, dispassionate Caesar—displays a world-weary wisdom that is more smugly shallow than Shaw could have intended. With a fabulous celebrity-show cast that includes Flora Robson, Stewart Granger, Francis L. Sullivan, Basil Sydney, Michael Rennie, Cecil Parker, Stanley Holloway, Leo Genn, Anthony Harvey, and the invaluable Ernest Thesiger. Music by Georges Auric. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 13.)

Calcutta (1969)—In the late nineteen-sixties, Louis Malle, fed up, he said, with "actors, studios, fiction, and Paris," took off for India for a period of "total improvising." Working with a minimal crew (a cameraman and a soundman), he shot the footage out of which he made the ninety-two-minute "Calcutta" and the seven-part "Phantom India"—masterful personal documentaries. Malle himself narrates in English, and his soft, cultivated voice and observations are integral to this film, which fuses squalor, death, and beauty. It's an incomparable vision of the poetic insanity of India. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 15.)

La Chienne (1931)—Jean Renoir's story of He, She, and the Other Guy. He is a married cashier and a Sunday painter called Legrand (Michel Simon), who is wed to a shrew of a wife. She is a flour-faced tart called Lulu (Janie Marèze), and the Other Guy is Dédé (Georges Flamant), a dapper pimp. We move, as we so often do in a Renoir film, from discord to incomparable harmony. Greatly rewarding. In French. (5/3/76) (New Yorker.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Paris.)

The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox—George Segal, Goldie Hawn, directed by Melvin Frank in what is described as a bawdy comedy-

Western. Self-congratulatory, as at an Academy Awards binge. (72nd Street East, and Playboy; through June 15.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Kips Bay; through June 15.)

Exhibition—A documentary, by Jean-François Davy, about the public and private life of Claudine Beccarie, the French pornographic-film actress. X-rated. (Waverly; through June 10.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvelously vivid and thoughtful—and surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman.)

Family Plot—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris plays a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The posh villains are played by Karen Black and William Devane. (4/19/76) (Art, and Murray Hill. . . . ¶ First Avenue Cinema; through June 10. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; starting June 16.)

Frenzy (1972)—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch in his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (Art, and Murray Hill. . . . ¶ First Avenue Cinema; through June 10. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting June 16.)

Greaser's Palace (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny, with none of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. (Elgin; June 12.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through June 10.)

Guernica—Arrabal's film about the bombing of Guernica and the siege of a buttressed little village in the Spanish Civil War. His heroine, played by Mariangela Melato, is a woman of feral magnificence and gifts of leadership. Arrabal quit Franco's Spain and now lives in Paris, where his avant-garde plays are famous. He uses shock as a device; perhaps shock today is as impelling a force as heretical doubts were in Galileo's time. In Italian. (6/7/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Harry and Walter Go to New York—A turn-of-the-century comedy, with James Caan, Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, and Diane Keaton. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Music Hall; starting June 17.)

Hawmps—A comedy of the Old West, when the Cavalry tried using camels. With James Hampton, Christopher Connelly, and Slim Pickens. Directed by Joe Camp, who made "Benji." (Guild.)

The Householder (1963)—A romantic comedy about a college professor and his bride, with a special flavor because, although the language spoken is English, the young couple are Indian. With Shashi Kapoor and Leela Naidu. James Ivory directed, in India. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 15.)

Humain, Trop Humain (1975)—A study of assembly-line work. Louis Malle shot this seventy-seven-minute documentary in the Citroën assembly plant in Rennes and at the 1972 Automobile Show in Paris. The film is

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17		

not a confirmation of the typical movie view of factory labor as dehumanizing, nor does it make any large claims about the workers' being happy. Malle's film is so open and neutral a look at the work process that although one may feel that it gets beyond the usual bromides, it still doesn't seem to go very deep. The surfaces of the auto industry are very photogenic, but there are no revelations in this film. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 15.)

I Will, I Will . . . For Now—The worst. Combines the most simperingly forced elements of fifties mistaken-identity farces with a gooey soft-core version of the sex-manual pornos. Elliott Gould and Diane Keaton; Norman Panama directed. (3/1/76) (12th St. Cinema; through June 15.)

Jackson County Jail—With Yvette Mimieux, directed by Michael Miller. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting June 11.)

The Jewish Gauchos—A film, with music, about some Russian Jews who resettle in Argentina in the eighteen-nineties. With Pepe Soriano and Luis Politti, directed by Juan Jose Jusid. In Spanish. (Baronet.)

Juvenile Court (1973)—Each time Fred Wiseman examines an institution, he seems to uncover a whole new world, and in each of these worlds he finds people—those in authority and those caught in the wheels of authority—struggling with perversely funny, insurmountable, tragic everyday problems. This two-and-a-half-hour film was made in the Memphis Juvenile Court. The characters include an eleven-year-old prostitute; a boy babysitter charged with assaulting the child in his care; the child's mother, who is obsessed with what seems to have been a minor feeling-up incident; a teen-age girl who slashes her wrist and says her stepfather made advances to her; and an intelligent judge trying to serve justice in impossible situations. Watching the film is like seeing the underbelly of TV soap operas; the faces cut against clichés the way the faces in the televised Watergate hearings did. When the children plead for themselves, their voices have a familiar terror. It's the same sound that middle-class children make when they claim their parents have been unjust to them, but here, whether the prisoners are innocent or guilty of the specific charge, the injustice seems cosmic. They're trapped by everything. Wiseman's open-eyed approach to the stories of their lives is perhaps motivated less by reforming zeal than by his own sense of the mystery of those lives. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 14.)

The Last Woman—With Gérard Depardieu, directed by Marco Ferreri. In French. X-rated. (Fine Arts.)

Leadbelly—Directed by Gordon Parks in banal color. The story of the famous guitarist who became a folk hero in spite of imprisonment. Good-natured but not very distinguished. Still, a sincerely told piece. (Loews Ciné.)

Lies My Father Told Me—Set in Montreal in the twenties, about a seven-year-old Jewish boy, his grandfather, and his father. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Columbia II.)

Lipstick—Smeared. With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Paramount, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Kips Bay; through June 15.)

Male of the Century—With Juliet Berto and Claude Berri, directed by Mr. Berri. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. He has learned Cockney English by long-range television, which makes him an even odder alien in Middle America. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Cinema I, and Cinema II.)

The Man Who Skied Down Everest—An Oscar-winning Japanese documentary about the celebrated skier Miura, who toiled most of the way up Everest with a caravan of Sherpas and scientists, and then skied down part of it, at a hundred miles an hour. Six Sherpas died. Was it really worth six men's lives for anyone to demonstrate a singular, Oscar-winning accomplishment? There is a difference between an endeavor and a feat. (6/7/76) (D. W. Griffith, and Regency.)

The Man Who Would Be King—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy, starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (Gramercy; starting June 16.)

Miss Julie (1950)—Strindberg's passionate, relentless drama of sexual debasement, directed by Alf Sjöberg. Anita Björk is the fragile, capricious, feudal aristocrat who encourages her father's servile valet to seduce her; she sustains the demanding role with intensity and grace. As the valet, Ulf Palme matches her performance with a surly, sly arrogance that makes his conquest of her a true degradation. The expansion of the play over considerable lyric acreage and preceding generations is ill-advised; it tends to dissipate the confined, harrowing drama. But the performances make this a powerful version, nevertheless, and it took the Grand Prix at Cannes in 1951. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 14.)

The Missouri Breaks—Arthur Penn somehow kept this picture afloat in spite of a signal contribution by Marlon Brando that is not so much a performance as a turn, though a scintillating one. He plays what is called a "regulator" in the eighteen-eighties in Montana, brought in to stop horse rustling; Jack Nicholson, who affably allows himself to be overshadowed, gives a very interesting, quiet performance as a roamer become domesticated. Worth seeing for these two performances, but Brando's lazy brilliance at actor's legerdemain sometimes takes the eye off the narrative, which the immensely intelligent Penn probably conceived as a picture about the dying days of the frontier spirit and the undernourished souls of people living on their own myths. Thomas McGuane's script is adept, but jerky and smart-alecky. (5/31/76) (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Greenwich, and Symphony.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail (1975)—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (Loews 83rd Triplex; through June 10.)

Mother, Jugs & Speed—A comedy-adventure about an ambulance company in Los Angeles. With Bill Cosby, Raquel Welch, and Harvey Keitel; directed by Peter Yates. (Loews Orpheum.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Thalia; through June 15.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about

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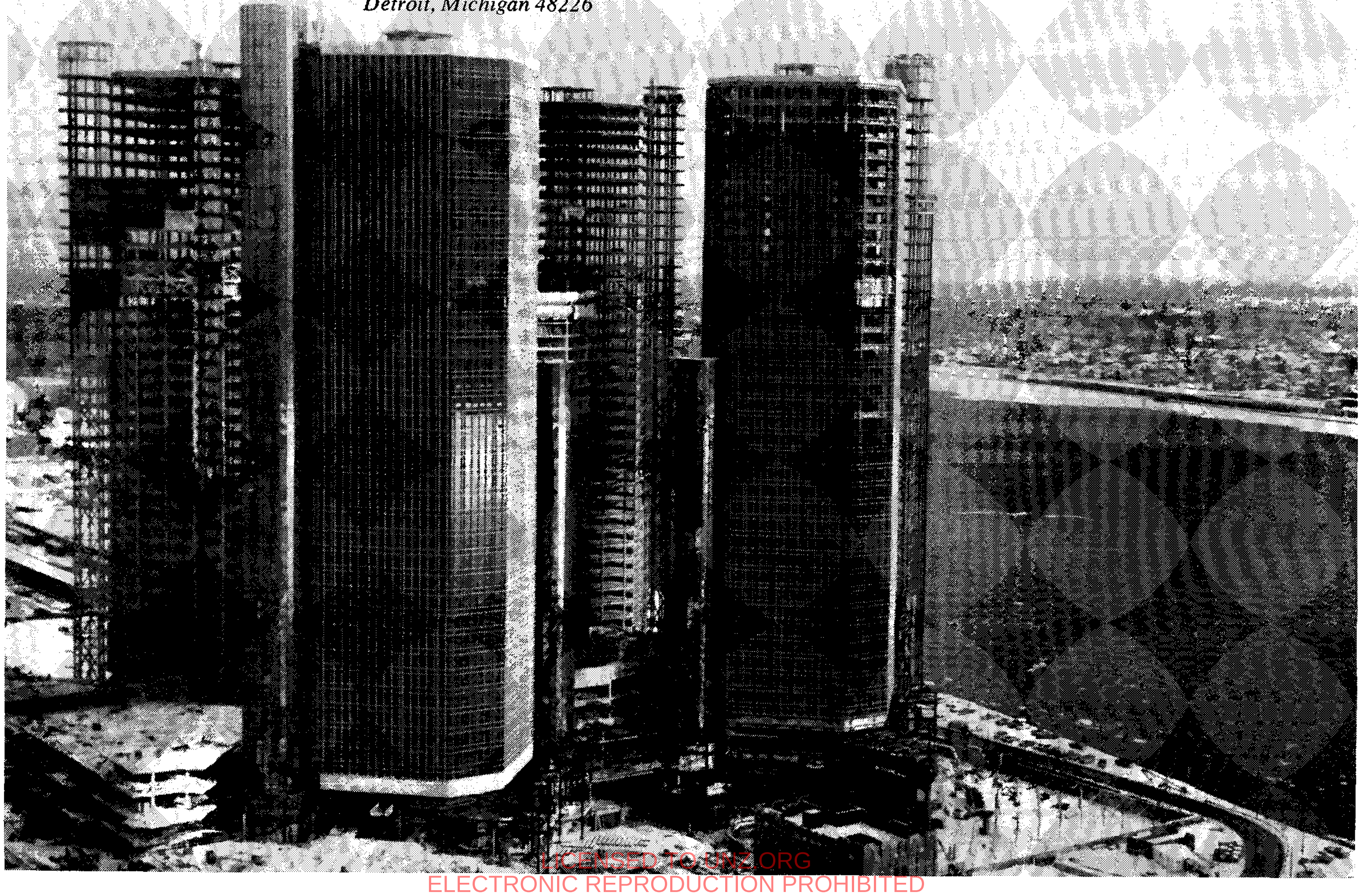

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a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Trans-Lux East. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through June 15.)

A Piece of Pleasure—With Paul Gegauff and Danielle Gegauff, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Quad Cinema, and Little Carnegie.)

Playtime (1968)—Jacques Tati's most innovative work. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule. (Thalia; through June 15.)

Primate (1974)—Fred Wiseman's film on the investigations of primate life and behavior conducted at the Yerkes Primate Research Center, in Atlanta. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 14.)

Race with the Devil—With Peter Fonda, Loretta Swit, and Warren Oates; directed by Jack Starrett. (12th St. Cinema, and Playboy; through June 15.)

Riot in Cell Block 11 (1954)—Well-intentioned and well-made prison melodrama, produced by Walter Wanger after his unfortunate incarceration, and directed by Don Siegel. With Neville Brand, Emile Meyer, and Frank Faylen. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 16.)

Robin and Marian—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the picture's revisionist approach to legends results in a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed from James Goldman's script; with Robert Shaw, Nicol Williamson, and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (Kips Bay, and 72nd Street East; starting June 16.)

The Romantic Englishwoman—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo-intruder. Directed by Joseph Losey. (12/8/75) (Olympia; through June 15.)

Rouge et Noir (1954)—Stendhal's spirit doesn't quite come through; the ironic romanticism lacks dash, despite Claude Autant-Lara's fidelity and taste. Gérard Philipe is the proud opportunist Julien Sorel—analytic and calculating in his priestly cassock. Also with Danielle Darrieux as Madame de Renal, and Antonella Lualdi as Mathilde de la Mole. The soft, pretty color is more delicate than seems right for Stendhal. In French. (8th St. Playhouse.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor whom the boy's mother means to marry—Kris Kristofferson—because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Coronet.)

Savages (1972)—A glittering film by James Ivory, written by Michael O'Donoghue and George Swift Trow and beautifully photographed by Walter Lassally. A mysteriously enticing croquet ball lures a band of mud-caked savages out of the jungle and ahead several millennia in time to inhabit a sedate empty country house. A shallow, high-bred civility between them presides through dinner and gradually disintegrates. The film is wittily sarcastic about progress, full of withering social comedy and a peculiar erratic stateliness of style. The substitution of archetypes for characters makes the total rather empty, but this is a stylish and ambitious attempt. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 15.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Plaza. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; through June 15. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting June 16.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

1776 (1972)—A Broadway folk operetta featuring those lovable old codgers, the Founding Fathers, and the double-entendres and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment. (Music Hall; through June 16.)

Shampoo (1975)—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer). (2/17/75) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 15. . . . ¶ First Avenue Cinema; starting June 11.)

Specter of the Rose (1946)—Ben Hecht wrote, directed, and produced this gorgeously florid melodrama about a great mad dancer (Ivan Kirov) who is suspected of having murdered his dancing-partner wife. He marries his new partner (Viola Essen), and it isn't long before George Antheil's music is suggesting horrors to come. Lionel Stander plays a moody poet with a broken heart, and he rasps out the gaudiest mots ever heard in an American movie, while Judith Anderson, as a ballet teacher, and Michael Chekhov, as a shoestring impresario, engage in dialogues about the deep-down-under meaning of art and life. Kirov, a California high jumper, was a shudderingly bad dancer to have been cast in this Nijinsky ripoff, but Viola Essen is lovely. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Steamboat Round the Bend (1935)—There's a romantic story in this pleasant John Ford comedy, but the picture is carried by Will Rogers (just before his death), as a patent-medicine peddler along the Mississippi; Irvin S. Cobb, as a steamboat captain; Eugene Pallette, as a sheriff; and Berton Churchill, as a stray evangelist. These four character actors get an assist now and then from Stepin Fetchit. With Anne Shirley as the girl who loves John McGuire, who has to be saved from hanging, and Raymond Hatton, Francis Ford, and Hobart Bosworth. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 16.)

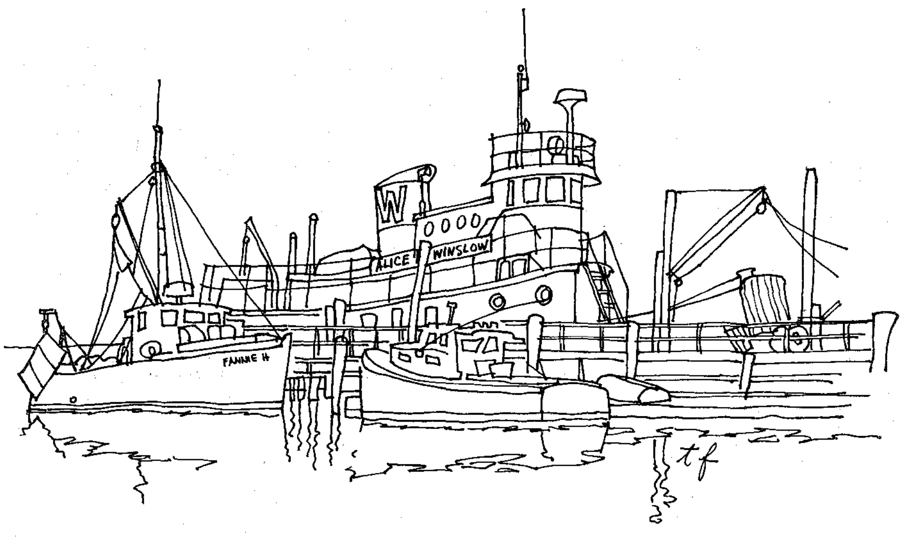
The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Olympia; through June 15.)

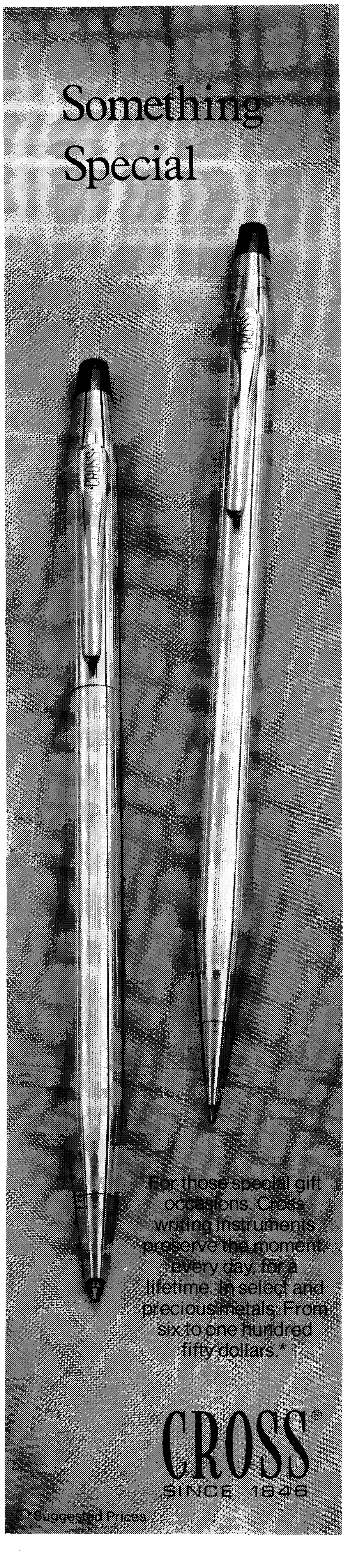
The Sugarland Express (1974)—Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) and her husband (William Atherton), who have lost custody of their infant son, try to get him back by taking a highway-patrol officer (Michael Sacks) hostage. The picture is commercial and shallow, yet its director, Steven Spielberg, who is in his twenties, is a wizard at action sequences, and this film is one of the most phenomenal début films in the history of movies. (Playboy; starting June 16.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Plaza. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; through June 15.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 15. . . . ¶ First Avenue Cinema; starting June 11.)

That's Entertainment, Part 2—Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire narrate a sequence of clips from the M-G-M vaults, which are presumably up to providing us with "That's Entertainment, Part 2002." There are some splendid things here, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration is of the A = A sort. A mood of buoyancy presides, and so does the child's dream of being allowed to stay up all night ("Singin' in the Rain"). There are the Marx Brothers in the packed-stateroom scene from "A Night at the Opera;" there is Grace Kelly graciously running her finger around the rim of a champagne glass and, as you would expect, not touching the stuff, in Cole Porter's "You're Sensational" from "High Society;" there is Esther Williams

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swimming and water-skiing magnificently. Highly recommended for kids, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (5/24/76) (Ziegfeld.)

To Kill a Mockingbird (1963)—When Gregory Peck got the Academy Award for his performance as an upstanding widowed lawyer practicing in Alabama in the early thirties, there was a fair amount of derision throughout the country: Peck was better than usual, but in that same virtuously dull way. Robert Mulligan directed, from Horton Foote's adaptation of the Harper Lee novel, and it's all terribly conscientious—the clapboard houses, the slatted porch swings on rusty chains, the Chevy phaetons on dusty streets, the high moral sentiments, the specs on Peck's nose. Mulligan slows the pace down when he wants to suggest the mysteries of childhood or to arouse warm emotions; this works only intermittently. The movie is part eerie Southern gothic and part Hollywood self-congratulation for its enlightened racial attitudes. Brock Peters is the black man accused of rape, and Robert Duvall is the brain-damaged Boo Radley, of whom the lawyer's children (Mary Badham and Phillip Alford) are terrified. With Ruth White, Rosemary Murphy, James Anderson, Collin Wilcox, William Windom, and Richard Hale. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 12.)

Topper (1937)—Much fun: a sophisticated fantasy, with Cary Grant and Constance Bennett as a high-stepping married couple, George and Marion Kirby. Killed in an automobile accident, they return as elegant, ectoplasmic pranksters and drive banker Cosmos Topper (Roland Young) to happy distraction. Norman Z. McLeod directed this adaptation of the Thorne Smith novel; the picture was such a hit that it led to a series of movies and then to a TV series, but don't judge this one by what followed. This is the one to see, and for those who don't know why Constance Bennett was a big movie star, her provocative, teasing Marion Kirby should provide the answer. With Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, Hedda Hopper, Arthur Lake as a bellboy, and Eugene Pallette as a house detective. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 13.)

Torment (1947)—Alf Sjöberg directed this famous study of adolescent despair and mean-spirited, authoritarian education. It was written by the twenty-five-year-old Ingmar Bergman, who worked on it as Sjöberg's assistant. (The following year, Bergman became a director.) Stig Järrel plays the sadist schoolmaster; the student and the shopgirl whom he victimizes are played by Alf Kjellin and Mai Zetterling (who have also become directors). Gunnar Björnstrand and others of Bergman's troupe may be glimpsed in small roles, looking very young. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 14.)

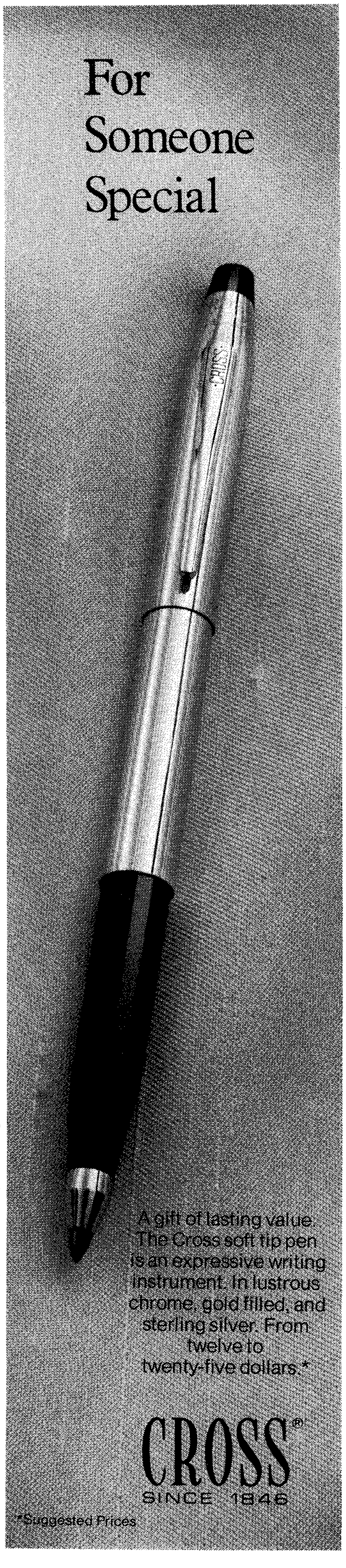
West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (Festival.)

The Wind and the Lion (1975)—The flamboyance of the writer-director John Milius is initially startling; this film opens with such a bang that the viewer may really expect a beautiful, old-fashioned swords-in-the-desert epic. However, when the actors begin to talk, the ludicrous dialogue and the amateurish acting (especially by the secondary characters) take one back to the low-budget buffoonery of Maria Montez and Turhan Bey. The plot involves Brian Keith as Theodore Roosevelt, Sean Connery as the last of the Barbary pirates, and Candice Bergen as a kidnapped American, but Milius is not a gifted storyteller. His characters talk incessantly, and toss away the information the audience needs to make sense of the action. People are killed so arbitrarily that the whole epic seems dissociated; there isn't enough conviction behind this movie to hold it together. Billy Williams did the cinematography. (Elgin; June 14.)

Winterhawk—Michael Dante as Winterhawk, leader of the Canadian Blackfeet during the eighteen-forties. Directed by Charles B. Pierce. (34th St. East, Columbia I, 86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.... ¶ Quad Cinema; through June 15.)

Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood—A lot of mummified-looking human co-stars in cameo parts playing second role to a hyper-trained dog. (Sutton.)

Zulu (1964)—A British Empire Western, set in Natal in 1879. Chins jut bravely, eleven Victoria Crosses are handed out, and there is a sly and entirely convincing performance by Michael Caine as an upper-class officer. Directed by Cy Endfield. Fun. (Elgin; June 14.)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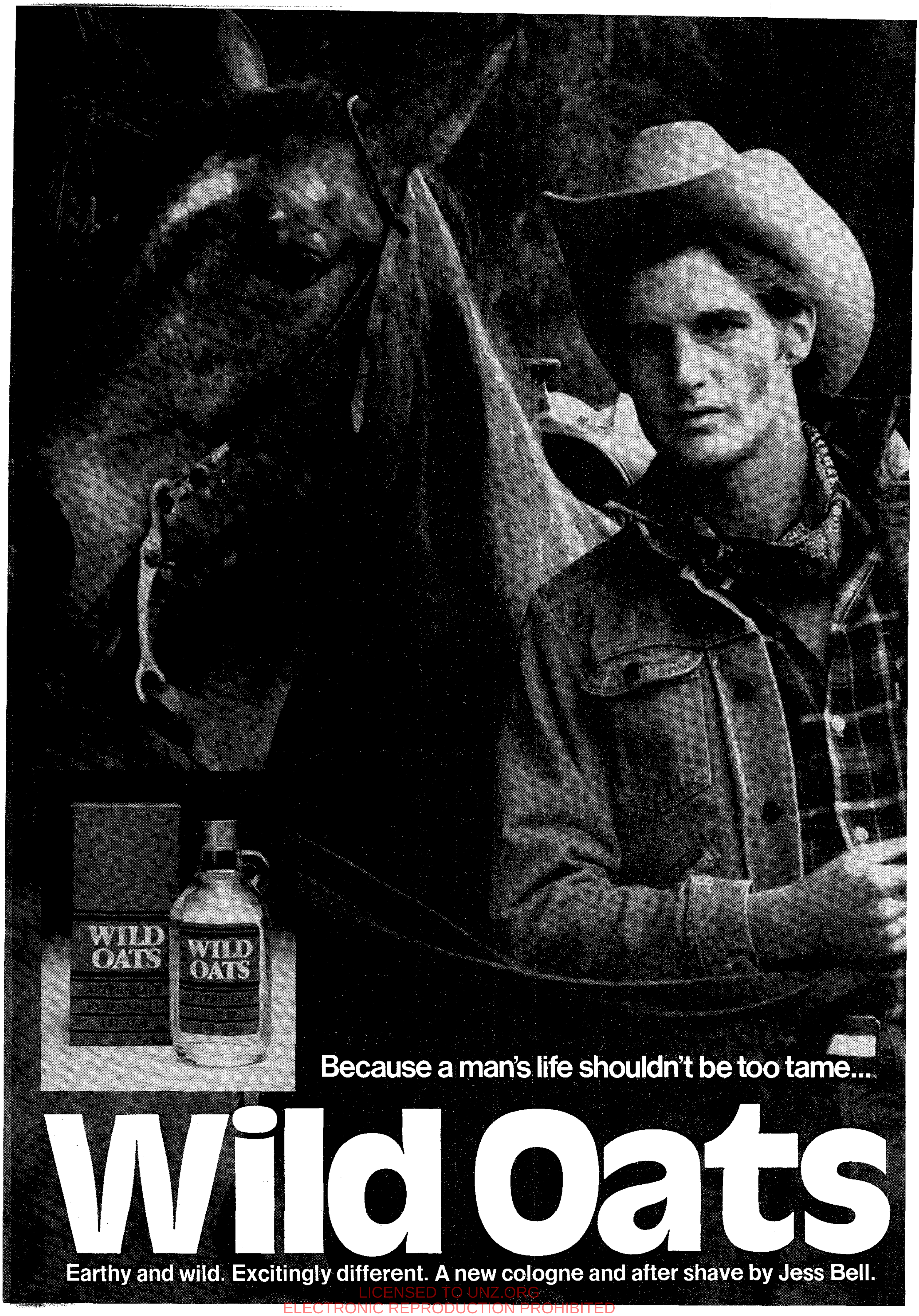
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

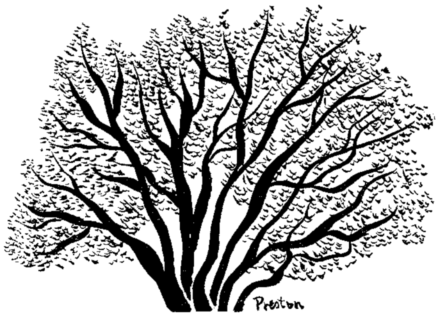
A FRIEND writes:

Spring in the Village! Sunlight roaring through new green leaves! On West Twelfth Street, I pause to count the books stacked in Ramsey Clark's big second-floor bay window. Many, many books! Hardcovers, at that. I lose count and begin again, but am distracted by a bulldog the color of steel wool who wanders by with a red plastic poinsettia pinned to his collar. We are not afraid of what people think. I follow the bulldog and his owner to Ray's Pizza, at the corner of Sixth Avenue and West Eleventh. Ray's Pizza is expanding into the space formerly occupied by Casual Kids (which has moved to 2 Bank Street). Young artists from P.S. 41, across the street, have filled the empty Casual Kids window with Magic Marker variations on the theme "Ray's Pizza Is Getting Bigger." And, indeed, one of these works displays a pizza as big as a model railroad, loomed over by a giant pizza freak in a parrot-green coat. Down Sixth Avenue a bit, at Igor's Art Foods restaurant, Igor has filled part of *his* window with "Igor's Book of the Month." Choices for the month include two Irving Howes, the new Bruno Bettelheim, and "Lazy Stories" (for children), by Diane Wolkstein and James Marshall. (Igor democratically refuses to indicate which are alternates and which are full selections.) We are a bookish community.

And, in fact, here is Norman Mailer, strolling! Mailer is wearing a powder-blue safari suit and looking very good, very healthy—struggling with that immense novel must keep him in top shape. What does it feel like to know that your novel must be worth a million dollars, more or less, before you write it? He is a brave man. He walks past an old, old woman dressed in a black rug who is writing something on the wall with a black crayon, screening her operations from passersby with a *News* held aloft in a shaky hand. When she moves on, I read, "Philosophy tells us sex only for procreation." We are a community of writers.

Around the corner, on Greenwich Avenue at Tenth Street, Sutter's bakery has gone out of business after fifty years (est. 1926). Today, the fixtures are being auctioned and there are tables piled with silverware, cups and saucers, sugarers and creamers, stainless-steel pots and pans, and five sets of spun-candy wedding bells in their plastic wrappings. People are staring through the big windows, estimating. At the curb is parked a classic car, British (I can't figure out what make), shiny black, late nineteen-twenties perhaps, on the open rumble seat a book, "Graham Greene on Film." At the Elephant & Castle, farther down Greenwich, the menu offers a Love Omelette (hearts of artichoke, hearts of palm) for $3.05. Love and grub are important to us, both.

Change, renewal. The three-story brick house at 240 West Eleventh has just been painted a blazing white—what a vote of confidence in this sooty city! The old Your Father's Mustache (beer, banjos), at Tenth Street and Seventh Avenue, has become Settebello (Beautiful Seven), after an Italian card game in which the seven of diamonds is the winning card. The entrepreneur is Alfredo Viazzi, who already operates two of the Village's pleasantest restaurants; the new place will offer cabaret (directed by and starring his wife, the actress Jane White), chamber music, dance, and classic films of the forties and fifties, and will be open from 11 A.M. to 2 in the morning—a *stufato* (stew) of the arts, no less. Good luck, Settebello, and welcome to the neighborhood!



But spring is not without its new dangers, which we will form new committees to meet (we are forever forming committees). The budgets of the Jefferson Market and Hudson Park Libraries may be cut another ten per cent in July by the city, and an especially strong commando has been mustered (forty-nine members, from Catherine Angle to Marguerite Young) to rush into the breach. Good luck, Friends of the Jefferson Market and Hudson Park Libraries!

I tarry a bit before a bulletin board inside a Perry Street laundromat (we have thousands of bulletin boards, the jungle drums of the Village). Nelson Algren is reading from his work at Greenwich House. A flyer from the International Committee to Reunite the Beatles, headquartered in Merrick, N.Y. Send one dollar to Let It Be. Has anyone any information about the two men seen scuttling down the street carrying the commemorative plaque honoring pioneer filmmaker D. W. Griffith, pried from the front of 7 East Fourteenth (site of Griffith's early studio) last Friday morning? "Runaway wife sought by female reporter for in-depth interview," and a telephone number. We are forever taking each other's temperature.

Meandering down Hudson Street, thinking about lunch, I see in the back seat of a Dodge with Tennessee plates a sleeper who has wrapped himself in Reynolds Wrap to ward off the fine midmorning Village light. I am happy and know myself to be happy—a rare state. Good luck to you, traveller from Tennessee!

WE heard recently from another friend of ours, a man who is a student of political language—a citizen who acknowledges that he has sustained his interest in how politicians speak long after he ceased to care what they were saying:

I was naturally pleased that Spiro T. Agnew said, "I am not a bigot" right in *Newsweek* magazine. It's another indication that we're in for a revival of an oratorical device I have always thought of as the Negative Boast. The best-known Negative Boast of recent times, of course, came from Richard Nixon, who, while he was President of the United States, told a group of editors, "I'm not a crook." Agnew's Negative Boast tends to confirm a theory I have been polishing—that, given enough talk shows and press conferences and late-night airport interviews, almost any political figure will eventually deny what he knows the electorate suspects him of being.

Before the Nixon Administration, I was worried that the Negative Boast might have become extinct. Several years ago, when a friend of mine was a campaign adviser for the mayor of an upstate city whose chief executives were regularly called to justice for one sort of malfeasance or another, I went so far as to suggest the campaign motto "Never Been Indicted." My friend began not returning my calls. I later saw a bumper sticker for a Presidential candidate called Papoon whose motto was "Not Insane," but the fact that the bumper sticker identified him as the representative of the National Surrealist Light People's Party led me to believe that he did not have realistic expectations of being elected. For a long time, I had to make do with collecting examples of a separate but related device called the Negative Thrust—a candidate's denying that he is, say, a machine politician as a way of implying that his opponent is precisely that. The Negative Thrust is quite common, but still pleasing when used adroitly—the best recent example being Mary Anne Krupsak's running for lieutenant governor of New York on the motto "She's Not Just One of the Boys." Even before Watergate, though, I had a feeling I could count on Nixon or Agnew to revive the Negative Boast; they were, after all, suspected of so much. Their boasts, in fact, turned out to be interchangeable—the sort of symmetrical touch that we collectors cherish. If Nixon had been questioned closely on his taped remarks about the Jewish cabal in the arts, he might have blurted out, "I am not a bigot." Had Agnew remained in public life long enough to discuss the bill of particulars drawn up against him by the United States Attorney's office in Baltimore, he could have been expected to say, "I'm not a crook."

I felt quite early that Jimmy Carter had a Negative Boast in him, and he confirmed my instinct when he was asked whether there was, as a former speechwriter of his had charged, some difference between his private and public statements on defense spending. He did not say that the speechwriter was mistaken or that their recollections differed; he said, "I am not a liar." What is so enjoyable about such an outburst is that it always brings into the campaign a word that the press and the opponents of the politician in question have hesitated to use. Even in the stretch-run chase of Watergate, nobody just came right out and said that Nixon was a crook. The customary way of treating Jimmy Carter's standards of veracity has been to talk about fuzziness or about some difference in what he says he accomplished as governor of Georgia and what his old opponents in the legislature say he accomplished; it took Carter himself to introduce the word. I love harsh language in a campaign. I long ago lost interest in who governs Great Britain—let them worry about it, I say—but whenever I'm there I attend any political rally I hear about, just on the chance that someone will stand up in the back row and shout, "Oh, rubbish!"

I was hoping that Carter's outburst would give the Negative Boast what they're calling "momentum" these days. (I much preferred "bandwagon," by the way; it conjures up a picture of people cheerfully hopping aboard instead of being bowled over by someone running too hard to slow down for a baby carriage or a wall.) As I envisioned what might happen—"the scenario," the momentum people would call it—Henry Jackson, inspired by Carter, would finish off a forty-five-minute recital of his senatorial accomplishments with the ringing words "I am not a bore!" Gerald Ford, figuring he might have to run against a Jimmy Carter-Jerry Brown ticket with the Negative Thrust motto of "Vote for Gerald Ford—Not Flaky," would call reporters into the Oval Office and announce, "Your President is definitely not a dope." The Democrats, having decided not to draft Humphrey after he went on national television to say, "I am not a blabbermouth," would turn to Edward Kennedy. Senator Kennedy would walk to the Convention podium and say, "Fellow-Democrats, fellow-Americans. I am not a candidate."

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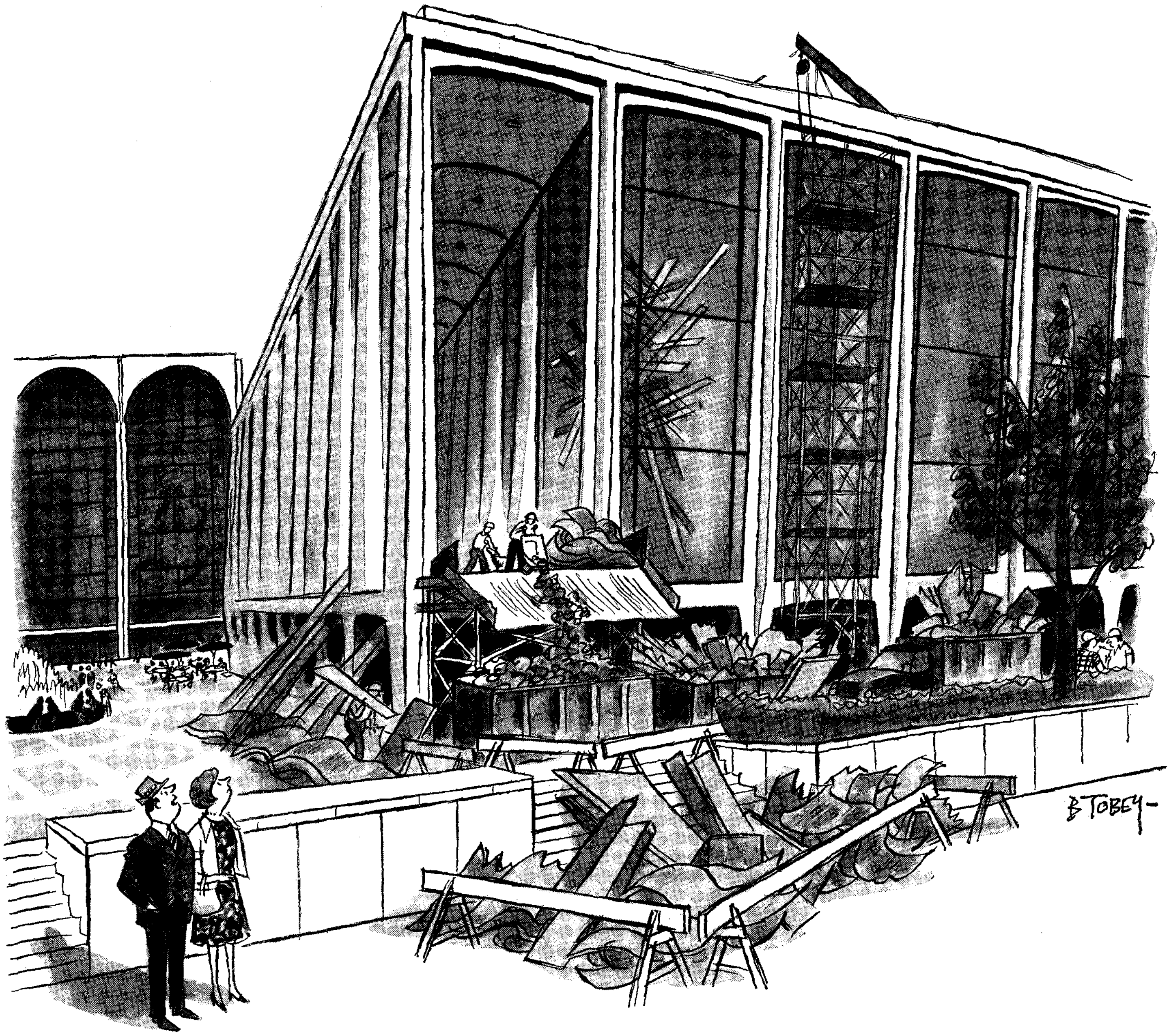
Crusade

A REGULAR passenger on the triangular Los Angeles-to-New York-to-Washington-to-Los Angeles travel circuit is a businessman we know named Harold Willens. Out in L.A., Mr. Willens spends much of his time tending the affairs of the Factory Equipment Corporation, a textile-machinery manufacturing company that he started in 1949 and now serves as chairman of the board. He also used to control extensive commercial real-estate interests—and is somewhat involved in that business still—but he began to curtail that during the mid-sixties, when, as Mr. Willens likes to say, he "went public" and devoted himself to organizing other businessmen to oppose the war in Indo-China. Since then, Mr. Willens has stayed public, in behalf of one cause or another, and it is these activities that frequently bring him cross-country. When he was in town on his most recent swing—en route to Washington and then home again—he invited us to come visit him and learn how he has been channelling his public interests lately, and we accepted. Mr. Willens greeted us at the door of a friend's suite at the Hampshire House, where he was staying. He was wearing gray slacks, a white shirt, a blue-white-and-brown striped necktie, and amber-tinted aviator glasses. Because he had no time to waste, he got down to business.

"I'm in town today to see, individually and in small groups, those ideological brothers who might be willing to finance a direct-mail campaign that would reach a million people," he said. "I figure I have to raise about two hundred thousand dollars to make the plan work. The idea is to find thirty thousand people willing to become part of a new crusade, the Citizens for Energy Action. A group of us organized this thing last September, when we gathered at my house in Malibu to discuss ways of combatting the economic and political powers of the big oil companies. Leopold Wyler, a businessman who—along with myself, two other businessmen, an economist, and Paul Newman, the actor—is one of the founders of the Citizens for Energy Action, said at the time, 'I see the oil companies as a Trojan horse, mouthing phrases about free enterprise and destroying free enterprise from within.'



"Well, here we go again!"

• •

So we're campaigning for divestiture, to break up the monopoly that the oil companies now, in effect, maintain. The idea of our group is to use our business expertise to combat the oil-company power. Free enterprise is what I'm all about. I'm an entrepreneur. I started out poor and became wealthy. My generation of capitalists were risk takers. These other guys—the ones who now work for the oil companies—are caretakers. They're just bureaucrats trying to hold on to the oil companies' slice of the economic pie. When our group began to examine energy policy, we found it very hard to find sources of information that didn't originate with the oil companies themselves. We want to become the legitimate counter-opinion on energy matters, so that when the Administration makes a statement about energy policy the press will seek us out and report, 'Citizens for Energy Action denies that President Ford's figures reflect reality.' "

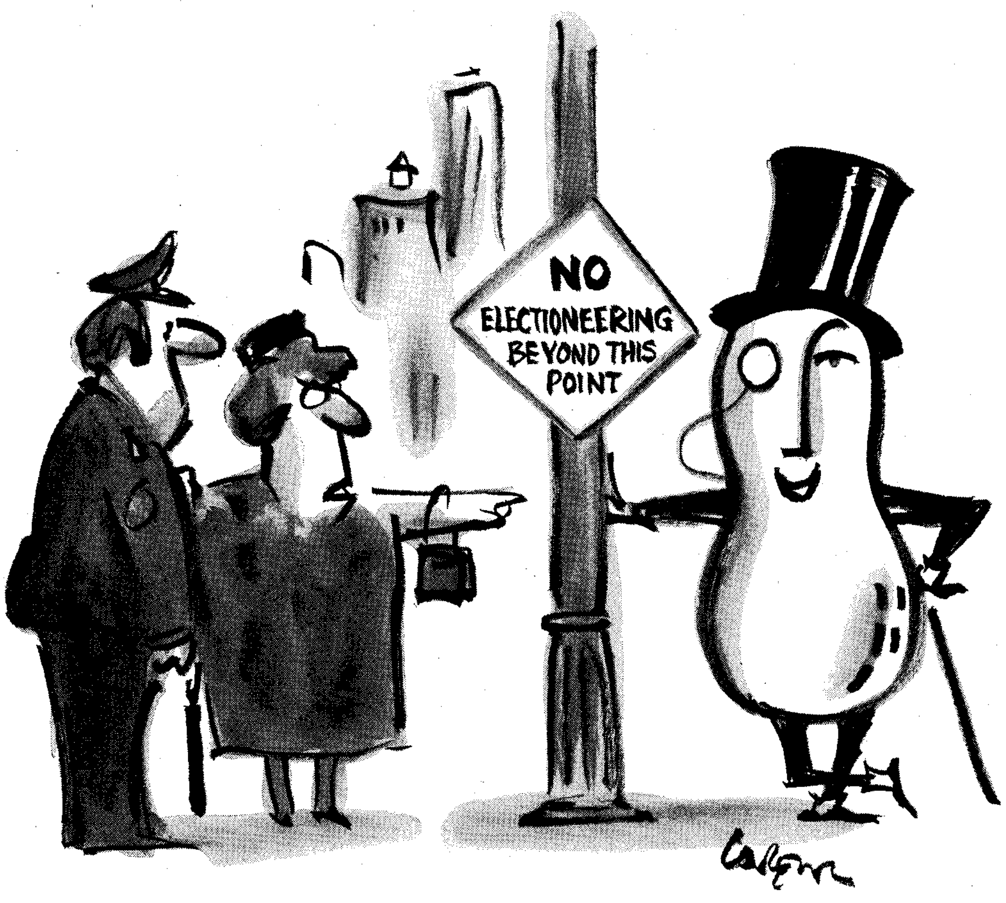
Mr. Willens was sitting on a green sofa, with papers and yellow legal pads scattered about him. Occasionally, he said something that reminded him of something else, and he pencilled notes on a legal pad. At one point, the phone rang—a call from Morris Dees, the direct-mail wizard, who has worked for some political candidates in recent years—and Mr. Willens leaned back into the sofa and propped his legs on a coffee table in front of him. He is an extremely young sixty-two. Listening to him and watching him maneuver, it is easy enough to believe that he is a successful businessman. When the phone conversation ended, Mr. Willens talked again about oil.

"I believe that we can create energy resources that are infinite and cheap," he said. "The complaint that we continue to hear is 'Get your hands off the oil industry—leave free enterprise alone.' The truth is that they're using that argument as a fig leaf to hide the fact that there *is* no free enterprise! We're working fast to propel ourselves into the Presidential and congressional campaigns. In advance of the primaries, our people organized citizens' groups into energy-action coalitions. We want to move the issue onto the campaign trail. Also, starting with the Mobil stockholders' meeting in Phoenix this month, we'll be showing up at a lot of stockholders' meetings around the country and organizing proxy fights. Our basic appeal to shareholders will be that the facts now indicate that divestiture will benefit them, that it is the right thing for the people of the country, and that it's the healthiest thing that could happen to free enterprise. Our Washington office, which the Malibu group has financed by raising a half-million dollars, is trying to do three things. First, there's the divestiture issue. I'm for vertical divestiture—depriving the oil companies of the ability to control the product from the time the crude is taken out of the ground to the time it reaches the consumer at the gas pump. One of the arguments against divestiture is that it would unfairly deprive the oil companies of the economic power that they have 'rightfully earned.' Our figures show that vertical divestiture of the eighteen largest companies—dividing each one into four distinct companies by separating their production, transportation, refining, and marketing functions, and thus creating seventy-two companies out of eighteen—would mean that each of these companies would still rank in *Fortune's* top '500.' Also, we shouldn't permit the same companies to control not only oil and gas production but also coal, solar, nuclear, and all other forms of energy. There has to be inter-fuel competition. The first patriotism in business is to profit. Now, a company that owns oil and coal won't sell oil in a way that would undercut its market for coal, would it? The other thing we're trying to do is to keep natural-gas prices from being deregulated, and, finally, we want to break up the so-called 'exclusivity of expertise.' There's now virtually a monologue of the oil companies dictating to the Congress. When that goes on, the government becomes a wholly owned subsidiary of the oil industry. There is no safe system of checks and balances. It's a road to self-destruction."

Mr. Willens glanced at his watch, realized that it was time for him to go to an appointment downtown, and invited us to share a taxi. He put on a blue blazer, grabbed a small leather courier's envelope, and was off. During the cab ride, we asked him how he had developed the stamina to sustain his pace.

"I play a lot of tennis," he said. "That keeps all my energies flowing together."

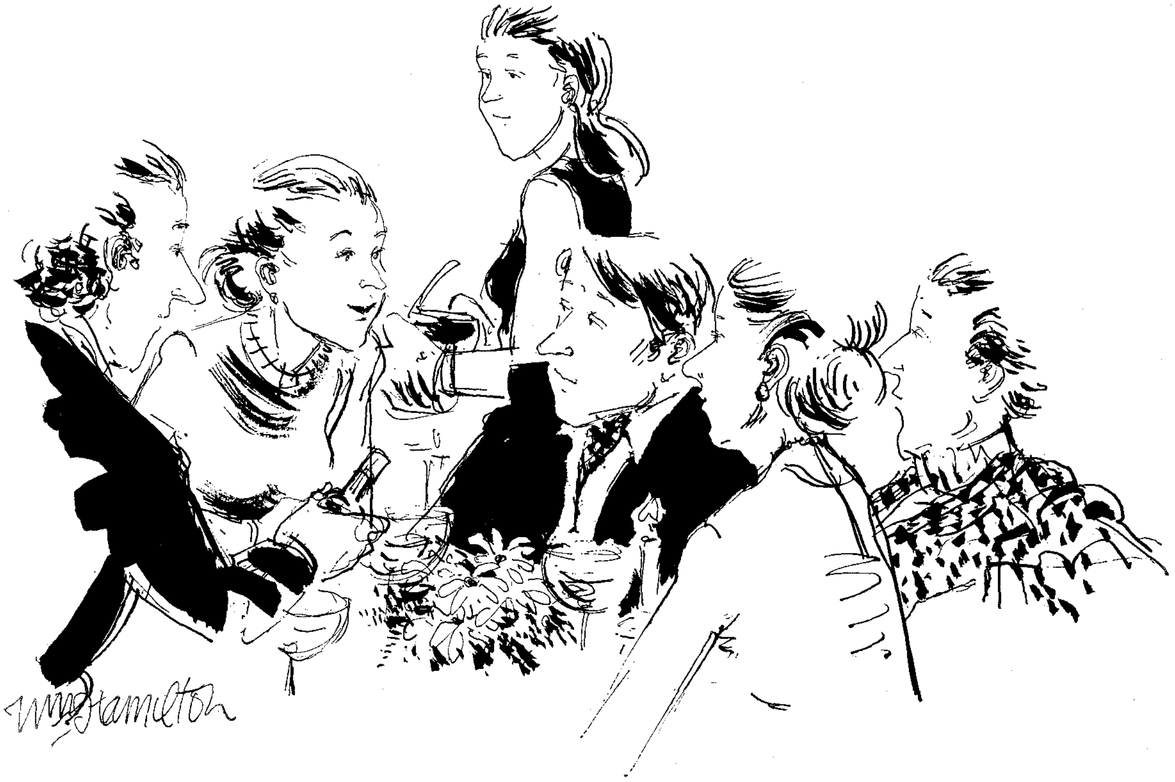
As the cab reached the Union League Club, at Thirty-seventh Street and Park Avenue, Mr. Willens said, "My daughter has a theory that it took a long time for me to be converted from a 'resident' to a 'citizen' but that I've finally arrived. If I had stayed a business creature all my life, I would have more money but I would be impoverished in other ways. There's a lot of similarity between this fight and the early days of the anti-war movement. We're battling the mythology of the oil industry's expertise—the impulse that says, 'If you protesters only knew what *we* know, you'd understand the situation.' That's like a witch doctor in a primitive society who says, 'Shut up and leave everything to me.' What we're trying to cultivate is citizen common sense, which is the best weapon to balance the bureaucratic urge for more power. It only takes common sense."


NO ELECTIONEERING BEYOND THIS POINT

"Officer, arrest that man!"

Sark

BIG JULIE TANTLEFF has brought to the city the NCR 250 Electra-Bar system, which formerly was to be found no closer than the suburbs of Syracuse. The Electra-Bar puts together an NCR (formerly National Cash Register) 250 electronic cash register and the computerized drink-pouring system developed by Electro Measure in Menasha, Wisconsin. One of Big Julie's bartenders at his new restaurant-bar-disco-cabaret, Big Julie's, hits a pale-green button on a register marked, let's say, "DEWAR'S." Two seconds later, an ounce and a quarter of Dewar's comes out of a pouring unit under the bar connected by an odorless, tasteless polypropylene hose to two half-gallon bottles of Dewar's in a locked, barred storeroom with an electric trigger alarm on the door. Meanwhile, the 250 register has subtracted an ounce and a quarter from the total volume of Dewar's on hand and is preparing itself to print out a bill that says "DEWR" and includes either a lunch price or a dinner price, depending on the time of day. It is also ready, when requested, to print out a list of all the drinks sold that day at that register, how much the waiters earned in tips, and how much money there should be in the register at any moment. Big Julie's Electra-Bar is preset to pour thirty-two different drinks: eleven mixed drinks, two and a half ounces each (Beefeater Martini, regular Martini, vodka Martini, dry Manhattan, bourbon Manhattan, whiskey sour, Scotch sour, bourbon sour, vodka sour, Canadian Club sour, and Rob Roy); eleven name straight liquors (Dewar's, Chivas, Johnnie Walker Black, J&B, Cutty Sark, V.O., Jack Daniel's, Seagram's 7, Canadian Club, Smirnoff, and Beefeater); three name brandies (Courvoisier, Hennessy, and Rémy Martin); and seven "bar" brands (Parliament Scotch, Daviess County bourbon, Carnaby's gin, Wilson American blended whiskey, Carioca rum, Blanzac brandy, and either Georgi vodka or Kamchatka vodka). The Electra-Bar can't mix Bloody Marys, because tomato juice is so heavy it would have to be double-pumped from the basement, so Bloody Marys and drinks that are requested infrequently are hand-mixed at the establishment's two bars. The front bar is a hundred and forty feet of hose away from the storeroom, and the service bar, in the back, which is hooked up to a separate register, is forty-three feet of hose away. There are something like fifteen gallons of liquor in the hoses at all times. There are no Electra-Commiserate buttons on the Electra-Bar: "That's the way it goes," "I know what you mean," "What are you gonna do?," "Tomorrow's another day," "You've had enough now, sir or Madam," "Dames—who can figure them?," "You still got your health," "That's life."



"We love the country. But I still feel threatened by the garden."

In 1954, Tantleff, whose dad had been in the meat business, converted a forty-three-thousand-square-foot roller-skating rink in New Dorp, Staten Island, into a combination supermarket, clothing, and shoe store. Supermarkets at that time were no bigger than eight- to eleven-thousand square feet, and the local chains dubbed the new operation "Tantleff's Folly." But it prospered, and ten years ago Tantleff sold his entire Food Farm chain of seven supermarkets to Bohack and bought the twenty-five-year-old Black Angus steak house, on Fiftieth between Lexington and Third. Last summer, he closed down the place, steak-house atmosphere being a thing that had passed its peak, and spent six hundred thousand dollars, including sixty thousand for the Electra-Bar, to create Big Julie's. Big Julie and his daughter, Melinda, and son-in-law, Mark Blau, were all at the new spot when we stopped by last week. The Blaus were there to celebrate their tenth wedding anniversary. They both work—Mark in realty, primarily, and Melinda as a free-lance writer and editor who's just finished helping Ralph Nader put together a life-skills learning unit for junior-high and high-school kids, telling them how to read advertising, buy a house, hire a lawyer, and make use of small-claims courts, among other things. Big Julie was wearing a blue suit, white shirt, and red tie. He's five-seven and a half, a hundred and forty pounds, talks to people from up close, and likes to punctuate his remarks with light taps on his listener's tie. "This system," Big Julie told us, "is a safeguard for the customer who says, 'They may stiff me.' You know, substitute bar Scotch for Cutty after a couple of drinks. Because right there on his check it's going to say (*tap*) 'SARK.' This system protects the customer who says, 'They may short-pour me.' Because (*tap, tap, tap*) every single one is going to get an ounce and a quarter. Now, I'll be very honest with you. We had an initial fear that the customer might be upset at not seeing what's poured. But we've had no complaints. We think the efficiency of this system can generate a potential two, three thousand dollars a day in extra bar business. With a crowd five, six deep at the bar, two bartenders and maybe a relief man can handle it. The bartender can't buy his favorite customers a drink with this system. (*Tap.*) We want to be able to do that—ring it up on a promotional ticket, which can be broken out afterwards. Inventory control—that's the key. This system tells us what's gone out to the eighth of an ounce. The better you know your numbers the better you know your business. It's close and tight—we can be on top of it all the time. We don't want to lose a nickel or a quarter. We want to pass that on to the guy who walks through the door." (*Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap.*)

Letting Off Steam

THE Lexicographers Club, the only Manhattan club that E. M. Frimbo, world's greatest railroad buff, calls his own, has, like other worthy midtown institutions, an exchange arrangement with a like-minded London club—in this case the Savile, where the two most popular dishes are cold steak-and-kidney pie and cold apple pie. Lunchtime conversation at the Lexicographers is often stimulated by the presence of visiting Savileans, and last week when we dropped by the old place for a glimpse of our friend we found him just tucking into Senegalese soup, with broiled shad to follow. As we took a place at the common table beside Frimbo, the man across the table said to one of his companions, "Steam."

Frimbo's glance rose majestically

from the soup to the gentleman opposite. "Steam locomotives?" he said.

"Steam cars, actually," said the gentleman. "My name's John Bunyon, and I live near Walmer, in Kent. I've just been spending the weekend driving Stanley steamers along the roads of Connecticut. *Superb* machines! Do forty miles an hour up a hill in reverse. Go up almost anything to which they can maintain adhesion. It's a nice life. I'll be coming back in July—my hundred-and-ninety-ninth crossing—for an antique-car meet in Barre, Vermont, and I hope to drive a Doble then."

"Magnificent machine," said Frimbo. "The Doble people had a showroom on the west side of Times Square in the early twenties."

"And then the Doble company went into liquidation in April, 1931—though Doble continued to try to get steam vehicles manufactured. My great hobby," Bunyon went on, "is steam farm engines. Steam threshing machines, plowing machines, steam machines to haul farm wagons along country roads—some of them built by the nobly named firm of Ransomes, I believe. Thrilling."

"Yes," said Frimbo. "I attended a show in Nottinghamshire a few years ago of precisely that sort of machinery in steam. There was one thresher beautifully painted in a variety of colors, with a tall smokestack protruding through a broad canvas awning, elegantly fringed, that stretched all the way back to where the driver sat in his cab, in front of a little pocket full of coal. Most of these farm engines were coal-burners, you know. And how do you feel about steam *railway* engines?"

Bunyon said, "Well, since I live in Kent, I'm an old Southeastern Railway man myself, and I have several exquisite models of some of their earlier locomotives. Are there by any chance any steam locomotives in the States still running around your railways?"

"I'll be waving to you from one of them when you get to Vermont," Frimbo said, "because a Bicentennial steam train will be running there every day from July through the fall, on what is left of the old Rutland Railroad, which is quite a bit. In July and August, it'll be running between Bellows Falls and Burlington; from mid-August through the foliage season, it'll be running between Burlington and Bennington."

"Ah," said Bunyon, and he made an entry in a notebook.

Frimbo said, "Perhaps you should have come along with me on my last trip West this spring. I stopped off for a day in Jefferson City, that fine old riverine town on the Missouri, for a look at another Bicentennial train, the American Freedom Train, which was one year old that day. It had been hauled by various steam engines all the way from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific coast, and was on its way back East. It'll be in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, for the Fourth of July, and, as I was saying last year, when it began its journey, at Wilmington, Delaware, on April 1st, it's a hell of a good show. It will be in the New York area in mid-August, but you'd best see it en route; I saw it again last month in New Orleans, and it should be making its way north to Birmingham, Alabama, where the magnificent steam engine that is the property of Ross E. Rowland, Jr., the founder of the American Freedom Train—the engine that started it off on its journey—will haul it as far toward this city as the laws allow."

Mr. Bunyon made another entry in his notebook. Frimbo and Bunyon then entered into a discussion of the efforts of the Newcomen Society, a learned history-recording institution, to preserve the massive steam pumps that once worked the tin mines in Cornwall.

"Do you have anything of that sort that I could see while I'm in this country?" Bunyon wanted to know.

"Well, yes," said Frimbo. "A historical society I'm involved in has set up a museum in San Francisco to draw attention to the building that used to house the steam engines that once worked the endless cables to which the San Francisco cable cars attached themselves. The original steam engines survived the earthquake of 1906 but were replaced by electric engines in 1911."

More entries in the Bunyon notebook. "You Colonials are doing very good work," he said.

"I must accept that," Frimbo said. "And, while you're out on the Coast, go to Disneyland, in southern California, where you will see a perfectly restored narrow-gauge steam locomotive that was recovered by a friend of mine from the Godchaux sugar plantations, in Louisiana. It's still full of life, hauling passengers every day. And in Allaire State Park, near Asbury Park, in New Jersey, a narrow-gauge steam locomotive built by one of your countrymen's companies, Robert Stephenson & Company, will still be functioning this summer. And the next time you're at a steam-car rally in Connecticut, stop off at our Valley Railroad, in Essex, where, I've just heard from Oliver Jensen, its founder, we've just saved from dissolution a fine old New Haven Railroad parlor car—the kind with the green upholstered swivel seats—to provide our patrons with Bicentennial luxuries on our little steam trains."

"Narrow gauge," said Bunyon. "Down in my part of England there's that glorious little fifteen-inch-gauge Romney, Hythe & Dymchurch Railway. When you're next in London, you must pop down to Walmer and let me drive you over to it."

Frimbo said, "That's the railway that ran a miniature armored train during the Second World War in case, I suppose, a nasty Nazi aircraft commander decided to take a potshot at the Dungeness lighthouse."

"Right!" said Bunyon.

At which point, bidding our two companions farewell, we wandered regretfully outdoors and back into reality.

LOVE SONG, FOR A MOOG SYNTHESIZER

SHE was good in bed. She went to church. Her I.Q. was 145. She repeated herself. Nothing fit; it frightened him. Yet Tod wanted to hang on, to hang on to the bits and pieces, which perhaps were not truly pieces but islands, which a little lowering of sea level would reveal to be rises on a sunken continent, peaks of a subaqueous range, secretly one, a world.

He called her Pumpkin, or Princess. She had been a parody of a respectable housewife—active in all causes, tireless in all aspects of housekeeping from fumigation to floor-waxing, an ardent practitioner of the minor arts of the Halloween costumer and the Cub Scout den mother, a beaming, posing, conveniently shaped ornament to her husband at cocktail parties, beach parties, dinner parties, fund-raising parties. Always prim, groomed, proper, perfect.

But there was a clue, which he picked up: she never listened. Her eyebrows arched politely, her upper lip lifted alertly, nevertheless she brushed her gaze past the faces of her conversational partners in a terribly icy hurry, and repeated herself so much that he wondered if she was sane.

Her heart wasn't in this.

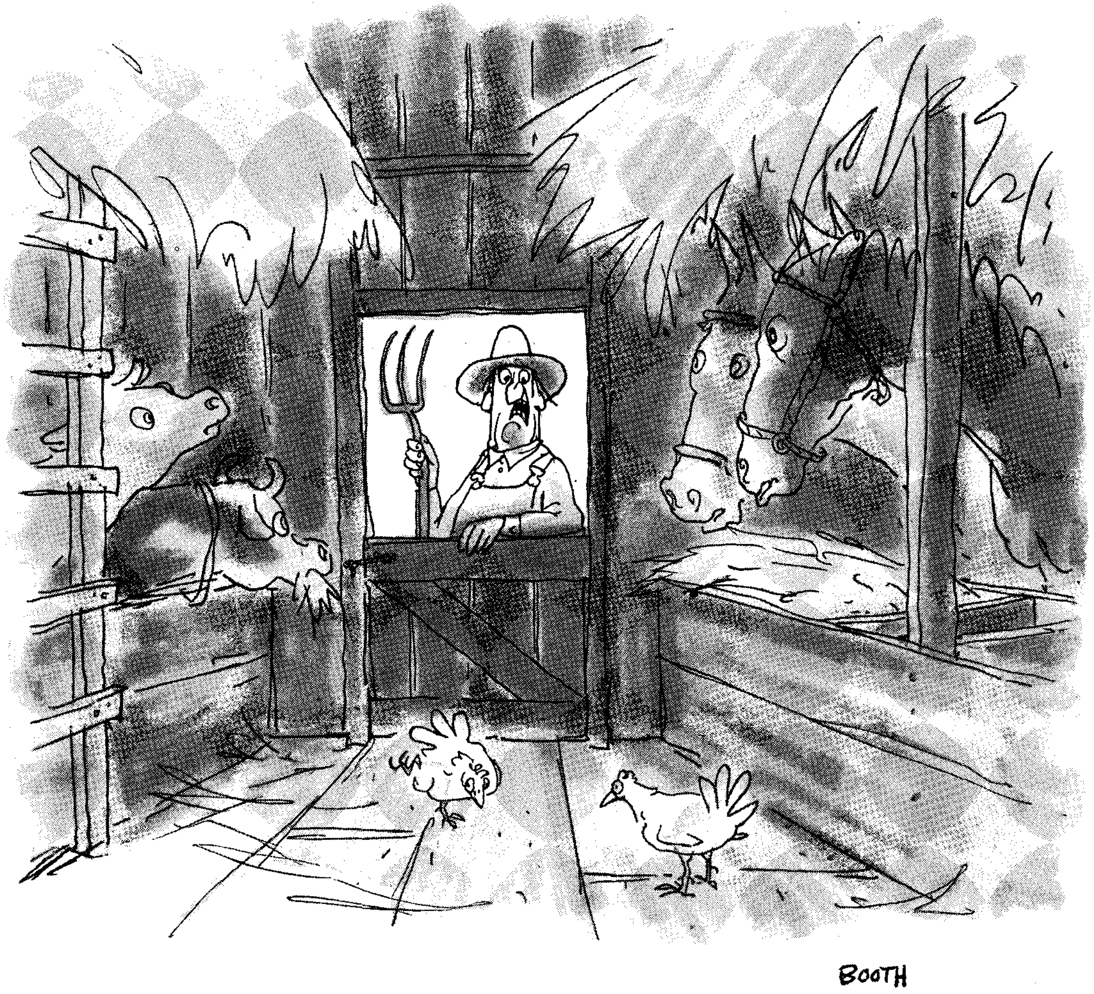
She took to jabbing Tod at parties, jabbing so hard it hurt. This piece of herself, transferred to his ribs, his kidneys, as pain, lingered there, asked to be recognized as love.

His brain—that impatient organ, which deals, with the speed of light, in essences and abstractions—opted to love her perhaps too early, before his heart—that plodder, that problem learner—had had time to collect quirks and spiritual snapshots, to survey those faults and ledges of the not-quite-expected where affection can silt and accumulate. He needed a body. Instead, there was something skeletal, spacy.

But then the shivering. That was lovable. As they left a fine restaurant in an elegant, shadowy district of the city, Princess complained (her talk was unexpectedly blunt) that her underpants kept riding up. Drunk, his drunkenness glazing the bricks of the recently restored pavement beneath them, the marquee of the cunningly renovated restaurant behind them, the other pedestrians scattered around them as sketchily as figures in an architectural drawing, and the artificially antique street lamp above them, its wan light laced by the twigs of a newly planted tree that had also something of an architect's stylization about it, Tod knelt down and reached up into her skirt with both hands and pulled down her underpants, so adroitly she shivered. She shivered, involuntarily, expressing—what? Something that came upon her like a breeze. Then, recovering poise, with an adroitness the equal of his, she stepped out of her underpants. Her black high heels, shiny as Shirley Temple dancing pumps, stepped from the two silken circles on the bricks—one, two, primly, quickly, as she glanced over her shoulder, to see if they had been seen. She was wearing a black dress, severe, with long sleeves, that he had last seen her wear to a mutual friend's funeral. Tod stood and crumpled his handful of gossamer into his coat pocket. They walked on, her arm in his. He seemed taller, she softer. The stagy light webbed them, made her appear all circles. She said she could feel the wind now.

He had loved that shiver, that spasm she could not control; for love must attach to what we cannot help—the involuntary, the telltale, the fatal. Otherwise, the reasonableness and the mercy that would make our lives decent and orderly would overpower love, crush it, root it out, tumble it away like a striped tent pegged in sand.

TIME passed. By sunlight, by a window, he suddenly saw a web, a radiating system, of wrinkles spread out from the corners of her eyes when she smiled. From her lips another set of creases, so delicate only the sun could trace them, spread upward; the two systems mingled on her cheeks. Time was interconnecting her features, which had been isolated in the spaces of her face by a certain absentminded perfection. She was growing old within their love, within their suffering. He



"And that's the opinion of Herman Fletcher. This is Herman Fletcher, signing off."

examined a snapshot he had taken a year ago. A smooth, staring, unlistening face. Baby fat.

Tod liked her aging, felt warmed by it, for it too was involuntary. It had happened to her with him, yet was not *his* fault. He wanted *nothing* to be *his* fault. This made her load double.

As mistress, she adapted well to the harrowing hours, the phone conversations that never end, the posing for intimate photographs, the heavy restaurant meals. She mainly missed of her former, decent, orderly life the minor blessings, such as shopping in the A. & P. without fear of being snubbed by a fellow-parishioner, or of encountering Tod's outraged wife across a pyramid of dog food.

Their spouses' fixed fury seemed rooted in a kind of professional incredulity; it was as if they had each been specialists (a repairer of Cyrillic typewriters, or a gerbil currier) whose specialty was so narrow there had been no need to do it very well.

But how he loved dancing with Pumpkin! She was so solid on her feet, her weight never on him, however close he held her. She tried to teach him to waltz, her husband having been a dashing, long-legged waltzer. But Tod could not learn: the wrong foot, the foot that had just received his weight, would dart out again, as if permanently appointed Chief Foot, at the start of the new trio of steps; he was a binary computer trying to learn left-handedness from a mirror.

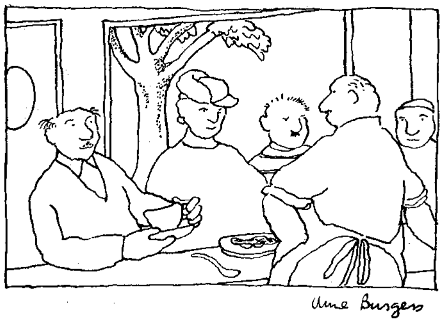
So Tod too had his gaps, his spaces. He could not learn to repeat himself. He could do everything only once.

On a hotel bed, for variety, he sat astride her chest and, idly at first, then urgingly, he stroked her until her hips began to rock, involuntarily. Involuntarily, involuntarily. Her hips lifted, and she shivered. He understood that shivering better now. He was the open window by which, on rare occasions, she felt the *ventus Dei*.

And then, in another sort of wind, she would rage, lifted above reason, she would rage in spirals of indignation and terror fed from within, her voice high, a hurled stone frozen at the zenith of its arc, her face a mask of petulance clamped so hard that the skin around the lips went quite white. Strange little obstructions set her off. Details in her arrangements with her husband, financial or otherwise, consistently fuelled a fury in her; it was a fault, a failure, Tod felt, in himself, not to afford her an excuse for such passion, though when he explained that her anger came from excessive caring and must have love for its other face she never listened. She would stare beyond him, and go on as before, exhausted in the end, as if biologically, by the satisfaction of a cycle. It frightened him, such a whirlwind; it blew, and blew itself out, in a region of her where he had never lived. An island, but in a desert. Her lips and eye-whites would look parched afterward.

Sometimes it occurred to him that not everyone could love this woman. This did not frighten him. It made him feel like a child still young enough to be proud that he has been given a special assignment.

And yet he felt great rest with her. Her body beside his, he would fall in the spaces of her, sink, relax, one of her cool hands held at his chest, and the other, by a physical miracle he never troubled to analyze, lightly clasped above his head, by the hand of his of which the arm was crooked beneath his head as a pillow. How her arm put her hand here, he never could see, for his back was turned, his buttocks nestled in her lap. Sleep would sweep them away simultaneously, like mingled heaps of detritus.



Though in college a Soc. Sci. major, and in adult life a do-gooder, she ceased to read a newspaper. When her husband left, the subscription lapsed. Whereas Tod, sleeping with her, his consciousness diffused among the vast sacred spaces of her oblivion, dreamt of statesmen, of Gerald Ford and Giscard d'Estaing, of the great: John Lennon had a comradely arm about him, and Richard Burton, murmuring with his resonant actor's accent, was seeking marital advice.

Sometimes her storms of anger and her repetitions threatened to drive him away, as the blows in his ribs had offered to do. (Was that why he held her hands, sleeping—a protective clinch?) And he thought of organizing a retreat from sexuality, a concession of indefensible territory: Kutuzov after Borodino, Thieu before Danang. A magnificent simplification.

But then, an impossible emptiness. "O Pumpkin," he would moan in the dark, "never leave me. Never: promise." And the child within him would cringe with a terror for which, when daylight dawned bleak on the scattered realities of their situation, he would silently blame her, and hope to make her pay.

THEY became superb at being tired with one another. They competed in exhaustion. "Oh, God, Princess, how long can this go on?"

THE END OF WORDS: AN ELECTION-YEAR THOUGHT

Drive past in the night; the two white lions
Of the library crouch, quite unaware
Of deficit financing, of literary lions
Working the moonlit salons of uptown
Going downhill fast. And so it's time
To fall in love with the first lip-reader
You meet, avoiding the ever-present falseness
Of language. What will there be left to read?
Nothing. Yet it's better than pretending
Those deadly cackles are some form of speech,
To go on speaking, endlessly defending
Feelings never felt, words now dead,
Distorted, or misused. Other suggestions:
Writing poems in math, pressing flowers
Between blank pages of a book, or finding
Manuscripts among our future ruins
Untranslated from the original Garbage,
That tongue that power captured for the world
Which is now the only utterance of statesmen.

—HOWARD MOSS

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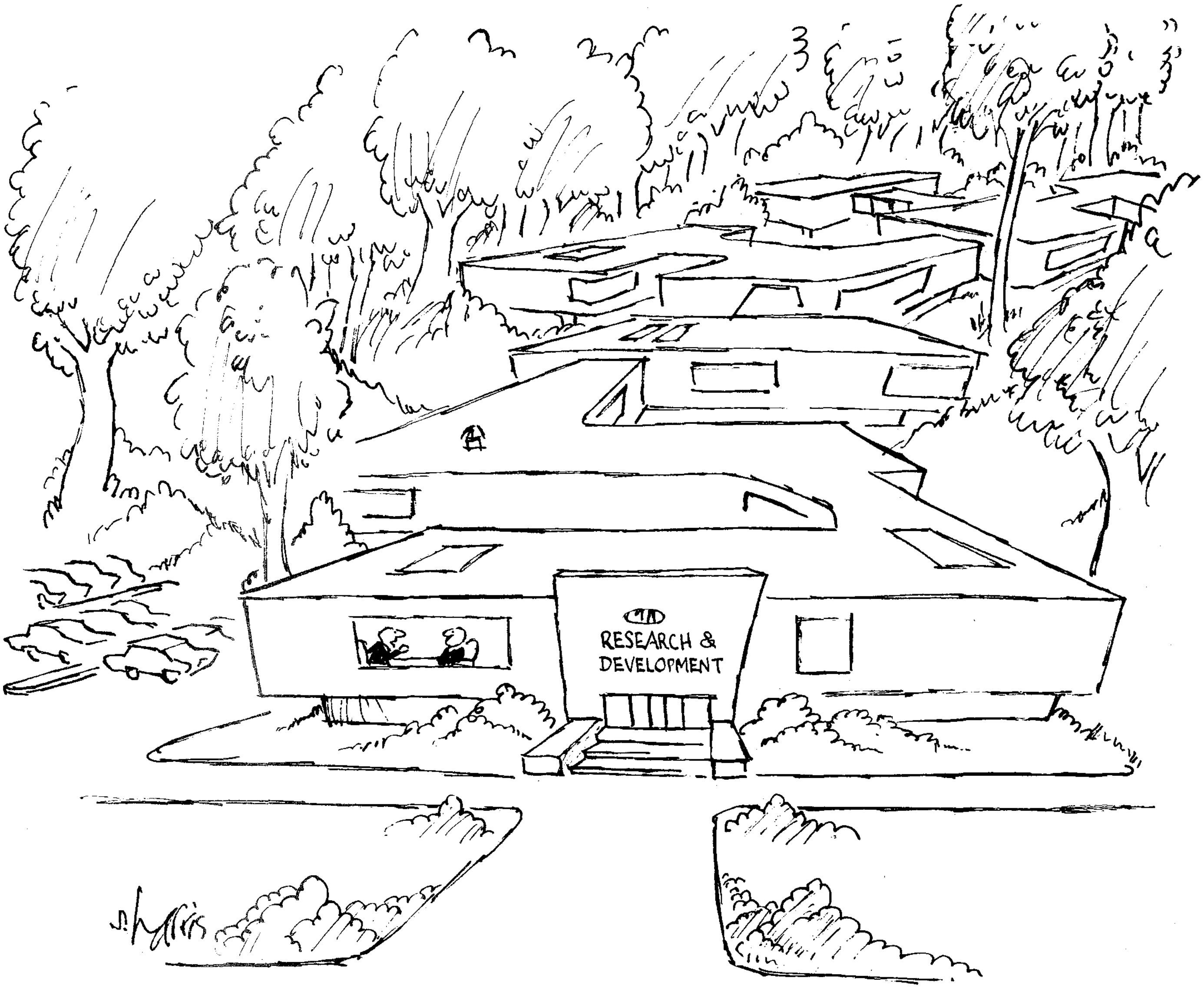

"Kicking you upstairs is, of course, just a figure of speech. What we're really doing is sending you deeper into the countryside."

• •

Their conversations were so boring. Them. Us. Us and them others. The neighbors, the children, the children's teachers, the lawyers' wives' investment brokers' children's piano teachers. "It's killing me," she cheerfully admitted. Away from her, he would phone when she was asleep. She would phone in turn when he was napping. Together at last, they would run to the bed, hardened invalids fighting for the fat pillow, for the side by the window, with its light and air. They lay on their rumpled white plinth, surrounded by ashtrays and books, subjects of a cosmic quarantine.

First thing in the morning, Pumpkin would light a cigarette. Next thing, Tod would scold. She wanted to kill herself, to die. He took this as a personal insult. She was killing herself to make him look bad. She told him not to be silly, and inhaled. She had her habits, her limits. She had her abilities and her disabilities. She could not pronounce the word "realtor." She could spread her toes to make a tense little monkey's foot, a foot trying to become a star. He would ask her to do this. Grimacing pridefully, she would oblige, first the right foot, then the left, holding them high off the sheets, the toe tendons white with the effort, her toenails round and bridal as confetti bits. He would laugh, and love, and laugh again. He would ask her to say the word "realtor."

She would refuse. This tiny refusal stunned him. A blow to the heart. They must be perfect, must. He would beg. He had wagered his whole life, his happiness and the happiness of the world around him, on this, this little monkey's stunt she would not do. Just one word. "Realtor."

Still she refused, primly, princess-like; her eyes brushed by his in a terrible icy hurry. He could pronounce "realtor" if he wanted, she chose not to.

She had her severe limitations.

And yet, and yet. One forenoon, unforeseen, he felt her beside him and she was of a piece, his. They were standing somewhere, in a run-down section of the city, themselves tired, looking at nothing, and her presence beside him was like the earth's beneath his feet, continuous, extensive and dry, there by its own rights, unthinkingly assumed to be there. She had become his wife.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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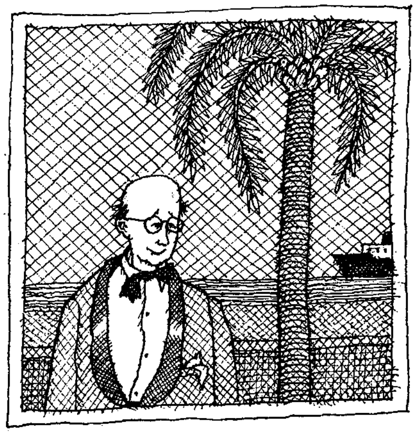
HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Minneapolis Star*]

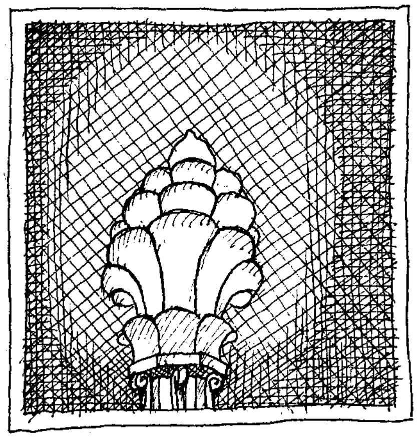
Giuld said he is convinced that the Founding Fathers never envisioned some of the freedoms now enjoyed by the press—such as libel suits by public figures.

BOB TOOLEY AT THE CANNES FESTIVAL

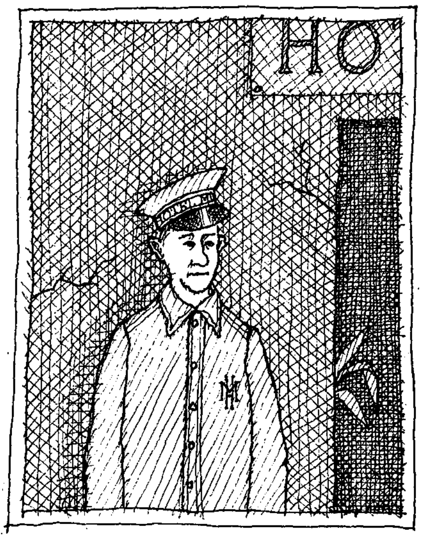


Me on the Croisette.

Every year I come to the Festival. My tuxedo is a bit old, but it's still nice-looking. I had fun this year.

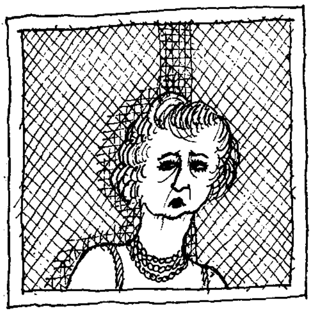


Lamp of the Carlton Hotel.

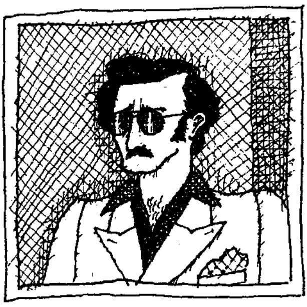


I know a lot of people there now. This is the doorman at the Hotel Mirasol (where I always stay). He became a *real* friend.

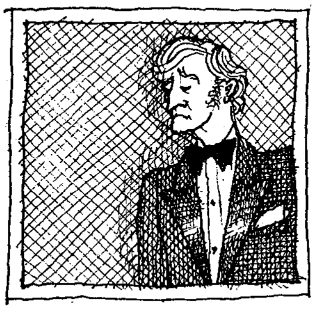
It's so nice to be there during the Festival. Everybody is enjoying it.



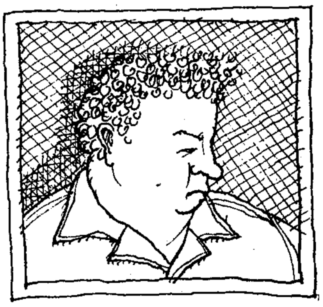
Zandra Bolicetti, actress.



Jean-Paul Liévin, producer.

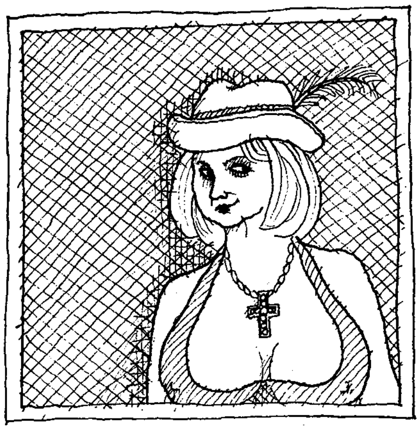


"Buck" Lunel, banker.



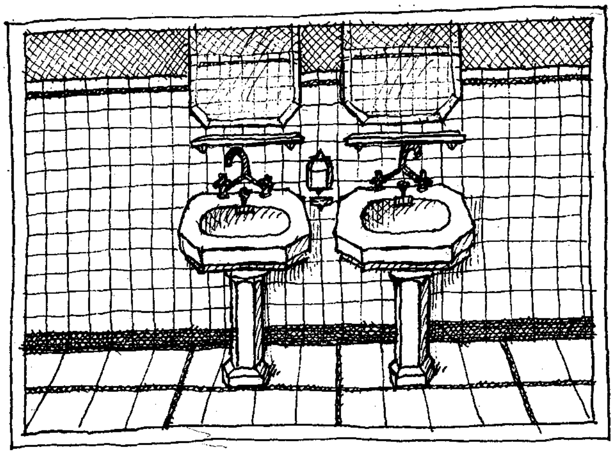
Max Zolotov, journalist.

Every night I went to the Carlton Bar. All the people look so warm and nice, you would like to befriend them all. But I'm a bit shy.



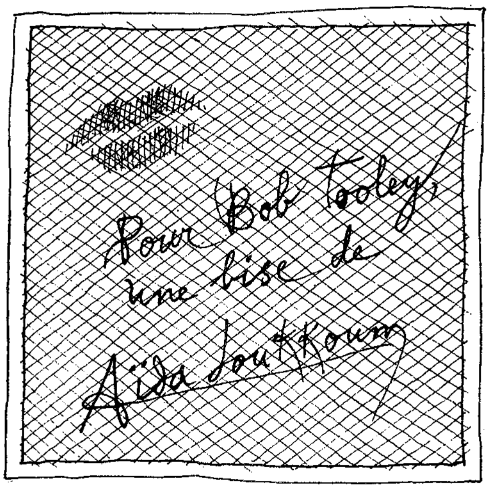
Clara Pilsen smiling at me.

One night Clara Pilsen smiled at me. I blushed. The barman told me she had a small role in Pollini's latest movie.



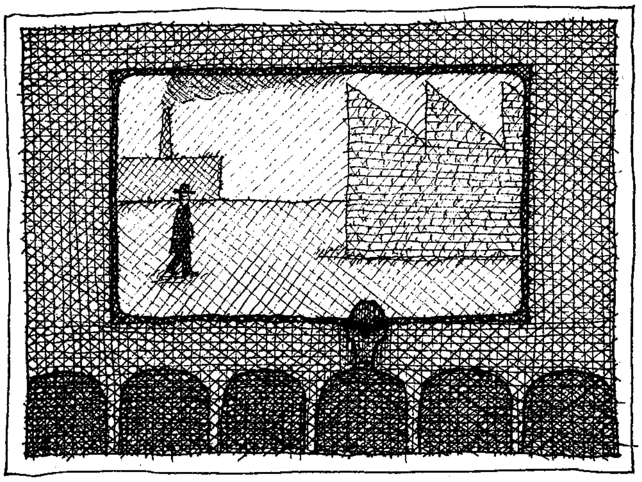
The facilities at the Carlton.

I love the facilities at the Carlton. I have seen famous people there.


Pour Bob Tooley, une bise de Aïda Loukkoum

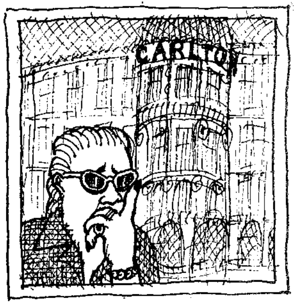
Facsimile of Aïda Loukkoum's autograph.

Aïda Loukkoum gave me her autograph ("For B.T., a kiss from A.L.").

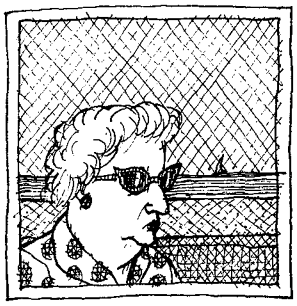


Screening of "Days Without Sun."

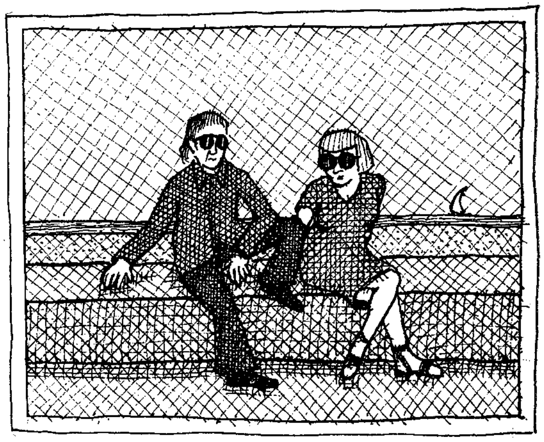
I was lucky: the doorman of the Mirasol gave me a ticket for the Czech movie "Days Without Sun."



Nostalgic ex-starlet contemplating the sea.

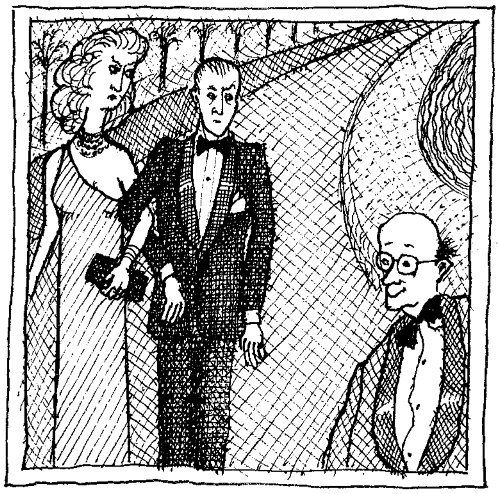


Mother of a Belgian starlet waiting for her daughter (having lunch with an Egyptian producer).



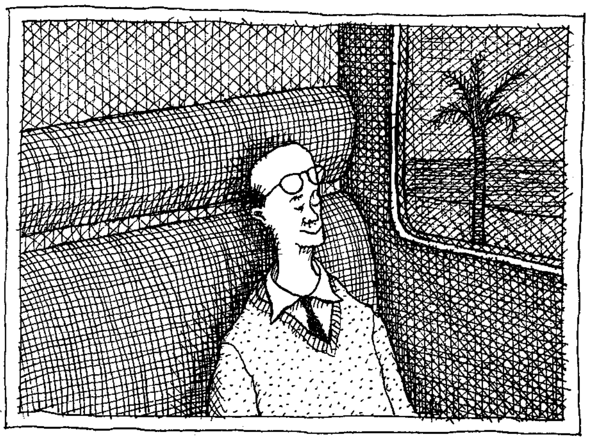
Couple of unknowns incognito on the Croisette.

In the afternoon I would often sit on the Croisette. And I would see all those people you usually see on TV or in magazines.



"Hello!"

The ambience was so nice in Cannes. It's like a big family.



Me in the train.

I took the night train to get back to Paris. The dream was over, but I have got such good memories.

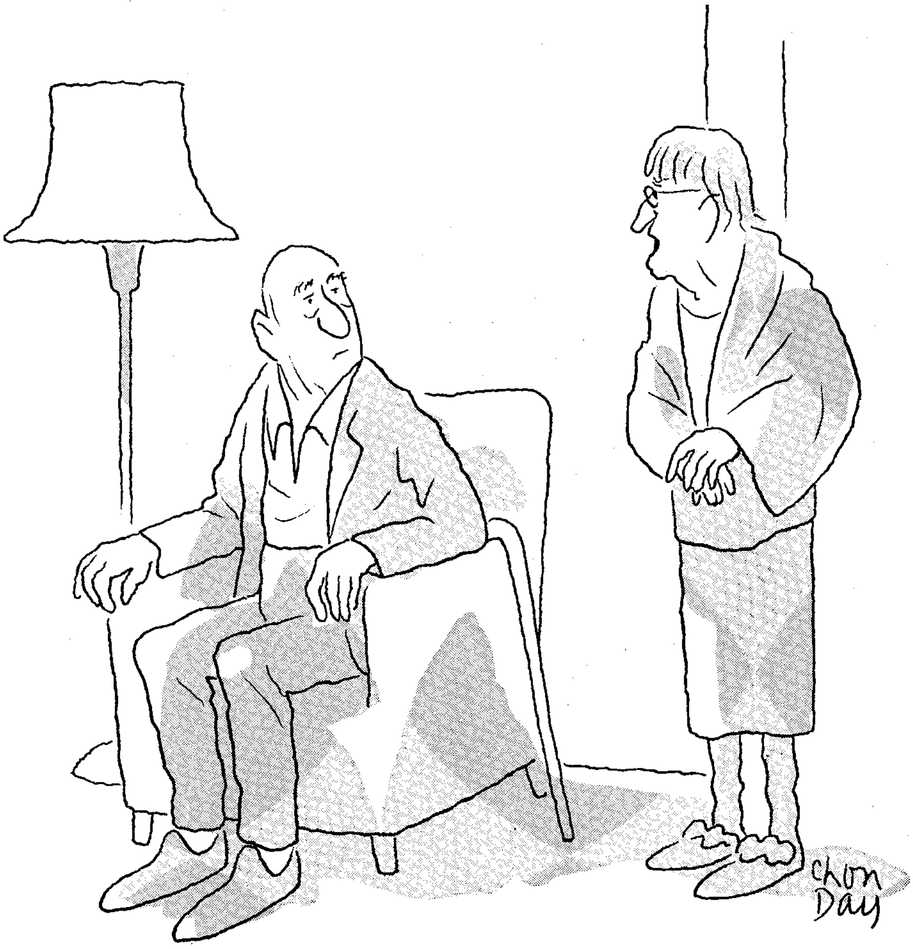
—PIERRE LE-TAN

THE DUEL

Trash Bashmanian was very good at public speaking, although he was better at pitching horseshoes and duelling. He was also quite good at taking a dare, and would jump off a high branch of a tree as if it were nothing. The duelling was real swordsmanship, which was taught him by a Frenchman who lived on L Street, not far from our house in Fresno, and who somehow persuaded somebody to let him give free lessons to kids at the nearby California Playground every afternoon from four to five and all day Saturday.

The announcement appeared one day on the bulletin board at the playground, and Trash and several of his Portuguese pals and Armenian cousins, seeing the word "free" in the notice, were there the following afternoon for the first lesson. "I've been duelling all my life," Trash said to the Frenchman, referring to the stick duels he had enjoyed with anybody at school who had been willing to take him on. But the Frenchman produced a pair of ancient foils, authentic duelling devices surely brought over from his lost life in Paris, and was able to demonstrate that duelling wasn't quite just a matter of thrashing about with broomsticks. It was a courteous if deadly sport, very near the outskirts of art. Trash soon became his star pupil, and Trash's favorite expression became "On guard!"

Trash, older than me by two or three years, was a real friend as well as a first cousin, and he was excessively cheerful for a Bashmanian. For instance, he never thought of his first name as an insult or even a friendly disparagement, no matter who said it. "Trash" was actually only an ignorant American rendering of his perfectly proper Armenian name, Artarash. The first teacher he had had at Emerson School hadn't been able to pronounce the name, so Artarash became Trash, and by the time Trash was eight or nine he had almost forgotten Artarash. He was twelve going on thirteen when he took up duelling, and was already a champion horseshoe thrower. He was certainly always able to throw a ringer at will, especially for a penny bet. As for taking a dare, he stood alone in our whole world, until one day, after high-diving into the very shallow water of Thompson Ditch, near Malaga, and almost breaking both arms, he suddenly realized that for years he had been risking his life for no profit whatever. A few days later, he remarked, as if he had gone into another line of business, "I don't take dares anymore," and that was the end of the matter.



"I don't mean to criticize, Ernest, but let's face it. You had a lot more on the ball in 1926 than you have today."

At this time, back in 1919, public speaking was a highly regarded talent in Fresno, and Trash was the best talker in town. He did his speaking at schools, churches, picnics, and Fourth of July celebrations. In a pinch, he could be counted on to use up anywhere from five to twenty-five minutes, without preparation. He spoke in a voice that was not his regular voice. It had a higher pitch, and as it went along it acquired a rather musical quality, almost as if he were humming the speech or even singing it, and now and then during his speeches he actually broke into song, to illustrate something or other that he thought needed illustrating.

Trash could talk on any subject, most likely because he knew that nobody was really listening in any case. During a talk at the Courthouse Park, for instance, he suddenly said, "That is why we have the Fourth of July," even though the preceding part of the speech had been about the Conestoga wagon. What's more, he heard instant applause. In the tradition of popular oratory, Trash started a talk at random, moved confidently ahead in no particular direction, and, although he spoke very clearly, said nothing.

After Masoor Franswah (as his students were instructed to call him) had taught him duelling, Trash frequently during a speech made a classical charge followed by a withdrawal movement, without explanation. He also kicked his right leg backward three or four times, again without explanation. Once when he did this, during a speech on civic pride, at the Parlor Lecture Club, his audience of women, eager to be cultured, burst into joyous giggles, accompanied by applause, which Trash believed was for what he had just said.

"What was that backward kicking for?" I asked him on our way home.

"I had a cramp. I had to kick it out," Trash said.

"What about the duelling?"

"What duelling?"

"Three or four times during your talk, you did some duelling."

"How did it go over?" he asked.

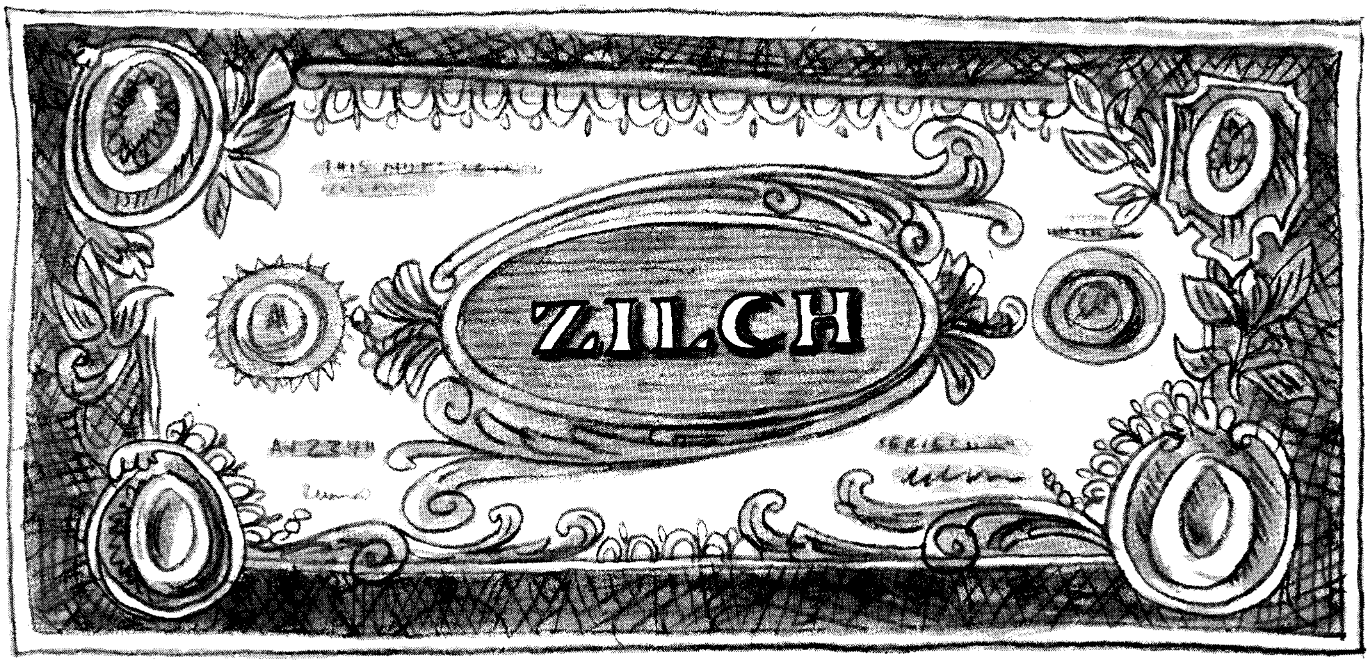
"All right, I guess," I said. "But what was it for?"

"Just a little decoration."

"But you've done the backward kicking and the duelling in the last three public speeches you've made."

"I get a cramp; I kick backwards. I need a decoration, I make a decoration," Trash said.

"I thought you were practicing, so you could duel somebody," I said. "I mean the way they used to duel in



the old days—for keeps. At dawn, down by the river, for honor."

"Yes, that is what I want to do," Trash said.

"With real swords?"

"Yes, with real swords."

"For keeps?"

"I'll decide that at the time of the duel," Trash said. "I'll draw blood, but I may not kill."

"When's it going to be?"

"According to Masoor Franswah, two things are necessary," Trash said. "I've got to be insulted. Then I hit him on both sides of the face with a glove, and he's got to accept the challenge."

"Have you got a glove?"

"I've got the glove I wear when I play left field."

"You hit him across the face with *that* and he'll accept the challenge, all right," I said.

"I hope so," Trash said.

"Who's it going to be?" I asked.

"Who's been insulting me?"

"How about Miss Clifford?" I said. This was his teacher at Emerson School.

"Miss Clifford insults everybody in the sixth grade," Trash said. "Besides, it's got to be a man."

"A boy, don't you mean?"

"A boy's insults don't count," Trash said. "You hit him one in the nose and that's the end of it. If I'm going to swipe—if I'm going to borrow Masoor Franswah's swords and draw blood and maybe kill, it's got to be a man. So who's been passing remarks behind my back? In the male adult community?"

"Nobody, Trash," I said. "Everybody likes you. You make these patriotic public speeches. You start them all just right and end them all just right. 'Mr. Chairman, Mrs. Chairman, Mrs. Chairman's mother, Dr. Rowell, Mr. Setrakian, members of the Board of Education, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls,' and all that other stuff at the beginning. And then at the end, how about the prayer that you say, that makes tears come to the eyes of so many people? 'Almighty God, let me try to be like Lincoln, not like Booth.' Who's Booth, Trash?"

"The dirty little sneak that shot Mr. Lincoln, that's who," Trash said. "Listen, has anybody been passing remarks behind *your* back? You're my kid cousin, you know."

"I don't think so, excepting members of the family," I said, "but it's always in front of my back."

"Members of the family don't count, either," Trash said. "Think hard. Who do I hate?"

"You don't hate anybody, Trash. Unless it's that dirty little sneak, Booth."

"He's been dead for years," Trash said. "I *know* I hate somebody, but I just can't seem to remember who. Let me think. Isn't there somebody we all hate?"

"Each other once in a while, is all I can remember."

"That's different."

"How about Masoor Franswah?"

"He's my friend," Trash said. "That little Frenchman taught me everything I know about being civilized."

"Do you hate Italians, maybe?" I asked.

"No, of course not."

"How about Germans? Indians? Mexicans? Hindus? Japanese? Serbians? Chinese? Portuguese? Negroes? Spaniards?"

"No, I like them all."

"Then you better forget about drawing blood," I said.

"It isn't a matter of forgetting," Trash said. "It's a matter of honor."

"What *is* honor?" I said. "I mean, what is it?"

"Honor?"

"Yes, Trash."

"Well, honor is . . . *yourself*. Every Bashmanian in the world has got a lot of himself."

"I never heard of any of them duelling anybody," I said.

"I'm the first Bashmanian who knows how. Find out who I hate and let me know, will you?"

THE next day, he came to my house, and I was ready for him. "Trash," I said, "I think I found out who you hate."

"Who?"

"Turks."

"You're right," he said. "I *knew* there was somebody I hate. Now we're getting somewhere." He picked up a stick and began to duel, and he looked very good. "Who's a Turk, in town?"

"We've got Assyrians, Syrians, Persians, and maybe a few Arabs," I said.

"There's got to be a Turk somewhere in town, too," Trash said.

"Well, there's Ahboudt," I said. "You know—the man I work for in the Free Market Saturdays. I'm there from six in the morning until three in the afternoon, for twenty-five cents and a paper sack full of whatever he's stuck with. How about *him*?"

"Ahboudt? *Sounds* Turkish," Trash said. "Ask him. Let me know."

The following Saturday, I asked Ahboudt, and he looked at me in a funny way, and then he said, "Shine the eggplants, please." At the end of the day, when he gave me the quarter, he said, "Are you asking the Turk question for the government, or for yourself?"

"For myself, Mr. Ahboudt."

"I am not a Turk," he said. "I am an Arab." And then, "Christian."

"Do you know a Turk?" I asked.

"Why?"

"My cousin Trash wants to duel him."

"Why does he want to do that?"

"Trash likes everybody except Turks," I said, "and you only duel people you don't like. Is there a Turk somewhere in town?"

"There was a Turk," Ahboudt said, "but he was an old man and he died."

I passed along this information to Trash, who said, "I've got to find me a Turk. Enough is enough. I've got an idea. Be ready at seven o'clock at your house, and I'll take you with me to the Civic Auditorium tonight."

"The wrassling matches?"

"No, they're having New Citizens' Night. Maybe one of them will be a Turk, God willing."

"Are you going to make a public speech?"

"I may be called on to address the new Americans," Trash said.

When he came by at a quarter to seven and we started walking to the Civic Auditorium, I said, "Have you got your speech ready?"

"I think so."

"What's your topic this time?"

"If Mayor Toomey asks me to get up on the stage and talk for ten minutes, the way he usually does, I'm going to say something about the real meaning of America."

"What are you going to say?"

"In America we forget old hatreds," Trash said. "Now nobody is anybody else's enemy. We are all members of the same family. We are all Americans. When we arrived in America, we stopped being what we were for so long."

I recognized this as something I had already heard six or seven times in class at Emerson School.

"Well, I don't think the Bashmanians stopped being what *they* were," I said.

Trash brought his outfielder's glove from the back pocket of his pants and studied it, and then he studied me.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"You're the first man who has ever insulted me," he said. "Me, Trash Bashmanian, patriotic American. And you're my own kid cousin, my own *first* kid cousin. I've known you all your life. I don't know what to do."

"Well, don't hit me with that glove," I said, "because I don't know anything about duelling, and if I insulted you I didn't mean to, and I apologize."

"Thank God," Trash said. "Apology accepted. Don't ever do it again—you don't know what happened to me when you said what you said."

"What happened?"

"My blood boiled."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I was really surprised when you said that in America nobody is anybody else's enemy, because for two weeks I've been looking all over town for a Turk for you to duel and maybe kill."

"So what?" Trash said. "When you find the Turk, let me know, that's all. I'll think of something."

AT the Civic Auditorium, we took seats in the first row, and right from the beginning everything began to go a little wrong, which was all right with me. At ten minutes to eight, Mayor Toomey said, "Dr. Chester Rowell, who is to make the main talk of the evening, has been unavoidably detained,

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START AGAIN SOMEWHERE

Don't let her stop you this time, Miguel,
though this isn't your name
and you won't look back
if she calls to you.
For today you are Miguel Ricardo
of the daggers and stallions. Already
you are galloping away
on the great sexual beast
of your refusals.

No, Miguel, it isn't right.
No man who loves truly
should stand for it. And anyway, she
couldn't have cared much, the way she got
prettier and prettier for her own sweet
sake, tossing her hair
from the high arched brows,
looking away.

We've seen her type—the soft mouth
and the set of the head like a dare.
Who could resist?
You only did well to catch yourself
in time. Before your heart
made a mess of it. Before
you did something you could live
to regret.

But we were watching you,
those of us who know better
than to take such chances.
You didn't go too far
and now you've set yourself straight.
And you did it just right, Miguel, taking all
the blame like that so she couldn't
hate you, so she'd have to
think of you the rest of her life
as someone she should have loved better.

You're not young, Miguel, but there's time,
time to find that woman
you adored in your youth, the one
who married the butcher and stayed
in the same town raising his sons, scraping
the maps of blood from his aprons.

All in all we're proud of you.
We see you're no fool.
You wouldn't give something for
nothing. To be a fool
takes devotion of the most pigheaded sort.
You have to want one thing in the wrong place
so badly you make it a way of life.
You forget what it costs.
You forget that others see what it
costs you. And at night

when the butcher's wife
takes her red hands from the water
you are there to kiss them, though you close
your eyes, though secretly
you have galloped away
like the fool you are, but a fool
of your own choosing, wasting
the soft lips of her over
and over in the starved corners.

—TESS GALLAGHER

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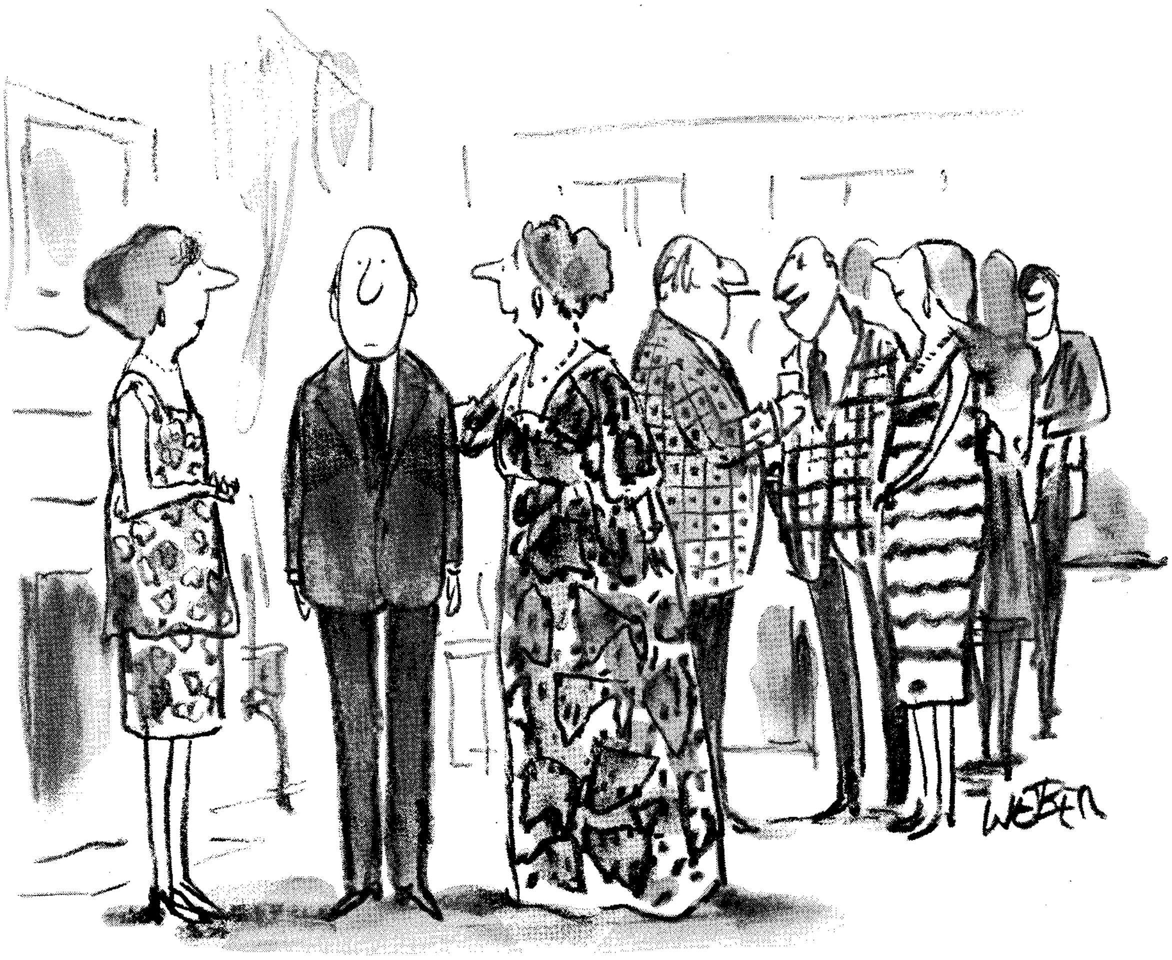

"*Mr. Simpson is an uncommitted delegate to the National Convention.*"

• •

and Miss Shakay Takmakjian, who is to render a violin solo, has not yet arrived, so our program is unfortunately off schedule. We have a few minutes of spare time, and therefore it gives me great pleasure to call on our young friend Trash Bashmanian to come up here and . . . say something."

Trash jumped out of his seat, ran to the steps, and was standing beside Mayor Toomey by the time the Mayor said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Trash Bashmanian."

Crossing himself quickly but almost casually, like a professional man of God, Trash launched into another of his famous public addresses.

"What is America?" he asked in his high-pitched, special voice, and that was all he needed to get the glory and the oratory rolling. Soon he was asking a lot of other unanswerable questions, and talking smoothly, and now and then suddenly duelling or kicking backward. After about twelve minutes, it seemed as if Trash was about to bring his talk to an end, but Mayor Toomey called out from the side of the stage, "A few minutes more, Trash," and Trash changed from a concluding tone to a tone of starting up again. He was just getting into the swing of this new start when Mayor Toomey called out, "Tie it up, Trash. Here he is." And so, simultaneously duelling and kicking backward, Trash paused, looked upward, and said, "Almighty God, let me try to be like Woodrow Wilson, not Henry Ford."

The audience rose to its feet and broke into applause—perhaps because the first citizen of the city, Dr. Chester Rowell, had just appeared on the stage. Trash bowed, but only once, and came down the steps and sat down.

On our way home, I said, "You sure told 'em, Trash."

"What did I say?"

"You said we are all brothers—all of us—just as Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Caruso taught us to be."

"Who?"

"That's what I was wondering."

"Did I put Caruso in there with those other guys?" he asked.

"Yes. What'd you do it for?"

"I don't know," Trash said, "but there must be a reason."

"And then you sang 'O Sole Mio,' " I said.

"I *knew* there was a reason," Trash said. "It was so I could sing the song he sings on that Victor Red Seal phonograph record at our house. How was my voice?"

"It was good," I said.

"Was my diction all right, singing the Italian words?"

"I guess so," I said. "It certainly sounded like Italian to me. You won't be wanting me to find a Turk anymore then, will you?"

"Why not?"

"Because you told me in your speech not to."

"I *did?*" Trash said.

"Yes. Don't you remember when you were coming to the end of the talk the first time—before Mayor Toomey told you to keep going? Well, you were almost singing a lot of other things, kind of humming the words, and then all of a sudden you said, 'Look not in the world for the Turk, you will not find him there.' "

" 'Look not in the world for the Turk, you will not find him there'?" Trash repeated.

"That's right."

We walked along in silence for quite a while, and then Trash said, "Was it a good public speech, would you say?"

"Very good," I said.

"As good as my others?"

"Better," I said. "But no more of this Turk business then—is that right? No duel, no drawing of blood? 'Look not in the world for the Turk, you will not find him there.' That's what you said, Trash."

"What a fool I was," Trash said. "Now what am I going to do with all this duelling talent?"

What he did was have me take lessons from Masoor Franswah, so that now and then we could take turns being the Turk in the world, and in our own hearts, each of us winning and losing every time, whichever side we took.

—WILLIAM SAROYAN

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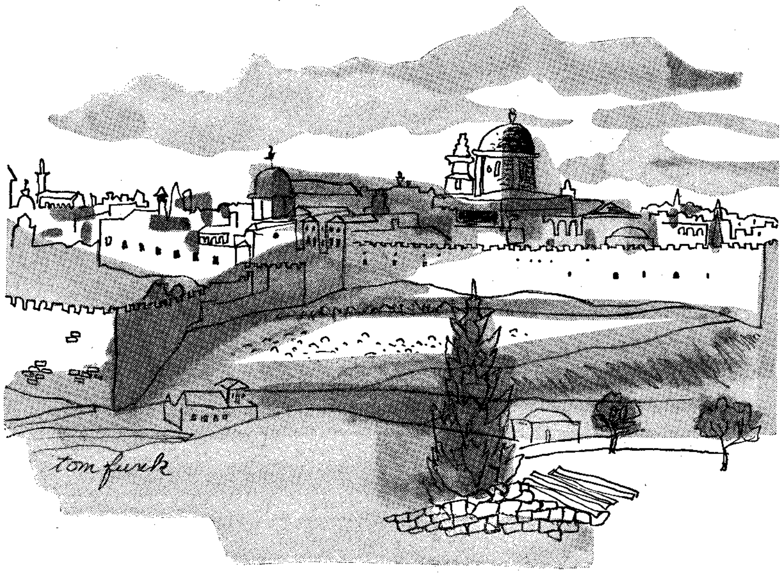
TYPIST-RECEPTIONIST

FOR firm of artificial flowers.—*Adv. in the Toronto Star.*

What in thunder do *they* want typed?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

JERUSALEM JOURNAL



DECEMBER 22ND: Climbing up the Via Dolorosa, in a stretch where it traverses the markets of the old Arab city and is flanked by arrays of copper bowls, caftans, woven baskets, baklava. A group of Spanish-speaking pilgrims are making the Stations of the Cross. They are led by a brown-robed Franciscan friar, who walks up the street backward, gesturing to his flock. Two of the pilgrims carry a gigantic wooden Cross. A man in front holds the top of it. At its base is a woman in spike-heeled shoes and a satin dress, her harrowed face haloed by a mop of brilliantly dyed red hair. Fellow-pilgrims very slowly trudge along behind. The friar stops by the plaque marking the eighth station, where Christ told the women of Jerusalem to weep not for him but for themselves and for their children. He folds his hands upon his rope-belted waist, closes his eyes, begins an oration. The pilgrims' voices weave a rivulet of whispers beneath his voice and the garrulous stream of the Arab venders' calls. The pilgrims move on. The woman in the satin dress, her eyes closed, her mouth moving in prayer, staggers under her burden.

I follow the Via Dolorosa past more markets, selling more caftans, hunks of lamb, tooled leathers, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is administered by four of the twenty-eight Christian rites that officiate in Jerusalem. Many parts of this holiest spot of Christendom are in great disrepair; shambles of scaffolding, abandoned ropes, overturned cement and paint pails. There is a tiny crypt in the western rotunda that is hung with a profusion of beautiful Byzantine lamps. It stands over a slab of stone which that influential archeologist the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, declared was the tomb of Christ and the center of the world: *Umbilicus Mundi.* Hovering over this site for which so much blood has been shed, an aging Greek Orthodox priest stands askew, his body tilted at a crazy angle to the crypt's wall, pointing to his plate of coins and softly repeating, in English, "Holy shrine, ancient shrine, body of Jesus, holy shrine . . ."

A few hundred yards from this church, I approach the Temple Mount, Jerusalem's most disputed and most sublimely beautiful landmark, the third most sacred site of Islam. The golden-cupolaed Dome of the Rock is built over a vast, rugged ledge—its surface visible inside the mosque—on which Abraham is alleged to have prepared for the sacrifice of Isaac, on which Jesus is claimed to have preached, from which Muhammad purportedly rose heavenward on his horse. The indentation left by the Prophet's foot is still displayed by Arab guides, as is a hole in the rock through which the sacrificial blood of animals is said to have flowed from the altars of early Jewish temples. Here all is primeval moment, nature worship in the raw, elemental passions thrusting back to that time when generations of men deified the more awesome sites of nature—mountains, rivers, trees, rocks as numinous as this one.

I get to the Western Wall just before dusk, when the just-lit floodlights and the waning sun drench its pale stone with an added gleam of blondness. Boxes of cardboard yarmulkes stand at the entrance to the men's section. I pick up a cotton head scarf at the adjoining women's gate. Taking a multilingual prayer book from a table in the center of the women's section, I twice scan the same psalm, beginning "Let me be overwhelmed by thy might, O Lord." Dusk's edge at the Wall: muffled whimpering of the women's prayers, the men's more raucous plaints rising over the screen that separates the sexes, occasional shouts of demand or remonstrance to the Almighty, purring of doves nesting in cracks in the upper reaches of the rugged wall, rising and falling of incantations in rhythm to the quick ritual bobbing of worshippers' heads, rustle of more prayer petitions' being shoved into the crevices of the honey-hued stone. This morning, I saw an Israeli soldier on the other side of the screen take off his prayer shawl and his phylacteries, fervently kiss the leather bands, wind them elaborately onto their boxes, and put them into his storage bag. Now, before me, a very pretty girl in her late teens, finely booted, discreetly eyeshadowed, is bowing and bowing as she ululates her prayer. Five o'clock, winter dusk. The vigorous tolling of Christian church bells is accompanied by the lilting commencement of the muezzin's call from the minaret: "*Allahu akbar, Allahu akbar. . . .*"

Click. The muffled metallic click of the tape on which the muezzin's voice is recorded slices through the church bells and the women's whimpering. A bell, and then the tape again: "*La' ilaha 'illa 'Llah, Muhammadun rasulu 'Llah. . . .*"

By the wall of the Old City—which was rebuilt by Suleiman the Magnificent in the sixteenth century, when the Ottomans captured the Holy Land after four hundred years of Crusader and Mameluke rule—I pass an Armenian funeral. The beaked face of the deceased rises, fierce and scornful, above the sides of the open coffin decked with flowers. A score of boy musicians in knee pants precede the coffin, playing a mournful tune on trumpets and drums. They are slowly followed by square-hatted, white-bearded patriarchs. Three laughing Israeli soldiers saunter alongside the cortege on their way to a bus stop, their submachine guns swinging playfully from their shoulders.

Deepening dusk in Jerusalem. The lights of the capital are going on, defining its settlements in infinitely graceful bands upon the skeletally pale Judean hills. This city, desired by too many nations, generations, remains as pure and pale as a cloistered nun, pledged only to its surrounding desert. A line of John Donne's obsesses me at this hour: "A bracelet of bright hair about the bone. . . ."

But over dinner an Israeli friend describes Jerusalem in a very different manner: "Don't you understand? She is like a beautiful, savage woman who will always prefer being a mistress to being a bride, who will never want to be owned by one man. Our entire land is that way."

DECEMBER 24TH: At two o'clock this afternoon, the Jewish mayor of Jerusalem, Teddy Kollek, takes a small group of foreign visitors to the Christmas Eve lunch given annually by the Arab mayor of Bethlehem, five miles to the south, in former Jordanian territory. My husband and I are included in the group. Kollek is stocky and ruddy-faced, and braves the sunny forty-degree weather without an overcoat. He says, "I'm Teddy," shakes hands, and thrusts his hands back into his pockets, scrutinizing his guests with a bemused, penetrating gaze. We drive to Bethlehem through a surf of Judean hills ablaze with the low winter sun. It is predominantly a town of Christian Arabs, ten minutes outside of the capital and the 1967 borders. Attending lunch at the town hall are five women and some two hundred men—men in fezzes, city dignitaries in Western dress, Bedouins in burnouses and traditional kaffiyeh headdresses. The hors d'oeuvres, or *mezzas*—eggplant and chick-pea salads, numerous meat-filled pastries—are succeeded by succulent chicken couscous. The youthful Israeli commander of the Administered West Bank sits in the place of honor upon the dais, next to the mayor of Bethlehem. The commander is a storybook Israeli general: longish and poetically uncombed hair, rumpled khaki fatigues casually opened over a white undershirt, mud-caked boots. The Jordanians at my table are members of the Bethlehem City Council who also teach at the local high school. When I ask them what history texts are used in the Administered Territories, they correct me suavely: "You are in *occupied* territory." It is my first venture into the etiquette of these euphemisms. We go on to banter courteously about New York subways and American television programs. ("Hawaii Five-O" and "Kojak" appear in prime time here.)

The so-called Green Line that divided Palestine into Israeli and Jordanian territories until 1967, slicing through the heart of Jerusalem, remains omnipresent. It looms in psychological form rather than in the shape of barbed-wire fences. One constantly crosses borders between, for instance, the exquisite and circuitous courtesy of the Arab world and the guileless forthrightness of the Israelis, whose plainspokenness often verges on the brusque.

"I bring you much love from your friend H—— F——," my husband had said earlier today, when he first met Teddy Kollek, mentioning the name of a New York lawyer.

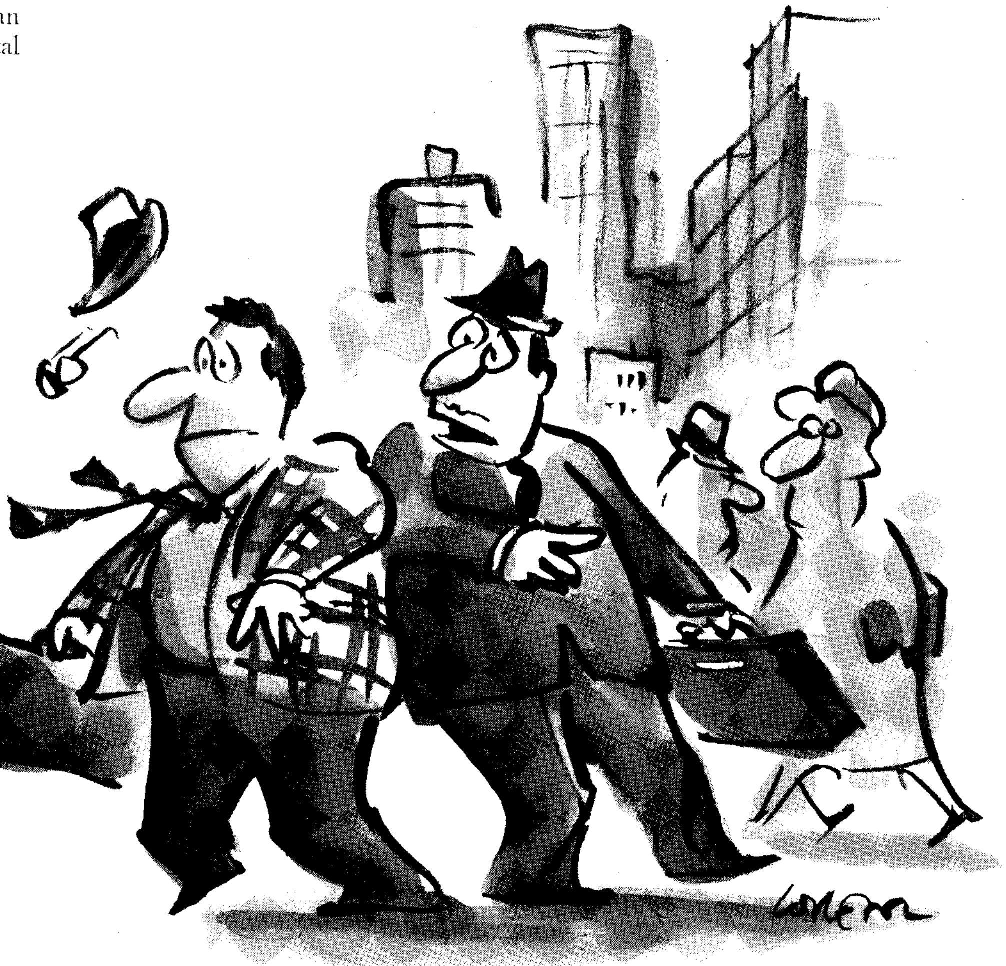
"Tell him I don't need his love," Kollek replied. "I need his money."

Tonight, we take our two young sons to a restaurant for Christmas Eve supper. A table of Americans are making a fierce din in the back of the small room. A very sober Israeli dining at a table in front has been looking increasingly annoyed at the noisy tourists. Suddenly, he punches the table mightily with his fist and yells, "Silence!" Glasses clatter, a saucer falls to the floor. The room is pleasantly hushed for the duration of our dinner.

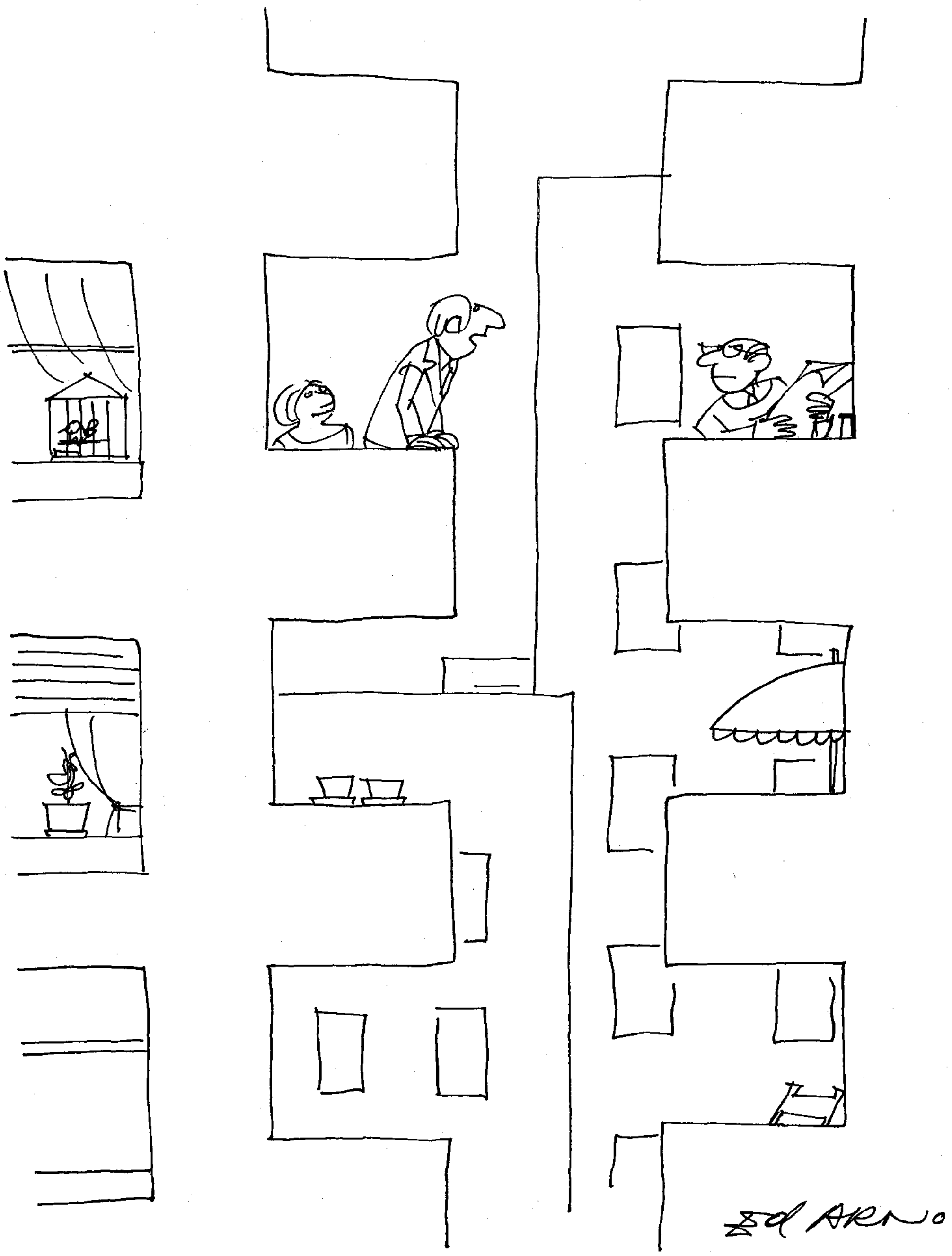
DECEMBER 26TH: My Israeli host for the evening sits me down with a drink, draws his chair up very close, looks me straight in the eye, and says, "Tell me all about yourself. What do you *do*?"

"I'm a writer [et cetera]. I write for [this and that] magazine [et cetera, et cetera]."

Details are expected to be plentiful: "How often do you publish? How long does it take you to write twenty thousand words?" Same cross-examination of my husband and each of my sons. "I'm a painter." "I'm a high-school student." "I'm in school, too." We had been subjected to this sort of detailed interrogation two hours before, over tea, by a distinguished professor who lost his eyesight in the War of Independence, and we assumed that his searing questioning was something of a compensatory mannerism. Yet here it was happening again at the home of a professor with perfect eyesight. Fron-



"I do beg your pardon! Some force seems to be pulling me inexorably to the right."



"My wife and I would like to enjoy the evening out here. Would you mind going indoors?"

• •

tier manner: Identify yourself. Precisely *who* are you?

The coffee table holds an assortment of nuts, pretzels, sliced vegetables, and cheese dips. It is the eve of Sabbath. Nine-thirty on Friday or Saturday evening is the habitual entertainment hour in what one calls "Jerusalem society," whose membership seems to be determined by who came on the earlier *aliyah*, or wave of immigration (literally, "going up" to Israel), and by who belongs to the intellectual élite of Hebrew University. Drinks are offered. Jerusalemites are conspicuously abstemious; nine out of ten guests have asked for juice or soda. I feel like a degenerate when I ask for a second glass of wine. The women—a few *grandes dames* of the capital among them—dress with stark elegance; there is a notable absence of jewelry. Three of the seven men present bear wounds: one limps, another has an eye crazily askew, the third has a scar near his left ear. At ten-thirty sharp, the hostess, having glanced at her watch several times in the past half hour, goes to the kitchen and prepares a tray of coffee, tea, and cake, and announces firmly that the cake is *homemade*. (A cake is some crucial symbol of hospitality and honor. Even on kibbutzim, where housing units have no kitchens, most families own an eighteen-inch-wide mini-oven just large enough to bake a cake.) Halfway through the sweet course, the hostess looks at me and says straightforwardly, "Well? You haven't told me how you like my cake." I murmur a compliment while the conversation swirls on.

"When I was in the Haganah . . ."

"You must meet my daughter next weekend. She's coming home on leave from patrol duty in the Golan, where it is getting exceedingly uncomfortable. . . ."

"There was that time in '48 when I was standing patrol on the Tel Aviv road," the hostess recalls. "We were so low on ammunition we had to pass a machine gun among four of us, and barely did I get the gun in my hand when I saw the enemy and opened fire."

"I shall never get over the beauty of those first years, when we were totally pure and frugal and austere," says a woman who owns one of the most elegant houses in town. "Ah, the beauty of those days when we had nothing but a little water and vegetables for weeks on end!"

There is talk about the wars of Israel, the faltering economy of Israel, the landscape of Israel, the corruption rackets growing in Israel, the eroding Socialist dream of Israel (and the Tel Aviv nouveaux riches grown fat on the 1967 war), the military service in Israel (a compulsory three years for men, two years for women). There is nostalgia for the beloved early years of independence, "when everything was much more difficult but so much less complex." At some point, there is, inevitably, talk about the atrociousness of the Israelis' driving. The nation follows only Jordan, Sri Lanka, and Syria in the rankings for the world's worst highway-death rate, even though an exorbitant fine—a thousand pounds, or a hundred and thirty dollars—is imposed on anyone who drives without a seat belt outside the Jerusalem city limits.

The suicidal perilousness of the Israelis' driving—regularly involving triple passing, insane tailgating, and speeding around blind curves—is a ritualistic item of their conversation, like wines in France or the weather in England. It is a subject that enables them to indulge their immense appetite for self-definition, and it receives a wide spectrum of interpretations: "We're killing each other on the roads because we spend too much time in the Army, where we have constant right-of-way." "Nothing to do with the Army, it's our tendency to inner dissension, and that's what's going to destroy us, not the Arabs." "Of

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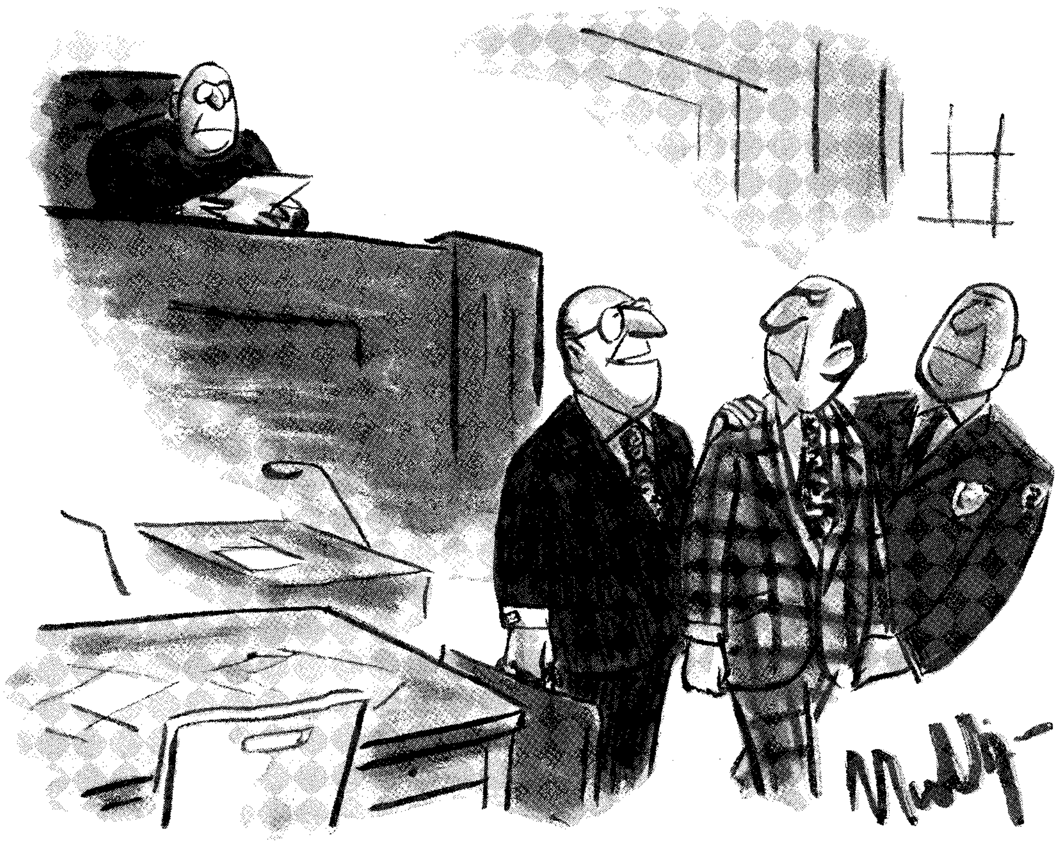
course, it's the profoundly anarchic streak in our character." "It's because we're so impatient." "It's because of the political anxiety. With all those borders closed, we're like bees in a hive."



"Come 1986, we'll look back on this judicial fiasco and enjoy a good, hearty laugh."

• •

"Actually, it all stops when there's a war on," one guest says. "It's quite wonderful here in wartime. Israelis drive nice and carefully, no one screams at anyone else, cars stop to let you cross the road, drivers apologize to each other, women stand at street corners handing out delicious little buns. Everything is so beautiful and quiet, it's the only time this country acts civilized."

The party disperses in an aura of great cordiality, with a new invitation extended to the foreign visitor to "come to us next Sabbath at nine-thirty." There is a frugality in this late-hour socializing well suited to a city where most women work until seven, where one wishes to include those religiously observant friends who limit the traditional Sabbath meal to their immediate families, and where visible servants are viewed askance. (The one hostess I know who has a maid pass canapés is the butt of some ridicule.)

DECEMBER 27TH: Tonight, at another after-dinner get-together, we discuss the drastic drop-off of immigration to Israel, which plummeted by thirty-five per cent last year, to a mere twenty thousand people—mostly Russians—and was offset by nearly equal emigration.

"The lack of *aliyah* is a much greater threat than any Arab threat."

"Of course, if we doubled our population we'd be safe against the Arab world."

"I tell my friends in America that it's not *enough* if they send us ten per cent of their annual income. I tell them we want their *bodies*. We want *them*."

"As for anyone who leaves the country at a time like this, when we're in a state of semi-war, he's a traitor!"

My hosts are in their fifties and are totally agnostic. Their messianism about the ingathering of exiles, their anger against the Jews who do not come on *aliyah* is of the most secular Zionist brand. They disagree widely, of course, about the causes of emigration.

"It's the Army Reserve duty—two months a year for all men until the age of fifty-four. Who wants to have his business and home life broken up that way every year?"

"Nothing to do with the Army, it's the insane inflation."

"Well, what kind of economy can we expect when we're spending over forty per cent of our G.N.P. on the defense budget? The two are related."

DECEMBER 28TH: Not a pornographic film or bookstore in evidence in Jerusalem. A handful of barely frequented discothèques. The little prostitution that exists is said to center in one of the larger hotels. The cracking of an off-color joke would be as poorly received here as in, say, North Korea. After a week of Jerusalem's propriety, I happen to go to Tel Aviv to lunch with a chic leftist journalist on Dizengoff, the city's main drag. Men are drinking hard in the middle of the day; women wear flashy clothes and eye makeup; call girls in spike heels and Dynel wigs strut on the sidewalk; bleary-eyed reporters keep coming up to my host to whisper rumors about who is doing what with whom; the flushed men go on drinking into the afternoon. I feel like a fourteen-year-old convent girl taken by her dissolute uncle to visit a red-light district.

"*Ah, madame, mais c'est une ville très sainte, Jerusalem*," says the young Israeli housewife of Moroccan origin who sits next to me in the *sherut* going back to the capital. (*Sheruts* are public taxis that charge about two dollars for the hour's drive between the two cities—or any other major centers—if one is willing to wait until the driver has assembled a full quota of seven passengers.) Jerusalem, she says, is so safe, so proper that she sends her nine-year-old daughter out to do errands alone at any time of the evening. There were only two homicides there in the past year, she goes on, and one was caused by a terrorist—remarkable statistics for a city of three hundred thousand. I later check her figures. They are correct.

We are staying in an apartment at Mishkenot Sha'ananim, a residential complex for artists and writers. The guesthouse is a restored nineteenth-century almshouse, financed by the Levitt Foundation of New York, administered by the Jerusalem Foundation, and affectionately referred to by its American guests as "the Israeli

Yaddo." We cook most of our meals in our little kitchen, and shop at the Supersol down the street, across from King's Hotel. Shopping in Israel is a vegetarian's delight. Dairy items and all produce are marvellous in quality and variety, and notwithstanding the severe inflation they remain three-quarters the price of their equivalents on the American market. The vegetarian emphasis in Israeli breakfasts—not to speak of lunches and dinners—is a cultural shock. An Israeli will confront you at 8 A.M. with a plate heaped with green peppers, lettuce, cheeses, and *chetzelim* and *chumous*—the eggplant and chick-pea salads adapted from the Arab culture—and explain that it's all traceable to Ben-Gurion's emphasis on living off the land. Meat, on the other hand, is extraordinarily limited in variety. Even at our Supersol, in Rehavia—the city's most exclusive residential quarter—it is restricted on most days to tough chuck and sirloin cuts, scrawny chicken, and breasts of turkey, everything costing over a dollar a pound. We alleviate monotony by adopting the Israeli version of *scaloppine*—very thin-sliced turkey breast, which can be cooked in numerous ways, as if it were veal.

A can of tennis balls costs seven dollars, my sons report. So does a roll of Ektachrome film.

SHOULD a religious Jew be allowed to listen to a woman singing on the radio? The Chief Rabbi is about to hand down a ruling on the matter. According to the Talmud, "a woman's voice may be seductive."

Large governmental reminders in the Jerusalem *Post:* "DRIVER, GIVE SOLDIERS LIFTS!"

"I am a Zionist" T-shirts are sold in a variety of stores and hotel lobbies in the capital.

The Fine Arts Quartet of New York is scheduled to play Mozart, Prokofiev, and Schubert at the Jerusalem Theatre.

The opening of the Mishkenot Music Center (another project of the Jerusalem Foundation) is presided over by Isaac Stern. The Center will enable Israeli musicians and students to work with foreign musicians in intimate groups for two- or three-week sessions.

There is a beautiful exhibition of Kazimir Malevich drawings at the Israel Museum. Hordes of students—children and teen-agers—flood into the museum at all times. I find that almost a fifth of the city's under-eighteen population is enrolled in the museum's youth program.

DECEMBER 30TH: One of 1975's most bitter political demonstrations occurred this week at Hebrew University. The issue: whether the university's six hundred Arab students—who are not allowed to bear arms, since Arabs (except for members of the Druze sect) do not serve in the Israeli Army—should be forced to do guard duty at the dormitories alongside armed Jewish students. Eight Arab students who have refused to do guard duty have been ordered to vacate their dormitory rooms. A handful of leftist Jewish university students turned out to support the demonstrating Arabs. A handful of right-wing Jewish youth, from the National Religious Parties, staged a counterdemonstration. The only violence occurred when two of the right-wing Jews called each other Fascists and a fistfight ensued.

I spend the morning at the H.U. cafeteria with a group of Israeli students who vote Moked (the Socialist Zionist party, which stands to the left of the ruling Labour Party) and sympathize with the Arabs. They are intent on explaining why they did not attend the demonstration. We are at the newest of the university's three campuses—Givat Ram, an ultra-modern complex whose opulence and luxuriant vegetation are faintly reminiscent of Berkeley.

"Do you realize how long it takes us to do our studying?" asks one of the students, a tall, red-bearded Sabra—native-born Israeli—of Lithuanian origin. He holds up a paperback entitled "Metaphysics Series: Space and Time." "Do you realize that we have to do almost all our studying in English, since Hebrew textbooks in science and the humanities barely exist? I come from a working-class family. I had no English at home, and high-school English is so badly taught it barely counts. This textbook, for instance—it takes me ten minutes to read one page, then this afternoon I have to translate it in my mind to write an exam about it in Hebrew."

"You think that's bad!" his companion, a recent immigrant from Rumania, interjects. "I came from Europe only three years ago, and I had to learn English and Hebrew simultaneously to study here."

"So we sympathize with our Arab brothers," the Sabra says, with a gentle smile. "But demonstrate? We have so little time. We can't even start our education until we're twenty-one, when we get out of the Army."

Unlike the older generation of Israelis, they are exceedingly cynical about the notion of more *aliyah.*

"We have so many

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intellectuals, engineers, and doctors we don't know what to do with them," the Rumanian immigrant says. "And at this point, probably all we'd get, anyway, if we begged for more *aliyah* is more reactionary Russian immigrants, and that might swing the country even faster to the right."

"Why expose more people to the insane danger we're facing here?" the Sabra asks.

JANUARY 1ST: This afternoon, I am scheduled to go to the Knesset—the Israeli parliament—to talk with Geula Cohen. She is a member of the right-wing Likud Party. She is also the Knesset's most ardent supporter of Gush Emunim (literally, "the bloc of the faithful"), the recently established paramystical, ultra-chauvinist grass-roots movement that has been creating unauthorized new settlements on the West Bank and the Golan Heights—sometimes clashing with the Israeli Army—with the active support of some of the ministers of the government. Starting with the Samarian settlement of Sebastia, and capitalizing on the deep-seated religious notion that the Chosen People were given the right—through Biblical revelation—to all of Palestine, Gush Emunim has illegally settled several hundred Israeli Jews in Administered Territory. Although a few of its leaders are from the right-wing religious parties, Gush Emunim has numerous adherents from the secular Israeli right, and easily draws twenty thousand people to its rallies. Gush Emunim's tactics—which have been a major source of new friction between Arabs and Jews in Israel and a great source of instability in Rabin's government—have been to create Jewish settlements in Administered Territory substantial enough to inspire strong popular sentiment against the return of any of those territories.

Geula Cohen meets me in the spacious Knesset cafeteria, which seems to be constantly filled with a large number of snack-eating, coffee-drinking, heatedly arguing parliamentarians. She is a large, very warm-mannered woman of Yemenite origin, with a Rita Hayworth mop of dark hair. She shakes my hand heartily upon meeting me and announces in a clarion voice: "I was a member of the Stern Gang!" (The Stern Gang was the illegal terrorist organization of the forties responsible for the murder of many British officers.) After a fortnight in Jerusalem, one is used to Israelis' identifying themselves with equal directness: "I'm from Auschwitz," or "I was a guerrilla in Uruguay."

"For twenty years after the Stern Gang was dissolved, I was a commentator for the most right-wing paper in Israel," Geula Cohen continues. "I wrote a book called 'Woman of Violence.' It came out in 1966 in your country—Holt, Rinehart & Winston. So I've fought them with my gun, I've fought them with my pen, and now I'm fighting them with my voice! Gush Emunim is the only movement that shows there is still power left in the people of Israel."

"Tell me about the areas that Gush Emunim has recently occupied," I say.

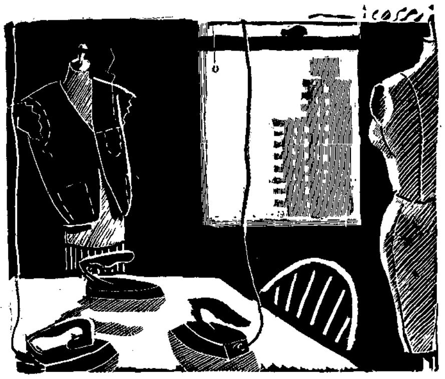
"No, no, dear. Not 'occupied,' '*liberated*,'" she corrects me, with a warm squeeze of my arm. "That land belongs to us. It belongs to us because the Bible says so. The very day in 1967 when we won the Six-Day War, that was the day we should have truly annexed all those territories. Our troubles were born that very day, because we did not annex them. Listen, every generation has one group that bears the torch to light the way for the people behind them. And just the way the Stern Gang was the torchbearer for the underground, so now Gush Emunim bears the only torch."

"If you annexed the territories," I ask, "how would you deal with the issue of the Palestinian people?"

"*Ai*, who *are* the Palestinian people?"

A stately man in floor-length, gilt-edged robes and kaffiyeh headdress walks by our table, and Geula Cohen interrupts herself to introduce me to the one Bedouin member of the Knesset, Abu Rabiya. I had read that upon his election the government spent fifteen thousand dollars installing a telephone line to his tent in the Negev desert, abiding by the regulation that the private residence of every member of the Knesset is entitled to a phone.

"Charming man," she resumes. "But listen. *We* are the Palestinian people—not the Arabs! In 1947, they had the opportunity to settle in this country, to halve the land with us. But only the Palestinians were opposed to accepting that land, only the Palestinians were against a Palestinian nation. Why? Because they are not a people!"



She bangs the table with one hand for emphasis, and squeezes my arm with the other.

"In '47, I was against partition, too, but then if we Jews are given land we'll run to take it—even a yard. It's because the Jews *are* a people. That's why we accepted Israel without most of what we had the right to—without Galilee, without Bethlehem, without Negev, without Sinai."

It struck me as curious that Geula Cohen and the rest of Gush Emunim's leaders have no practical solution for coping with the following problem: annexation of the Administered Territories would threaten to leave Israel's two and three-quarter million Jews dangerously harassed in a "Greater Israel" of a million and a half Arabs. I talked later with a less fanatic, substantially more sophisticated supporter of Gush Emunim, Ehud Olmert, who, at thirty, is the youngest member of the Knesset and the golden-haired boy of the Likud Party. Olmert envisages a checkerboard solution, whereby Israel would fully "seize" and settle the West Bank but would allow each individual in the Arab population to choose whether he wishes to vote for members of the Jordanian or the Israeli parliament, and which of the two governments he prefers to pay taxes to. Olmert makes it clear that he does not fully empathize with Gush Emunim's religious rhetoric, since he is not orthodox and is a strictly secular "maximalist." (The terms "left" and "right" cannot denote any stand on the Administered Territories, because many Socialist Zionists are agitating for annexation, while a large bourgeois capitalist faction desires a dovish return. Consequently, the terms "maximalist" and "minimalist" are in currency.) Olmert insists on using the phrase "seizing the territories." "I refuse the word 'annexation,'" he explains. "Since the West Bank is part of the historic home of the Jews, it's my *right* to have it."

JANUARY 2ND: The ubiquitous Israeli Army submachine gun brushes my elbow in front of the detergent shelves, swinging from the shoulder of a soldier at the supermarket; it jabs me gently from the knees of a soldier asleep next to me in the *sherut;* I sometimes worry about its going off as a hitchhiking soldier climbs into a car in which I am riding. At first, my lifelong hatred of all firearms made me stare with a perverse, infantile fascination at the weap-

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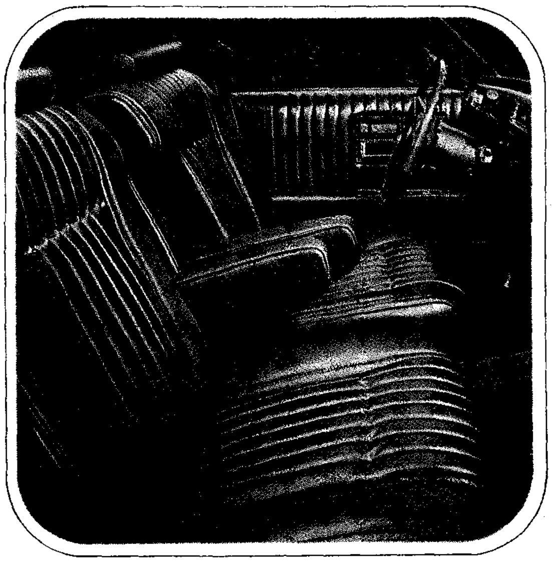
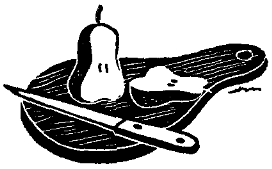


Seville
BY CADILLAC

ons that always accompany every soldier in this army-saturated country. For the first time in my life, I wished to understand a gun, hold one, study its details. I learned that the weapons carried by the Israeli soldiers are either Russian Kalashnikov rifles, or, more frequently, Israeli-made *uzis*, which have a button alongside the trigger that can convert them from single-shot to repeat. I once asked a young Foreign Office employee why this large and ominous firearm was given such omnipresent visibility—why a good pistol was not enough. “We estimate that in Vietnam only one out of ten thousand of your shots reached its destination,” he answered. “We’re too poor for such luxury. We can afford only one accurate, all-purpose weapon.”



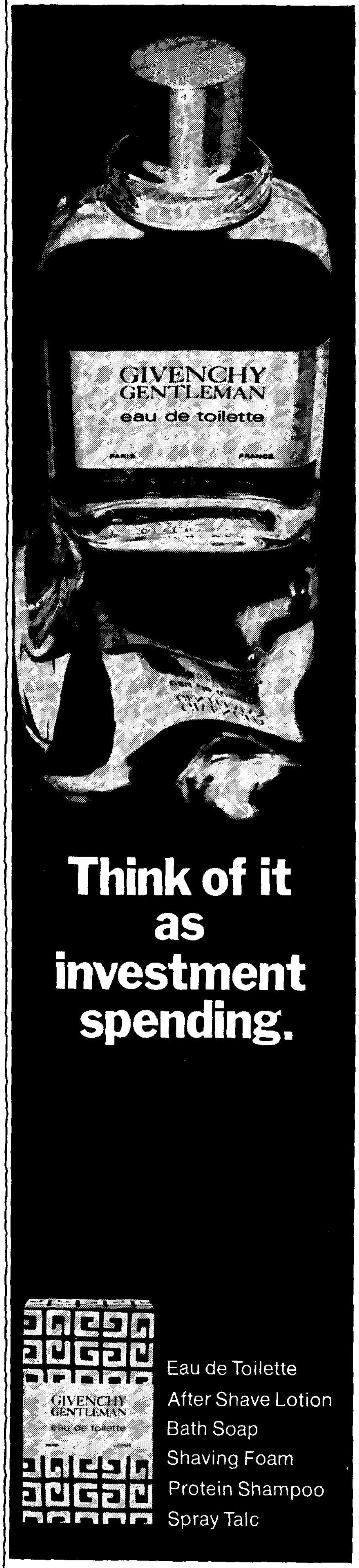
After a fortnight or so, I lost my fascination with these objects of death and defense; they became as familiar as hats, boots, gloves, as natural as the almost hourly gesture of opening my pocketbook for inspection at the entrance of every supermarket, department store, movie house, museum. The bearded young guard who sleeps every night in the lobby of Mishkenot occasionally sets his *uzi* on top of a coat or newspaper I’ve forgotten on the coffee table there; I carefully lift it up and slip my possession out. The gun can be theatrical. Our guard is a recent immigrant from Russia, and he carries his weapon in a briefcase filled with nineteenth-century Russian classics, and whispers long, secretive telephone conversations at 7 A.M. that go “You will be therrre at four o’clock. . . . You will be therrre alone. . . . Ah, not alone. . . . Then I shall come at five . . .” with a conspiratorial air worthy of Peter Sellers in a spy role. The gun is historic. It is a token of that state of siege in which the Jews here have been living for some seven decades—of that garrison mood which abated in the golden days between the Sinai War of 1956 and the Six-Day War but which has been vastly intensified in the past decade by the issue of the Administered Territories, the concurrent resurgence of terrorist attacks, the hostility of an increasingly powerful and wealthy Arab world.

The gun, finally, can become casual. “We simply refer to it as *hamatzav*—the Situation,” a young woman immigrant from England tells me in a *sherut* this morning. “I mean all the weapons, the constant state of siege. It’s horrible, but you get used to it very fast, really.” She received a degree at Oxford and lives in an all-vegetarian village in Galilee—a community limited to those who can prove that they have been vegetarians for two years. (I can’t for the life of me get it out of her how anyone can offer proof of two-year vegetarianism. Much in Israel is as fey as it is surreal.)

The legendary Jericho is a bare half hour away from the capital—such a casual distance that some Jerusalemites drive there for an early-morning swim in the Dead Sea before going to the office. But night driving on the West Bank is not taken so lightheartedly. Just a few miles north of Jericho, on the beautiful road that follows the border between Administered Territory and Jordan, Israeli patrols daily harrow the dirt paths of no-man’s-land to insure the visibility of any infiltrator’s footprints, and all culverts are plugged as a further precaution against the Palestine Liberation Organization. Many Jerusalemites detained after dark by a business or social visit will make a two-hour detour to the coastal road rather than pass through such hotbeds of Arab activism as the towns of Hebron, Ramallah, and Nablus.

Most Israelis who guide foreign visitors around the West Bank take great pains to stress the point that since 1967 the standard of living of its Arab population has increased three- or fourfold. Amos Oz, the Israeli novelist, takes a different position: “What relevance does economic prosperity have to a people’s happiness? Don’t you realize that we were much more prosperous under the British Mandate than in the first ten years of our independence?”

JANUARY 3RD: We drive to Masada, the Herodian cliff-top fortress where, in 73 A.D., some Jewish zealots who had made a two-year stand against the Roman occupiers of Palestine finally slew one another in an act of mass suicide rather than fall prisoner to the Romans. The event is recorded by the Roman Jewish historian Flavius Josephus. It has become a symbol of historic Israeli valor and defiance, and, more recently, of fanatic or superchauvinistic politics. Youth movements stage emotional pageants at Masada. All recruits to Israel’s armored corps are driven there to take their oath of allegiance. Meanwhile, Gush Emunim’s zealous tactics of settling the Golan and Moshe Dayan’s hawkish stand on the Palestinian issue are referred to by Israeli doves as “Masada politics.” The



Dead Sea lies just below Masada, the pale green of crushed mint in the sublimely beautiful pink stretch of the Judean desert. We decline the modern cable car that climbs Masada's fourteen-hundred-foot peak, and walk the fairly arduous "snake path" behind our guide. He is a British immigrant who came to fight in the War of Independence, remained to farm, and has fought in every subsequent conflict. At sixty-one, he persuaded the Army to let him drive an ammunition truck in the Yom Kippur war. Every second Israeli I meet who is over combat age tells me that he begged for permission to fight in that war. The patriotism is exuberant, harrowing, incessantly expressed. "If this country ceased to exist, there would be no more reason for me to live," a friend said to me recently over dinner. She is an artist, on the left—a militant dove married to a university professor who is outspokenly critical of his government. "What about your children?" I asked. "There would be no reason for them to go on living, either," she answered.

JANUARY 4TH: "This nation was founded to finally give Jews a normal society," Amos Oz tells me. "To normalize the life of the Jews, to protect them from the physical danger and the constant anxiety of the ghetto. But the cycle has come fully around. Since '67, we have been re-ghettoized, mostly by the Arab world but also in part by our own stiff-necked policy on the occupied territories. The two reinforce each other in a vicious circle. Even though the attitude of Rabin's government on the Palestinian issue is vastly more open than Golda Meir's, this garrison state may last years, decades. We are living in the very same state-of-siege conditions we came here to abolish. But perhaps this ghetto mentality is a deep habituation, a drug in our system. I don't know whether we can ever be disintoxicated."

Oz is one of Israel's most famous novelists. He has lived for the past twenty-two years—since the age of fifteen—on a kibbutz halfway between Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. His book "My Michael" sold some forty thousand copies in Israel in the first year of its publication. (A similar per-capita sale in the United States would come to two and a half million.) His presence is monastic, his face beautiful; his manner has a courteous reserve that is more Britannic than Israeli. His very green eyes communicate controlled anxiety, an approach to life both soldierly and priestly. He writes in a tiny

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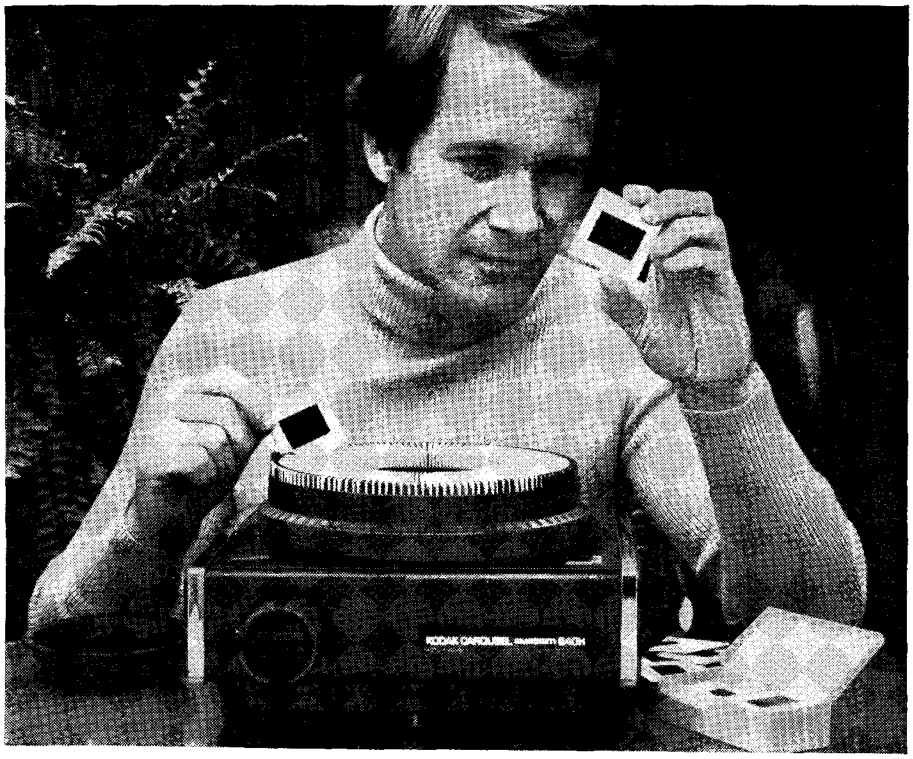
cubicle of Spartan neatness and frugality, seven feet square, in his two-room quarters on Kibbutz Hulda. He works in the fields three days a week, having gradually received dispensation from the six-day workweek as his literary reputation rose. Because his community offers him total financial support, Oz likes to say that it is "only out of rage" that he writes journalistic essays, as he occasionally does these days, to dissent with government policy.

A French Dominican priest—an immigrant from France who became an Israeli citizen some years ago—said to me this week, "*Est-ce peut-être l'aspect mystérieux de la personnalité juive de toujours recréer l'état de siège?*"

JANUARY 5TH: "I wake up in the morning and I don't know whether to read Flavius Josephus or the morning paper," Yoram Kaniuk says. "It's all the same. We're more surrounded than ever." Kaniuk, along with Oz, is one of Israel's two or three most distinguished younger novelists, and he is also a columnist for the labor newspaper *Davar*. He has a grim and witty face, framed by longish gray hair. He is always dressed in bluejeans and turtleneck, and he walks with a slight shuffle, one leg having been damaged by a grave wound incurred in the War of Independence. He has come to exemplify for me the quintessential middle-aged Sabra intellectual: pessimistic; increasingly depressed by the Situation; sublimating his anxiety by brilliant torrents of apocalyptic philosophizing; made claustrophobic by his beleaguered society but never quite willing to leave, even for a visit abroad, because of his deep concern for his country.

"When I read the American papers or see Americans here who talk about women's liberation or civil rights for gays, I say, 'Very refreshing, but like going to Shangri-La.' Here there's nothing to talk about but resistance, death, the possibility of survival. Look, the essence of our present dilemma is this. Until '47, the Jews had known only drama, which is the pitting of a wrong against a right. We lived two thousand years trying to be good in a bad world that harmed us and killed us; we believed that ultimately our suffering would be justified by the triumph of our goodness, that we would be a mission unto the evil world, an example of the most moral society in history. That was drama. But, beginning in '47, with the founding of the state, we began to know tragedy, which is the pitting of two rights against each other. We had a kind of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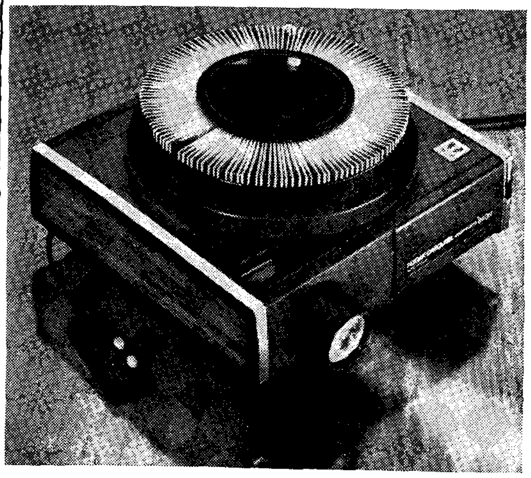
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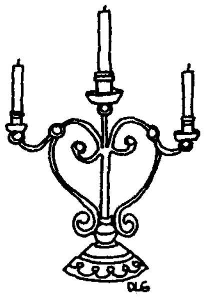
right to the land and the Arabs had an equal right. That is not Hebrew history anymore, it is Greek tragedy.”

JANUARY 6TH: By the time I make my second trip to Yad Vashem, the grim and muted memorial to the six million Jews who died in the Holocaust, I am keenly aware of the Israelis' constant need to remind themselves of their suffering. It is as if they were afraid that their children might forget it, that this forgetting might erode the very basis for Israel's statehood. After each visit to Yad Vashem, I see in the faces of Jerusalemites on the street the helpless eyes, the eyes beyond despair depicted in the memorial's hundreds of photographs of concentration-camp victims. Tourist sites stressing struggle and suffering are not confined to Yad Vashem. They are spread throughout the country. Overturned tanks—*objets trouvés* of the War of Independence—are artfully displayed alongside the Tel Aviv-Jerusalem road. In western Galilee, Kibbutz Loch Amei Hageta'ot, founded by the survivors of the Warsaw ghetto, has a museum offering elaborate documentation of the Warsaw resistance; survivors give guided tours; postcards are available. Yad Mordechai, north of the Gaza Strip, offers the most complete display: Egyptian tanks, artillery, and life-size cast-metal figures commemorate the siege in which eighty Jewish men and boys held off six thousand fully equipped Egyptian troops for one entire week of the War of Independence. Taped explanations of the siege are available in several languages. Guidebooks urge the tourist to “visit our handsome snack bar and our impeccable rest rooms.”



JANUARY 7TH: An Israeli of Iraqi origin, Shalom Cohen, recently came for coffee at Mishkenot to talk to me about one of the darker aspects of Israeli society—the affliction of what are known here as the Sephardic Jews. Originating in the Iberian Peninsula or the Arab countries, most of them arrived after 1950; they constitute fifty-two per cent of the population but only eight per cent of Israel's university graduates. The bulk of juvenile delinquency, prostitution, and protection rackets arises from the ranks of this bitterly underprivileged class, which—like its counterparts in other nations—is plagued by too high a birthrate, poor housing, fatherless households. The Sephardim are that “second Israel” which is a source of guilt and shame in a nation overwhelmingly dominated by the educational standards and cultural preferences of the Eastern European Ashkenazic Jewry that founded the state. The Sephardim are also the most deeply conservative sector of Israeli society—the bulwark of the hawkish right-wing Likud Party, and the most fanatic Arab-haters, because many of them fled from Arab oppressors and, being poor, compete with Arabs for the same jobs.

Shalom Cohen, a member of the Knesset who had been voted in on a Radical ticket in 1969, broke away from his party and became an activist for the cause of the Sephardim. He joined a militant movement pointedly called the Black Panthers (“We chose the name because of its shock value”), but in 1973, when he ran again for Knesset on a one-man Black Panther ticket, he failed to get elected. “Can you imagine what it would have done for the country if I could have radicalized the Sephardic community?” he asked. “Weaned them away from the Likud into a good Socialist party, where they could have worked for social reform alongside the Arabs? That was my dream.” But the time was not ripe for Shalom Cohen. The vision was utopian, the task monumental. “The country-of-origin gap,” an Israeli euphemism for the Sephardic problem, was too big for a one-man party to handle. Teddy Kollek himself, whom Cohen much admires (“Without him Jerusalem might have been another Belfast”), criticizes Cohen's group for having used unduly confrontational tactics—based on Saul Alinsky's—which were foreign to the deeply centrist Israeli character. And Cohen, trying to pick up the pieces, is writing a novel about the hardships of growing up “black” in Israel.

This afternoon, Teddy Kollek drove me, at terrifying Israeli speed, through Jerusalem in his tiny white Audi and talked about the problems of being the mayor of “a cultural mosaic.” “I'm under fire from two directions,” he said. “Many Israelis find me too pro-Arab, and some Arabs say I haven't done enough of this or that. But just look at the simple problem of building a hospital for the Arabs. They badly need their own hospitals—for one thing, they're not allowed to be touched by a female nurse. After all, it's still a

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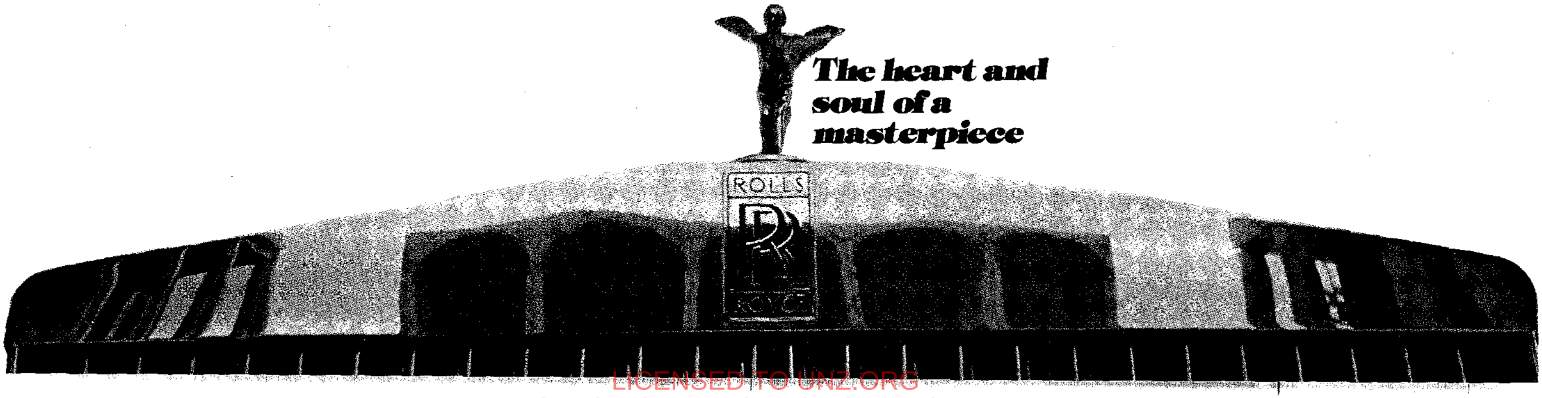
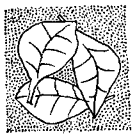


The heart and soul of a masterpiece

society in which even an engaged couple don't have the right to see each other without the presence of the family. I recently had a meeting to plan for an Arab hospital, but none of the well-to-do Arabs who were in favor of it were there. I had to meet privately with a handful of Arab doctors. They're all terrified that their slightest coöperation with Israel might be publicized. They're afraid that if they eventually decide to move to Amman or Damascus they will be discriminated against for having coöperated with an Israeli municipality. They also need a university badly. Since the Arab countries don't recognize Israeli degrees, there are no more than a handful of students from the West Bank at Hebrew University. But the same problem of collaboration exists there. O.K., here's the most blatant example: A few years ago, our municipality was accused of forcibly evicting Arab families from a site in the Old City, near the Armenian quarter. But here's the way the reasoning goes in the mind of each Arab head of household: If I accept the compensation and willingly move out, I'll be called a collaborator, and my cousins in Amman or Damascus will be persecuted for it; on the other hand, if I make a fuss and refuse the compensation, and the Israeli police come to drag me away, my cousins and I are safe."



The car lurches to a stop in front of a brilliant-hued, ultra-modern playground in East Jerusalem. "Look at that," Kollek says. "In some cases, it works out after all. In this case, a Dallas Presbyterian, in memory of a Baptist friend, gave money to me, a Jewish mayor, to build a playground for Arab children. That's the way *this* was built."

JANUARY 10TH: It is my third Sabbath in Teddy Kollek's city, and I have come to find great beauty in the peacefulness, the utter stillness, of this weekly observance. I have even come to love those Sabbath laws, derided by many young Israelis, which have been imposed on the city by the religious parties: No newspapers are published, no buses run, all airline traffic ceases inside the country, many hotel elevators are stopped, smoking is forbidden in public places, no short-order dishes such as omelettes can be had in whatever coffee shops remain open, because of the law that forbids the lighting of fires. After dusk last night, looking for the house of an acquaintance on a quiet residential street, I rang a wrong doorbell and was accidentally exposed to a scene of extreme beauty. In a high, vaulted, bleached room of the early-twentieth-century Arabic style common in Rehavia, a Sabbath table was exquisitely laid out. There was a gleaming lace tablecloth. A ceremonial gold-embroidered white satin napkin was folded over a plate at the head of the table, a silver tray held wine and delicate glasses, the matzoth were daintily arranged. An aging man—no doubt the grandfather—sat dozing over his newspaper at the far end of the room. His yarmulke was a bright Chagall blue, as was that of a middle-aged man who sat at the front of the room, turning the pages of a large dark book very gently, so as not to wake the dozing patriarch. The woman of the house and her son, with great courtesy, took me into the library to look up the address I was seeking. They walked on tiptoe, they spoke in whispers. In their panelled library, heavy with the scent of sandalwood, the telephone had been taken off the hook.

This afternoon, I needed medicine for my younger son, who had caught a cold. I took the twelve-minute walk into East Jerusalem—or "into Jordan," as I romantically put it to myself—to find a pharmacy. Dead stillness on King David Street and the first blocks of the avenue called Hativat Hatzanhanim, where the wall of the Old City juts sharply eastward. Not a car, barely a face, many blinds down, metal screens drawn over storefronts. And then, abruptly, beginning at the precise corner, near Damascus Gate, where Administered Territory begins, taxis honk, cars screech, torrents of humanity throng the streets, venders' stalls spill their wares out upon the pavement, radios blare out the ululations of Arab melodies.

JANUARY 11TH: One is amazed, after a few weeks, by the absence of "Jewish humor" here. One soon realizes that that humor belongs to the Diaspora; that this defense mechanism of a persecuted community was eroded by the austere radicalism of the Socialist Zionist founders and dissolved when the Jews became a majority in a country of their own. Almost the only jokes I have heard are based on curt, deadpan allusions to the high combat losses of the past thirty years. Examples: "The survivors of the 17th Armored Division will hold their yearly reunion in the phone booth at the corner of Yafo and Ben Yehuda." "The 1967 graduating class of Haifa High School will hold its yearly reunion on the me-

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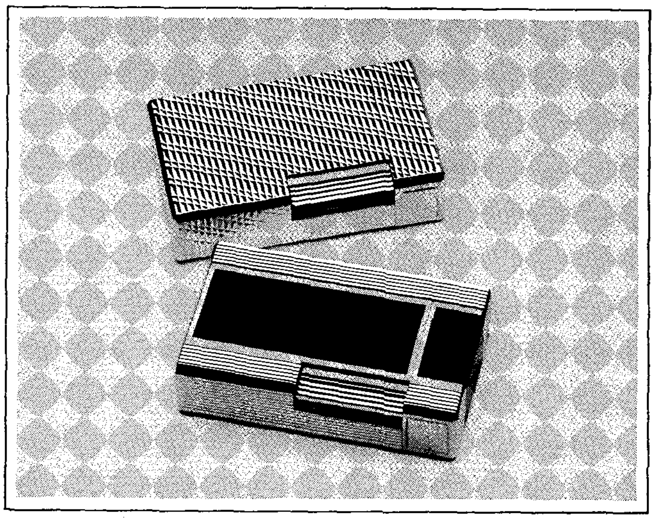

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31	28-29-30-31-32
32-33	28-29-30-31-32-33
34-36-38-40-42	28-29-20-31-32-33-34
44-46*	29-30-31-32

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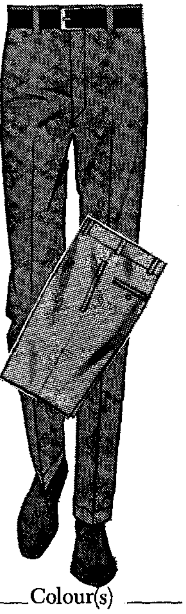

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morial plaque of the Administration Building."

There is one more—a gentler tale of Chassidic origin, told me by almost every Israeli friend I have: God has decided to bring a final deluge upon the world to punish mankind for its evil, and sends the Archangel Gabriel to announce the forthcoming disaster to the Western world's three major religious faiths. The Pope asks for one final favor before his followers face destruction: that his priests be allowed to have all the women they want. The head of the Islamic faith, in Mecca, asks that his people be allowed a great feast of pork and wine before the final deluge. When Gabriel goes to Jerusalem to announce the news, the Chief Rabbi only wants Gabriel to answer one question: "How deep will the waters be?" he asks. "Sixty metres," Gabriel answers. The Rabbi muses, and says, "It will be difficult living under sixty metres of water."

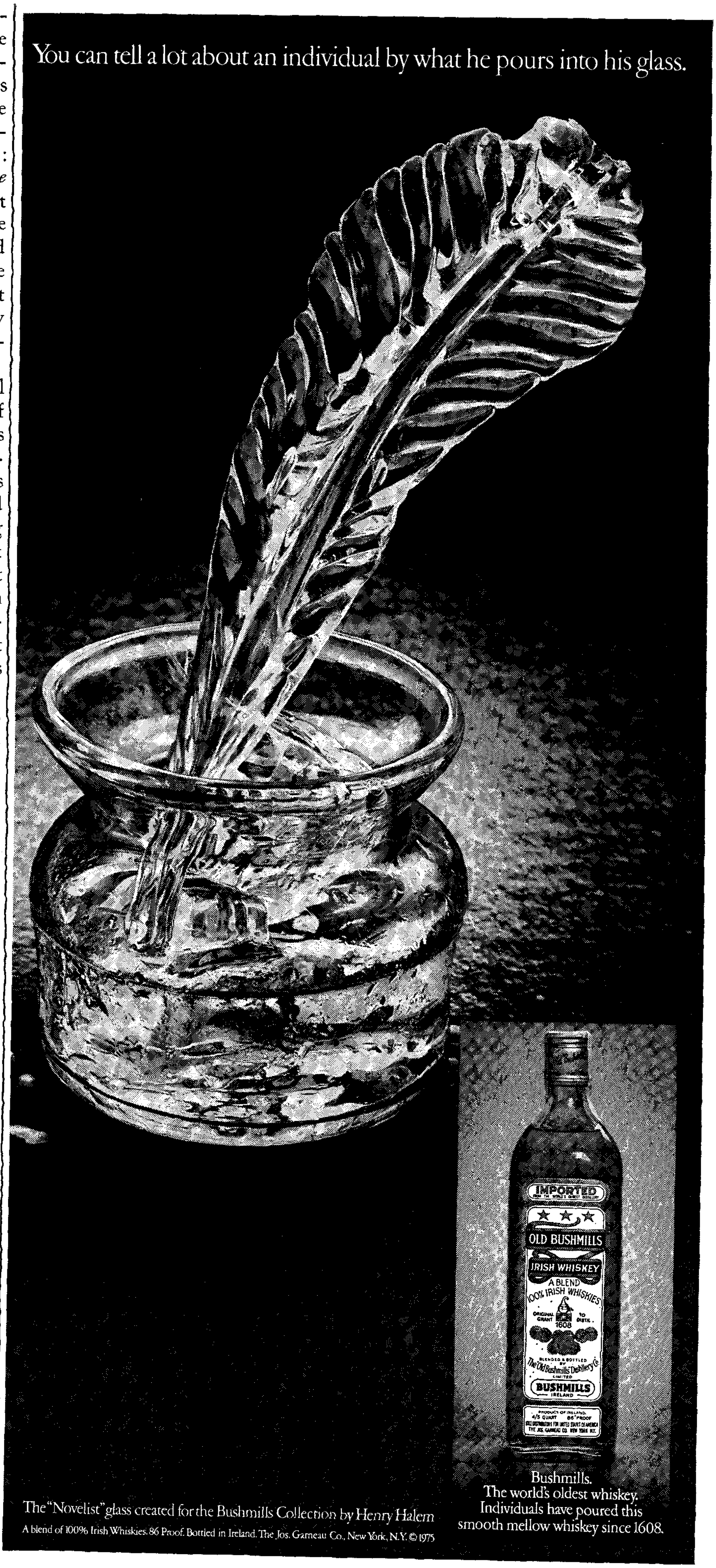
A high-school teacher tells me that her teen-age children and her students are in the habit of saying, with grim irony, "If I grow up, I'll be a doctor," or "a lawyer," or "an engineer."

JANUARY 12TH: A press conference is held at the Government Press Building this morning by the Israeli Council for Israeli-Palestinian Peace, the only sizable group organized thus far to press for a dovish solution to the problem of the Administered Territories. The event has been scheduled to coincide with the opening, in New York, of the Security Council debate on the Palestinian issue. On the Council's steering committee there are two members of the Knesset, a major general, and an assortment of professors, writers, and former Cabinet ministers. Their demands are: negotiations between the Israeli government and a "recognized and authoritative body of the Palestinian Arab people;" the establishment of an independent Palestinian state on the occupied West Bank and in the Gaza Strip, with the borders between the two states corresponding to those before the 1967 war, except for changes agreed upon by both parties; and, finally, a joint Jewish-Arab municipal administration in Jerusalem. The peace group plans a campaign of newspaper advertisements and public petitions to gain support.

This same morning, directly across the corridor, the Israeli Foreign Office holds a press briefing on the issue of the Security Council debate. The government spokesman is very courteous and wears an unchanging Cheshire-cat grin. In response to a correspondent's question concerning the Israeli government's refusal to recognize the P.L.O., the spokesman says (I indicate his emphasis), "As I have told you for many months, our government's attitude is the following: We recognize that there exists *an issue of Palestinian identity*. But we do not recognize *a Palestinian people*." One of the British reporters nudges me and murmurs, "He's such a nice man. He always smiles at us, and he knows that we know that he knows that we know that that phrase makes no sense whatsoever."

Later, I talk with Major General Mattityahu Peled, a former chief of logistics in the Israeli Defense Forces and the present chairman of the Council for Israeli-Palestinian Peace. He is a stocky, gray-haired, square-jawed man with a rather brusque, bulldozing Army manner, but his talk is shot through with the intellectualism that characterizes much of the Israeli High Command. (Peled is currently chairman of the Arab Studies Department at Tel Aviv University.) Peled concedes that only some fifteen per cent of the Israelis would entirely adopt his group's proposals at the present moment. But he adds that that figure is meaningless, because of the volatility of Israeli public opinion and the Israelis' fairly docile acceptance of any firm government decision. Peled points out that in the extensive public-opinion polls conducted just before the agreement to withdraw from Sinai was signed, sixty per cent of the Israelis felt that their government was selling out. Precisely three weeks after the agreement was signed, eighty-two per cent of the Israelis interviewed expressed satisfaction with it.

One of Peled's chief concerns is that Yitzhak Rabin's policy of "immobilism"—resented equally by the maximalists and by the minimalists—has put Israel into a state of anxiety which is creating a definite trend to the right, "a potential McCarthyism." As instances of this trend, he cites the following: He has heard talk of plans for a ten-man "government of emergency" that would be created by Rabin and would greatly weaken, if not bypass, parliamentary procedure. For the first time since Israel came into existence—a country notable for its extreme freedom of dissent—laws have been proposed in the Knesset which would force universities to fire professors who "speak against the state." The nation's most popular television program, "Nikui Rosh" (literally, "Head-Cleaning," similar in its content to



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Some facts about the most efficient food producers on earth.

The bumper-sticker in our picture is one that's cropping up all over Kansas.

Maybe the sentiment is abrasive. But it makes a good point. As important as the typical farmer is to us, many Americans know next to nothing about him, his work or his problems.

Which is remarkable, because the American farmer is part of this country's biggest industry. Total farm assets: $531 billion! That's equal to about three-fifths of all the capital assets of all the manufacturing corporations in the U.S.

The American farmer and productivity.

There are all kinds of statistics on the productivity of America's agricultural workforce, all of them pretty astounding. On the average, each farm worker supplies enough food for 56 people. As re-

cently as 1957 he fed only 23; in 1945, only 15—an increase of 273% in thirty years.

Such figures mean more in comparison with the Soviet Union, one of the few countries outside the U.S. where very large-scale farming is possible. Russia has 500 million acres of land under cultivation; the U.S. has 300 million. Russia has 36,000,000 farm workers; the U.S. about 4,500,000. Yet it's estimated that one Soviet farm worker feeds only about seven people, compared to 56 in the U.S.

One result of such efficiency down on the farm is that we feed more people with fewer workers, so millions of us are freed to work other fields—industry, arts and sciences.

Another result is that, despite inflation, Americans still spend less of their disposable income on food than the citizens of any other nation. Today Americans spend about 18% of their income on food. The average Briton spends 24%; the average Frenchman spends 28%; the average West German 32%; the Japanese 35%; the Russians 58%.

Any business as efficient as this must be very businesslike indeed, and it is. The typical American farmer is still a man who gets up early and goes to bed early. As always, he still faces the risks of weather, supply and demand. Even the fundamental problems he must solve are complex: what to plant; when to plant; what fertilizers; what insecticides; what herbicides; what equipment. He is an agronomist, mechanic, chemist and veterinarian.

The American farmer as an independent businessman.

But these days he must also be a first-rate manager of a tightly run business. Most farms operate on cash flow, sometimes computerized. They run for the most part on borrowed money. At the beginning of 1975, farm debt was $95 billion, about 18% of assets. When the income starts rolling in, it gets plowed back into seed, feed, tons of fertilizer and other chemicals, into the maintenance of dozens of buildings, into the purchase of machines like $19,000 tractors and $34,000 combines. In Kansas, on the average, a farm family may net only about $800 a month on a pretax-annual income of a quarter million dollars.

Despite the obstacles, however, the American farmer is the nation's leading earner of foreign exchange. Farm exports are playing a key role in regaining a favorable balance of trade position for the U.S. And the American farmer is the nation's best hope of improving the international trade picture still more.

The American farmer and international trade.

Within ten years, it's estimated, agricultural exports could lead to an $8-billion annual gain in the U.S. balance of payments. After he has finished feeding his own countrymen, the American farmer has left over nearly 60% of his wheat and rice, 50% of his soybeans, 25% of his grain sorghum, 20% of his corn. By contrast, supplies outside the U.S. are not only failing to keep pace with population growth, but are actually dwindling.

More and more urgently, the world depends on American farmers to make up the difference. More and more willingly, the world is ready to pay for American farm products with raw materials scarce or unavailable in the U.S.

This advantage—what Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz called "agripower"—is one that does not have to be legislated into existence. The very opposite is true. Operating under the law of supply and demand, the American farmer can continue to supply world needs for food, and satisfy American appetites not only for good things to eat, but the material to feed American industry.

All we have to do is let it happen.

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"Monty Python" or the Smothers Brothers programs of the nineteen-sixties), has come under fire because of its anti-government skits. There is pressure to prevent theatres supported by public funds from staging plays critical of government policy. (One such work, "The Governor of Jericho," created some furor this year because it criticized the government's continuing occupation of the West Bank.)

"Our present state of limbo has been created by Golda Meir's lack of vision and Rabin's lack of leadership," Peled says as we part. "Did we feel insecure before 1967? We felt incredibly secure. After 1967, we *rationalized* that we had been insecure."

JANUARY 13TH: Daily immigrants' news programs on the evening radio:

7:00 Easy Hebrew
7:15 Georgian
7:30 Yiddish
8:00 Ladino
8:15 Mograbi
8:30 Rumanian
8:45 Russian

Ten-minute spots of French and English news alternate several times a day on one of the stations.

At 10 P.M., whenever we are home, we watch the daily English-language television news from Jordan, which inevitably begins with an elaborate recounting of King Hussein's court calendar, accompanied by the decorous music of Handel.

A leading brand of Israeli-made perfume is called Chutzpah. ("It's direct, arrogant, provoking, and refreshingly natural, like the Sabras.")

The Israelis often lack discretion. The bar of the Intercontinental Hotel advertises dancing until 4 A.M., "with a spectacular view of the Mount of Olives." The Hilton coffee shop boasts a dessert called Banana Split Masada.

The English Theatre of Rehovot (near Tel Aviv) is performing Arthur Miller's "All My Sons." (According to a government pamphlet, the Israeli population has the largest percentage of theatregoers in the world.)

In Jerusalem, the first Arab is invested as head of the Anglican Church in the Middle East. "In an impressive ceremony at St. George's," the Jerusalem *Post* notes, "Bishop Fali Hadak took over a bishopric embracing Israel, Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon."

"Plant a Tree in Israel With Your Own Hands" trips leave Jerusalem every Monday and Wednesday afternoon for the hills of Judea.

The earth, the earth. I am constantly fascinated by the passion for nature expressed by a people who were forced to be urban for two thousand years. Particularly since 1970, there has been a proliferation of government-subsidized "field schools," where young Israelis volunteer to study problems of conservation and agronomy. There are extremely strict laws relating to the picking of wildflowers. Billboard advertisements have always been banned throughout the nation. The city planning of Jerusalem itself, since its reunification in 1967, expresses an obsession with nature. The plots of land administered by the Parks Department have increased from twenty to six hundred and eighty-five in the past decade, and are planted with a variety of vegetation that ranges from palms, evergreens, and olive trees to rosemary, jasmine, bougainvillea, and roses. One of Teddy Kollek's pet projects is to complete the "green belts" that have begun to wind through the city, such as the twenty-five-acre Bloomfield Park, between the King David Hotel and the railway station, and the National Park now being constructed to encircle the Old City.

Flying back from the south today, I sit next to a woman who has a grant from the University of Haifa to do an ornithological study in the vicinity of St. Katherine's, the sixth-century monastery near the foot of Mount Sinai. She has spent the past year in the new field school at St. Katherine's, studying the habits of just two birds—the wheatear and the rose finch. During a trip to the Negev, where one can see some of the world's most sophisticated irrigation programs, I remark to an Israeli companion upon the irony that a people who have not been allowed to own substantial plots of land for two millennia have created the ecological and agricultural wonder of the century. "Yes," he answers, with a wry smile, "and in business and commerce we are a mess."

JANUARY 14TH: We give a ride to a young hitchhiking soldier on our return from a drive along the West Bank. Although English is compulsory in Israeli high schools, he pretends to know none beyond "Thank you," and does not talk to us. This has been true of dozens of hitchhiking soldiers we have encountered in the past weeks. They smile gently whenever one smiles at them; they emanate warmth. My younger son, who is fourteen, once fell asleep with his head against a soldier's shoulder. Our passenger stroked his head with great sweetness, but he did

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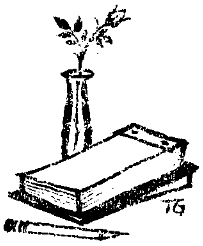
not talk. The soldiers all seem extremely shy. Their manner is radically different from that of their outgoing, exuberantly loquacious parents.

JANUARY 16TH: "Yes, the young Israelis are shy," Yoram Kaniuk says. "The under-thirty generation is very introverted, very silent. It's not because you're a foreigner. When I pick up a soldier, I can barely get a word out of him. I've lectured in about a hundred and fifty kibbutzim in the past two years, and I know how much some of these young people love writers. From one year to the next, they remember that I like a certain kind of chocolate, or a fish cooked just this way. But they barely talk to me. Even though they've read every Israeli classic in print, they sit there during our meetings, every man with his gun beside him, and just stare at me with their great, sad eyes. It's got to do with the trauma of too much combat duty—three wars in ten years, if you include the war of attrition—and a certain rebellion against the endless sloganeering and verbal hairsplitting of their Socialist Zionist grandparents. I know they like me, but they are so silent, so grave, that sometimes when I've said all I have to say on Israeli literature their silence is so heavy that I have to walk out of the room. The next week, they phone me to come back, and the same pantomime starts again."



We have been driving through northwest Galilee. We walk into the dining room of Kibbutz Eilon, two miles from the Lebanese border. Yoram taps the shoulder of a young man eating alone at a table. A head of straight, thick, honey-colored hair slowly turns, the eyes rest guardedly, ever so wearily on the visitor. There is so little expressed pleasure, so little recognition in the gaze that I assume he is a bare acquaintance of Yoram's. But he turns out to be the very man who is such a fan of Yoram Kaniuk's that he constantly phones to invite him to Eilon. He stands up and shuffles ahead of us to another, cleaner table, and we all sit down. He gazes tiredly at Yoram for a few minutes while an older kibbutznik, with a shaved head and a sunken face reminiscent of Buchenwald, slowly rolls a metal tray of soup bowls past us. Our host's face is chiselled and elegant; his cap of honey hair reminds me of the soldiers in Uccello paintings. After a minute, he shrugs and the corners of his mouth curl up ever so slightly, as if to acknowledge the weight of his silence. Yoram turns his eyes briefly away from his friend's, with a reflective "*Nu?*" He taps the wall, which is made of handsome two-inch-square glazed tiles. He turns to me and says "Mosaic. This is what they've evolved here for their old people to do. Brilliant. Slow, gentle work you can do until the day you die." He turns back to his friend, and by catching the word "*Katyusha*"—rocket—I realize that he is questioning him about last Tuesday, when the region was shelled again from the Lebanese border. The younger man's blue eyes become annoyed. He eats his cabbage soup, as he does everything, ever so wearily, and then he gruffly barks back a few sentences in Hebrew. "He says they've been shelled so often here how can they remember one shelling from another?" Yoram reports. "I say to him 'The one last week,' and he says, 'How can you ever expect me to tell the one last week from the week before from the year before that?' " I stare at the young man's eyes, which have the sad aloofness of one who lives with great pain and very minimal pleasure, as with a drug addiction. Later this afternoon, when I convey this impression to Yoram, he says, "These children have all been brought up in bunkers. This constant danger we've been living with *is* a drug, like any other."

A kibbutznik with a pistol in the back pocket of his bluejeans passes around pieces of apple cake. Yoram tells me that his friend is studying philosophy at the University of Haifa, and I ask the young man about his courses. His English seems fluent, but he answers monosyllabically. We walk out into the grounds of Eilon. The men are in khaki fatigues, and almost every one of them carries an *uzi* or a Kalashnikov under his arm. "If you think you're seeing guns, you should go to any northern kibbutz at night," Yoram says. "Thirty men at a time standing guard, floodlights whirring around." His friend goes to get his own gun, and we set out for the five-minute ride to the Lebanese border. There is something defiant about the young man's silence, something of a defensive theatrical pose. We stand at the border, where a three-metre thicket of barbed wire separates us from a stretch of no-man's-land, and stare at the dry, spruce-fringed Lebanese hills beyond. The two men talk. Yoram reports that his friend is saying that this particular valley is one of the few places in Lebanon where Arab and Christian villages coexist in peace, but who knows what will happen next week? Suddenly, with a big smile, the young man says to Yoram, in English, "I never promised you a rose garden." They both laugh. Then he points to the fields at the border and addresses me for the first time in two hours, saying, in good English, "This is where their hashish ends and ours begins."

Yoram is lecturing that night at another kibbutz—"a South American one, full of very radical Venezuelans," he says—and I take a succession of three *sheruts*, at Nahariya, Haifa, and Tel Aviv, to get back to Jerusalem. At Haifa, a couple with two young children board the cab with me, chattering sweetly in Russian. The woman is thin and trimly elegant, very erect, with prettily arranged short red hair and a smart tweed coat. Two gold teeth gleam in an upper corner of her mouth when she smiles. She smiles often. She sits in the back seat next to two Israeli soldiers, holding a cherubic three-year-old boy in her arms. Her little daughter sits quietly on the jump seat between me and her father. We begin to talk when I offer to hold one of their bundles. Their names are Anya and Yuri, and they are both engineers and came out of Russia just last year—via Vienna—on the Jackson Amendment. They tell me, with some pride, that the minute they landed at Lod Airport they were taken in charge by the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption, which whisked them off that same day to Nazareth and placed them in an *ulpan*. (*Ulpanim* are total-immersion language-training schools—most of them run on a collective live-in basis—to which new immigrants are sent.) After five months, when they had mastered Hebrew, the government found them an apartment and jobs in Haifa. The stay in the *ulpan* was not free. They owe the government a debt that it will take them years to pay. But they are happy. They do not get along well with the other Russians they have met in Haifa, because of a difference in attitude toward Israel. *Those* Russians, they say, are not finding enough of the kind of Socialism they want—are not being totally taken care of by the government. Neither are they finding enough of the kind of capitalism they expect in Israel—consumer goods. Very sad, this criticism, Anya and Yuri comment. It is creating anti-Russian feelings in Israel which they themselves suffer from deeply.

We babble in a combination of my

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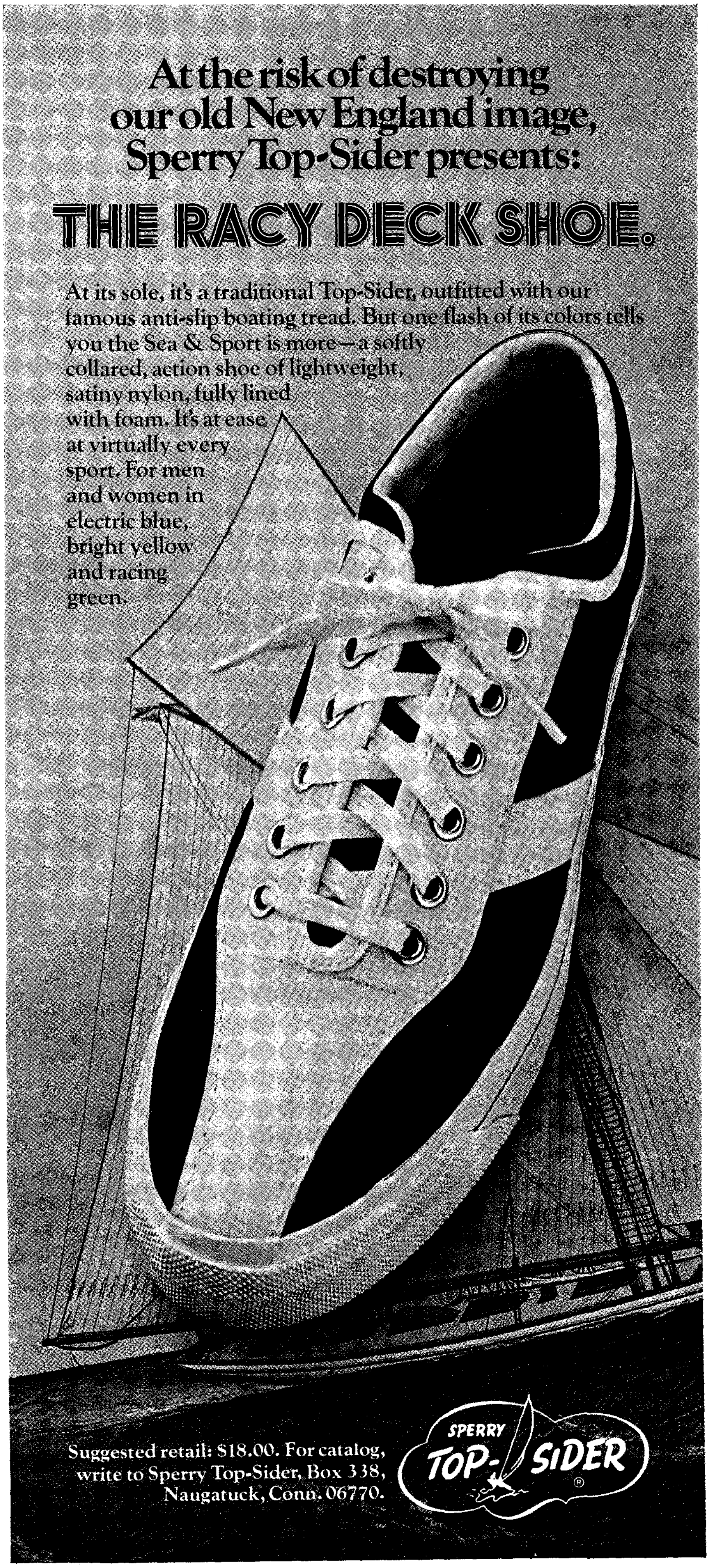

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basic Russian and their faltering English, which Yuri occasionally spices with sonorous French. He has a kind, jolly face and loves poetry.

"I am no frustration in Israel," he says. "You like?" "I adore," I say. But I am upset by what I have seen that very day at the border kibbutz—the tension, the children brought up in the bunkers, the men living with machine guns under their arms.

"*C'est la vie*," Yuri says, and shrugs. "*Tout est* better than *la Russie*. You read Mandelstam, our greatest twentieth-century poet?"

We go on to discuss Esenin, Akhmatova, the death of Mayakovski. We sweep past the lights of Herzliya—the posh Tel Aviv suburb where the nouveaux riches of the post-'67 boom built their villas. "She loves you, yeah yeah yeah," the Beatles croon on the *sherut* radio. Each of us accepts a stick of chewing gum from the driver. The two young soldiers are asleep in the back seat, their machine guns cradled in their arms. At 6 P.M., *bleep bleep bleep bleep*—a radio signal announces the hourly news. Israelis are news-obsessed. The driver turns the volume on full, the soldiers wake up and lean forward on their guns, straining to hear if anything is happening on the borders. I have been told that young couples making love in cars sit bolt upright at two minutes before the hour, turn the radio on, and resume their embraces after the news is over. Tonight, nothing special. Rabin is leaving for the United States. The Lebanese and Syrian presidents confer on peace plans. A spokesman for Gush Emunim defends the group's right to settle in the Administered Territories. It is the eve of Sabbath. All the way to Tel Aviv, soldiers swarm on the roadsides, looking for lifts to get home for the family meal. "Look, a lieutenant, a captain!" Anya cries, pointing at Israeli soldiers on whose rumpled fatigues yellow shoulder bars denote officers' ranks. "This is wonderful! The officers hitchhiking right along with the soldiers!"

"*C'est la démocratie*," Yuri says.

JANUARY 17TH: Moshe Dayan has been quoted in the press this week as saying, "Better another war than a Palestinian state."

Because I am late for an interview at the Knesset, I walk into the guardhouse at its gate like a surrendering guerrilla, passport thrust forward, arms up to facilitate the searching. That way, the pretty woman soldier can begin to frisk me immediately, while the police-man writes out the identification slip that will get me through the next three or four guard posts. Once inside, I greatly enjoy Chagall's subtly hued tapestry and mosaics—much superior to the more famous stained-glass windows at the Hadassah-Hebrew University Medical Centre. And I look forward to the poppy-seed strudel and tea offered by the inevitably hospitable M.K.s (Members of the Knesset) who receive me in the cafeteria.

I have come to talk to Shulamit Aloni, who reflects as well as any other M.K. the fragile segmentation of Israel's fourteen-party political system. Shulamit Aloni came into the Knesset as a dove, civil libertarian, and feminist, and has disappointed many of her supporters by evidencing growing establishment views. She has recently played a role in the splintering of Ya'ad, a dove party founded in the spring of 1975 by a group of M.K.s who themselves had split from Rabin's Labour Coalition in protest against its immobilism on the Palestinian issue. But when Ya'ad's most distinguished member—Arie Lova Eliav, former secretary-general of the Labour Party—joined the steering committee of the Council for Israeli-Palestinian Peace, Aloni asked him to resign to maintain a respectable centrist image for their party. He refused, and the Ya'ad Party fell asunder, leaving the Knesset's principal dove group a shambles.

Aloni, a lawyer, is a glamorous green-eyed Tel Avivian in her middle forties, with brassy blond hair and a tough, smooth, super-professional media manner. Her chief reason for not wishing to work with Eliav's peace group, she says, is that she desires to keep "the Jordanian option" open. Like most centrist liberals in Israel, she thinks that if the West Bankers were offered a referendum, they might prefer a confederation with Jordan to a separate Palestinian state. Otherwise, Aloni seems as deeply obsessed as every other Israeli I meet—both maximalists and minimalists—with the growing hostility of world opinion and with the fear that Israel will lose face badly if the United States forces a solution to the Palestinian problem on Israel before Rabin's government comes up with a solution of its own.

"Here's the tragedy," she says. "Up until 1967, we were a marvellously strong little David. The Six-Day War transformed us into a big, sloppy Samson—Samson seeing everything out of proportion, running after the Delilah of size and power. Well, the Yom Kippur war was our haircut. The trouble is that Golda and her circle never went through the proper psychological metamorphosis away from the minority mentality. She never lost the terrible pessimism of our people, never seemed to fully accept the fact that we are here in a majority, in a state of our own, with an incredibly strong army and police. When she went to see the Pope that time and he asked her why she wasn't nicer to the Palestinian refugees, all she had to say was 'I was once a refugee from Kiev.' Ever since the Golda tragedy, our government has been so afraid of falling that it has been equally afraid of acting, of taking any leadership on the issue of the Palestinians. That's why there's all this current retreat to mysticism—groups like Gush Emunim running around quoting the Bible and invoking God as a basis for making new settlements on the Golan that aren't even legal. The people of Israel live in a trauma and are confused. They have a right to be confused, but our leadership has no right to its confusion."

JANUARY 18TH: Every Knesset member enjoys enlarging on colleagues' Biblical metaphors, disagreeing with them, offering new ones. Eliav offers me an apocalyptic variation: "It wouldn't be so bad to just have a haircut, as Aloni says. I'm afraid that if we don't soon make a peace settlement, we may get to the next stage of the Samson story—when Samson says 'Just give me one more burst of strength, dear God' and he pushes on the pillars and brings the roof down on both himself and his enemies. And if that happens, then there won't be any more Tel Aviv or Damascus or Beirut or Cairo. There are a lot of people here who are saying, 'Let the roof fall on us and our enemies together.' We have what we call the Masada complex: 'Everyone has turned against us, so we might as well gather at the top of the mountain and commit suicide.' "

Eliav, a short, intense, affable man of Russian origin, is the hero of Israeli liberals—a tough-minded Adlai Stevenson-style parliamentarian with the added intellectual brio of a Eugene McCarthy. He has fought in several wars, written a score of books, and speaks perfect, often colloquial English. "The Israelis were led on a collective drug trip by Golda and Dayan, and right now we're—how do you say—cold-turkeying, suffering such with-

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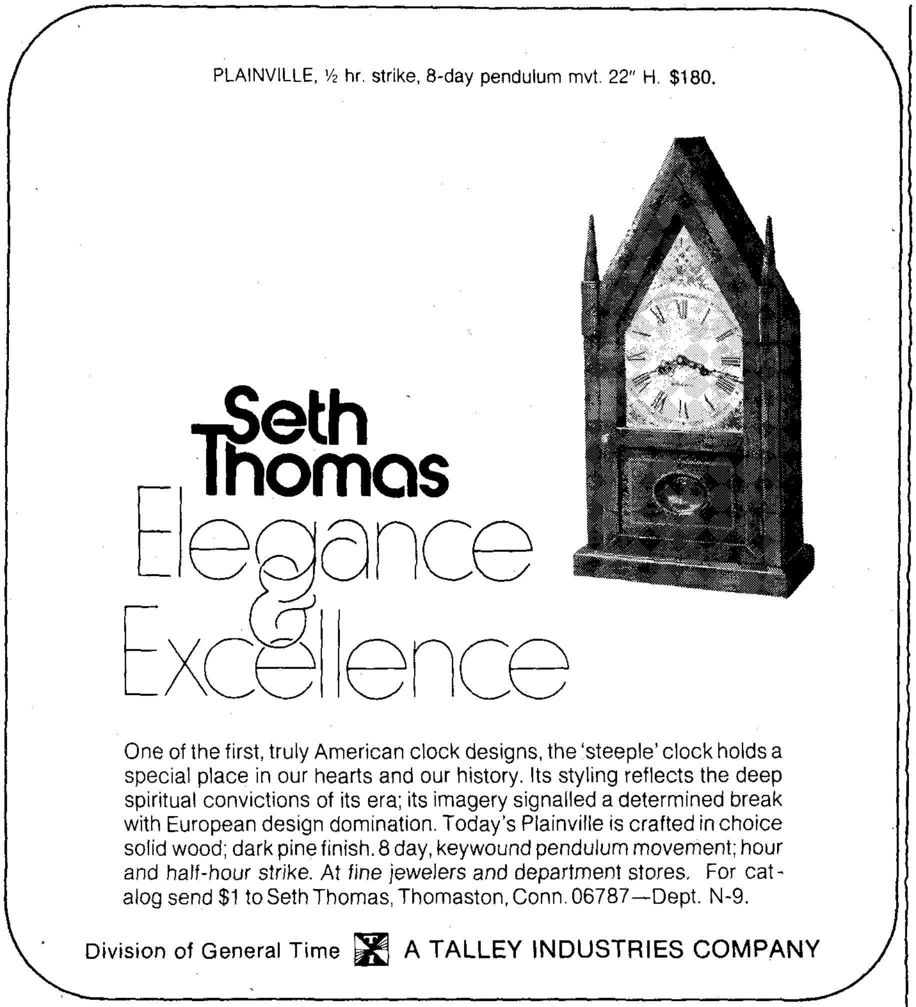

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drawal symptoms that our vision is impaired. Look, the Talmud says that if two men are tugging on a prayer shawl, and each says, 'It's mine, it's mine,' they must halve it. It's not like Solomon and the baby. Land is not a living thing. If two parties have claim to a territory, they must halve it. But the big danger is that we're now faced with a para-Jewish mysticism on the right that's involved in a total mysticizing of the land. Gush Emunim is small but incredibly united. On the other side you have a small group of doves, very disunited, and in between a traumatized, bewildered majority. And who has the easier task—the doves, with their complex moral and historical arguments about the Arabs' rights to some of this land? Or the hawks, with their emotional, gut jingoism, well suited to a people still traumatized by the Holocaust?"

Before we part, Eliav asks me, "Do you know what could happen in the next war, at the very *best*? We'd be victorious, and we'd take more land, with more Arabs on it who'd want to annihilate us."

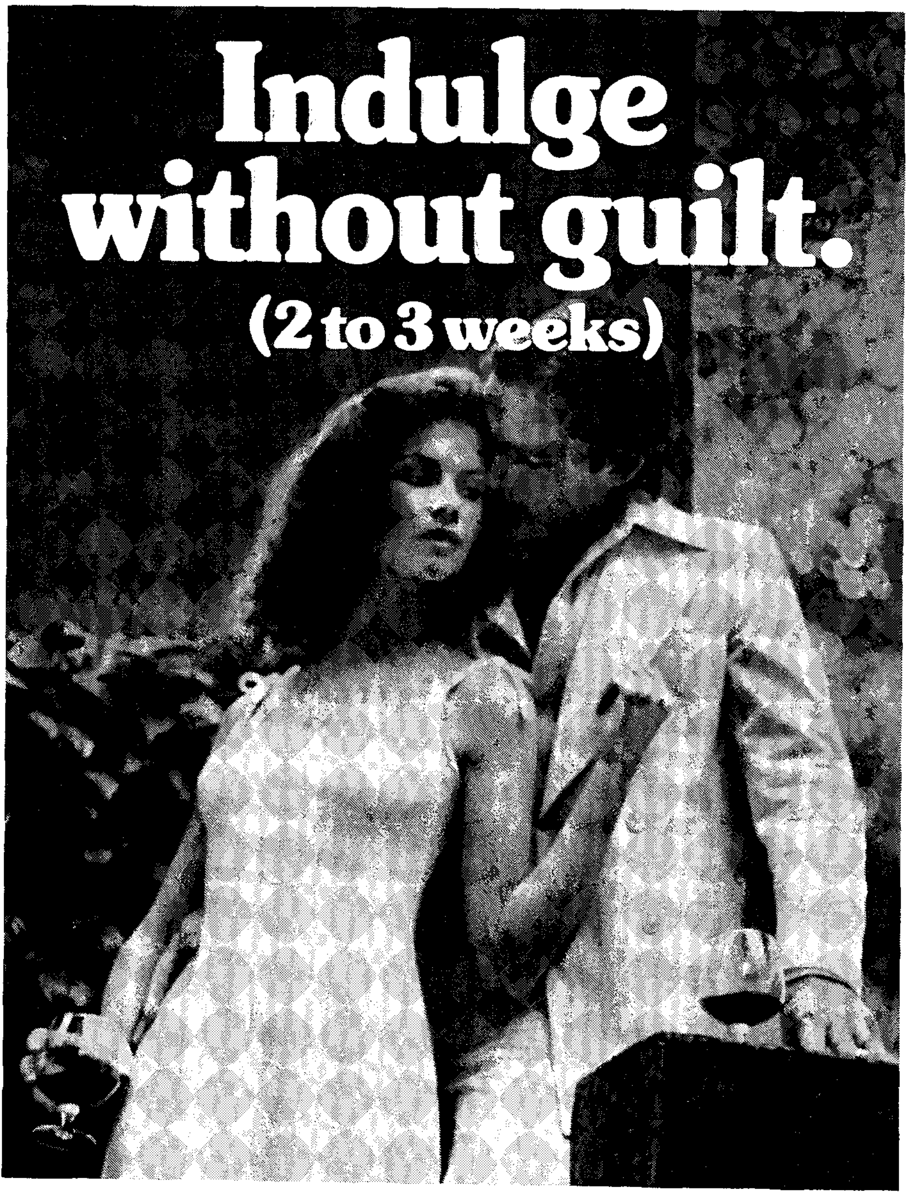
There is also the moral argument of Yoram Kaniuk, who is a good friend of Eliav's. "I am trying to say something very simple, but it drives me crazy," he says. "We come to Israel and tell the Arabs, 'Move over a little.' Well, since this whole situation is based on a tragic contradiction—right against right—we can be saved only by breaking the deadlock of that tragedy, by doing the only moral thing, which is to give the Arabs of Palestine their own state, even if it's impossible to keep the peace forever. You know, it's easy enough for you American liberals to say to us, 'Give back all your territories.' But even I wonder how you would feel about giving back Alaska to Russia right now. I do see some of the dangers in an Arab state alongside us, but . . ." He gives a characteristic shiver, pessimistically hunched up, rubbing his hands as if a cold wind were perpetually blowing on him. "But for moral and political reasons I shall fight for a Palestinian state, even though it may be the end of me. Even if we exist for only a few years side by side, for once since '47 we shall have got rid of the contradictions and we shall have been moral. We'll have an Israel that for the first time will be truly beautiful, truly clean. This is my utopia: I can go to Nablus and cross the Palestinian border there and say 'Hello, Ahmed,' and he stamps my passport and we kiss each other. Anything else will be like Masada. Except that there's a big difference. Masada was a heroic suicide and the Romans survived, whereas I fear that after Auschwitz the Jews cannot know heroism anymore—only revenge—and this time we'll slaughter first them and then ourselves, and no one will survive except a few Arabs in the desert."

Often, after talking to Yoram, I reflect on how united the Israelis remain, notwithstanding the potentially divisive Palestinian issue, which is argued in often hysterical, apocalyptic rhetoric. Such an explosive national problem might have split any other society. But because of the Jews' innate cohesiveness, the country's smallness, and the nearness of the latent enemy, the Palestinian question does not begin to divide Israeli society the way Vietnam divided the United States in the nineteen-sixties. There are constant discussions, many arguments, and some shouting matches, but no friendships seem to be lost, or even altered. "You must come to dinner to meet my friend Hanoch," a prominent dove will say. "We don't see eye to eye at all. He wants to annex all the territories, like Moshe Dayan, but we're very close." Others say, "I can't stand Amos's leftist politics, but I'm devoted to him," or "Chaim is starting a new right-wing coalition, but we remain the best of friends."

JANUARY 19TH: "We're treated like second-class citizens!" a young Arab student cried out. "We're considered suspect. We're treated like a Fifth Column!" His name was Nabeel, and he was a graduate student in biochemistry. He was sitting in the office of the vice-president of Hebrew University, and a dean—the university spokesman—was sitting next to him. Nabeel perched on the edge of his seat, gesticulating dramatically as he poured out his griefs. The expression in his large, long-lashed eyes was gentle, contrasting sharply with his voice, which was loud and harsh, and his manner, which was inflammatory. Next to him sat another Arab student, Dakwar.

"We can be put into jail at any moment for any length of time," Nabeel continued. "We are not Jews, therefore we are not full citizens. This is a racist state. When I want a teaching certificate, I have to wait three months for it and fill out seventeen forms, and then the school board still spies on me in my village to be sure I will behave O.K."

The dean—whom the two Arabs called by his first name, Benny—stared at the ceiling or out of the window most of the time, his arms over his



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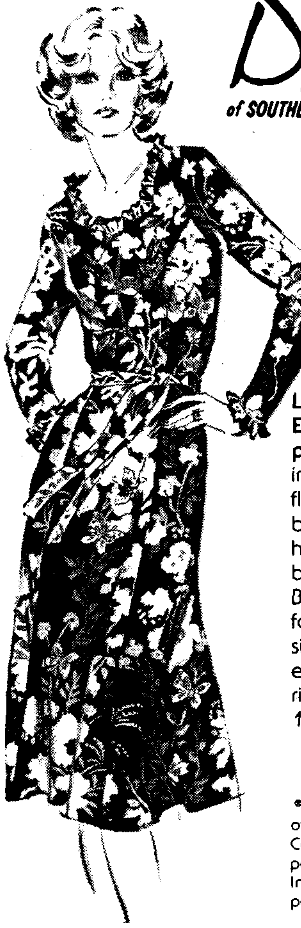

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head, and his fingers softly tapping the wall behind him. He was a small, square man, with reddish hair and a suffering face. A photograph of Harry Truman hung on the wall, as it does in many offices in Jerusalem.

"Even at the university, we are so mistrusted that we are not allowed to take courses in physical geography," said Dakwar. He was a tall, slender law student, with the kind of luminous, bearded face one sees in an old Egyptian Fayoum portrait.

"Now, come on, come on, Dakwar," the dean interrupted, with a glance at me that seemed to say "I hear this seventy times a day." "You are *not* forbidden to take courses in physical geography. It may be that there have been no Arab students registered in that course for a few years, but that does not mean there is a law against it."

"The facts are there, Benny," Dakwar said sharply. "The facts are there. And what about your policy against our rooming with Jewish students? Many of us would like to room with Jews. There's a joke among Arabs at H.U. that goes, 'If you want to be sure to be denied a place in the dormitory, insist on rooming with a Jew.' "

"That is not a policy but a preference, geared to the *olim*—immigrants," Benny said patiently. "Look, you have all these new people arriving from all over the world who are going to have a very hard time adapting to Jewish culture. Doesn't it make it easier on them to have Jewish roommates?"

"That shows even more clearly that Israel is a racist state!" Nabeel exclaimed. "Do you know how much more money the government hands out to Jewish municipalities than to Arab ones? Do you know that in my home town I can't move without being watched by my *muktar*, who's been asked by the government to watch me? But it so happens I don't like my *muktar*. I don't get along with him." (A *muktar* is the elder of an Arab community.)

Nabeel and Dakwar were Christian Arabs from villages in northwest Galilee. I had asked them one direct question—about their position on the issue of the university's Arab guards' going on strike. They had offered me a half hour of sociopolitical background on the griefs of the more than four hundred thousand Arab Israelis living within the 1967 borders. Every ten minutes or so, the dean had touched one or the other of them gently on the arm and said, "You are not answering her question." But one or the other had barked back, "Come on, Benny, I desire to give the background," and had continued. The dean had frequently apologized to me. "Not at all," I'd said at one point. "I am observing an excellent example of Israeli democracy at work." Benny seemed very pleased by my reply. After forty-five minutes, he left us to go to an administrators' meeting. What interested me most about this interview was the change in the Arab students the instant the dean left the room. They leaned back and relaxed, their faces flooded with luminous, gentle smiles. They spoke in soft, courteous tones. "He's not a bad man," Nabeel said, almost in a whisper. "We give him a hard time."

We decided that we wanted to talk at greater length off campus, and we met a few hours later in a small Arab restaurant in the Old City, near the Jaffa Gate. Nabeel and Dakwar had brought along a friend, a quiet, intense Druze law student, with a face both gentle and fierce and the taut body of a cat about to pounce. (The Druzes—some twenty thousand strong in Israel—are members of a sect that broke off from the mainstream of Islam in the eleventh century. In addition to serving in the Israeli Army, they follow various other rules of their own.) I offered the three a drink, apologizing as I did so, since the young Druze might follow some Muslim precepts. They all smiled broadly, saying that their generation of Israeli Arabs was "highly secular" and regarded all religion as "highly counter-revolutionary." "We're strongly for the liberation of our women, too," the Druze said, speaking with some militance. "That is very important for the radicalization of all society." We ordered a bottle of wine.

Like a good part of the Arab community in Israel, my friends were members of Rakah, the non-Zionist, Russian-oriented Communist Party, composed mostly of Arab nationalists, which in last November's Nazareth municipal elections put a Communist mayor in office. Only the Druze, however, claimed to be a confirmed believer in Communist theory. The others voted Rakah out of protest, because, Nabeel said, "it is the only party that really cares for the Arabs' problems." All three were considerably more preoccupied with self-determination in 1976 than they had been in

1967. Their cultural consciousness and their militance had increased—"as by osmosis," Dakwar said—through contact with their brothers on the West Bank. Nabeel and Dakwar agreed jokingly that the complaints they had voiced in the dean's office were not likely to get them in trouble, because Israeli intelligence was so busy in occupied territory. All three said they were determined to remain in Israel even after an independent Palestinian state was created on the West Bank. They expressed considerable dislike for King Hussein ("We hate him more than Golda Meir") and guarded esteem for those Israeli doves who they felt were earnestly seeking a solution to the Palestinian problem. "We could live with someone like Meir Pa'il," Nabeel said, mentioning a leader of Moked, "or even with Lova Eliav."

Toward some of the large Arab nations the students also expressed a guarded resentment, tinged with irony. "Of course they used us as pawns," Dakwar said. "They forced us to suffer. They refused to improve conditions in the refugee camps for precisely one reason—to radicalize us for their own purposes. What is a better school for guerrillas than a refugee camp?" Yet these intelligent and reasonable young men laid down certain conditions for the future which would pose severe economic and social problems for Israel. Every one of the three-quarters of a million Palestinians who had left his home in 1948, at the time of Israeli independence, they believed, should either be allowed to return or be compensated for the land that he had abandoned. And they said that they would continue to fight for equal rights with Israelis, which could be achieved only when their nation had become "a secular, non-Zionist state."

Since words are to the Arab world what music is to the Italians and wine is to the French, might the reality of Arab ideology be less fierce than some of its rhetoric? With maximum optimism, the belligerence of my friends' public posture in the office of the Jewish dean and their change of tone after he left could be seen as an image in miniature of the discrepancy between the Arabs' oratory and their beliefs.

JANUARY 20TH: This morning, I sit in the living room of an Arab Christian woman whom I shall call Elena, on the outskirts of a town in Administered Territory fifteen minutes from Jerusalem. It can be difficult to find people to talk to on the West Bank. Many Israelis are reluctant to

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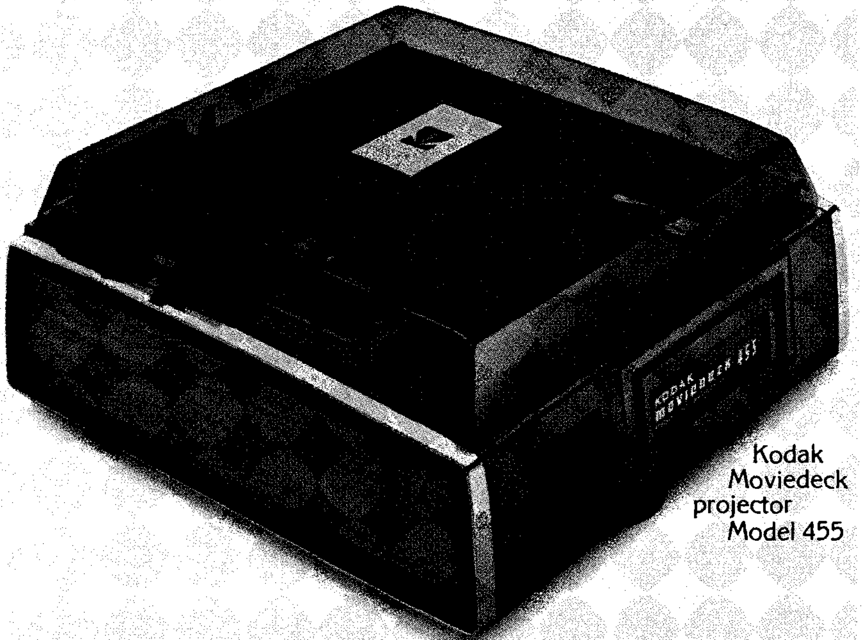

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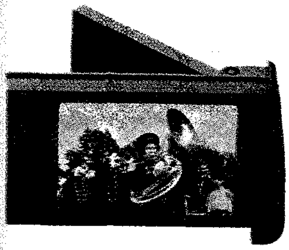

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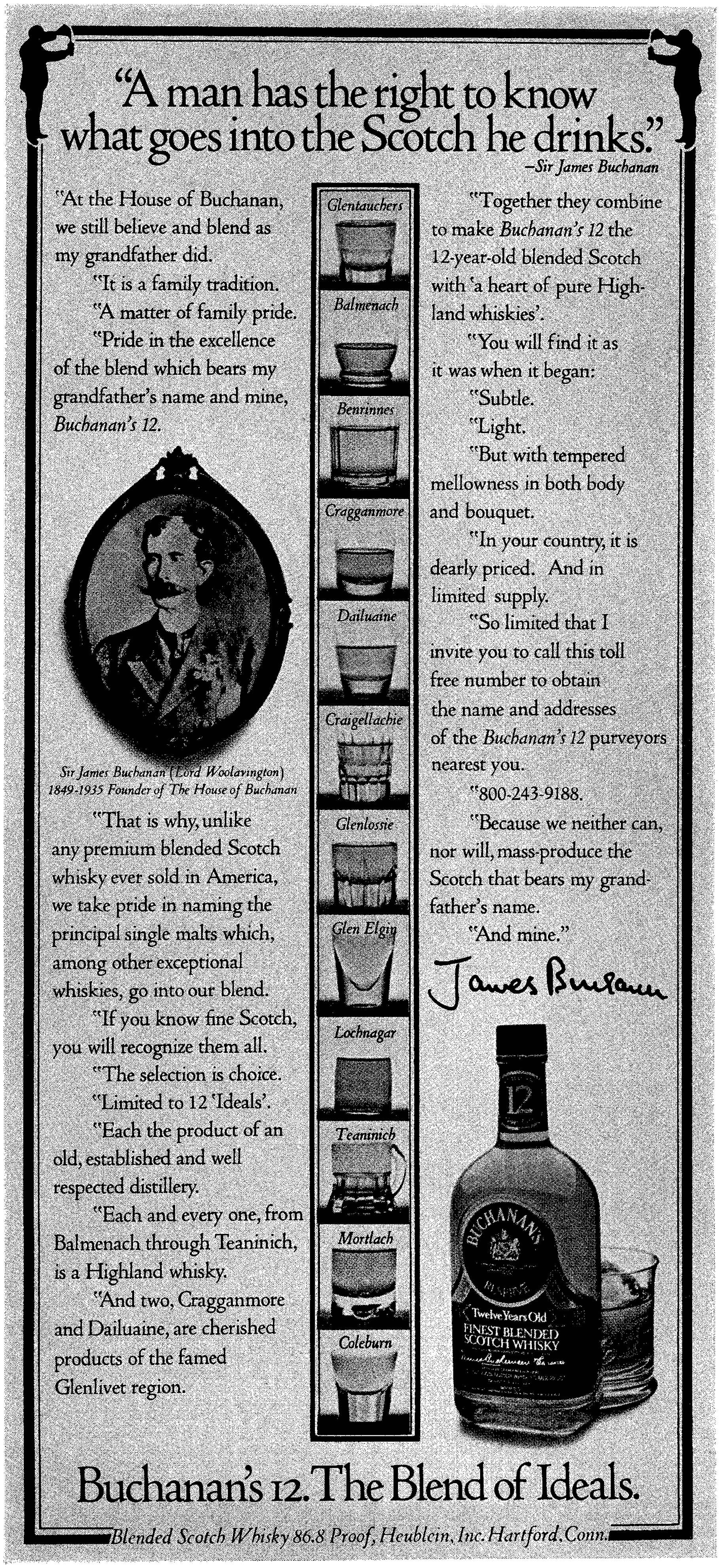

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share their West Bank acquaintances with foreign visitors, and many people who live on the West Bank—like any group living under military occupation—are justifiably cautious about expressing their views. But after several weeks I had met a generous Israeli journalist eager to share his West Bank contacts with me, and I had called Elena forthwith.

Elena is a short, pretty, well-built, exquisitely courteous woman in her middle thirties. She has curly brown hair, is wearing a carefully matched pants-and-sweater set, and has on savvily applied eye makeup. She is known as a “fire-eating supporter of the P.L.O.,” though some of my other Arab acquaintances say that this is in part “a pose,” that she “plays with radical rhetoric,” that she is “one of the many coffee-shop P.L.O.s on the West Bank.” In any event, it is a motley crew that has ended up in her living room this morning. Two Americans besides me, who are professional “peace people” employed by New York pacifist groups; a quiet, rather anti-Zionist young British television reporter doing a story on the West Bank; and a gracious Israeli pacifist in his sixties, Joseph Abileah, whose organization is the Israeli equivalent of our War Resisters League but—because of the strength of Israeli patriotism—claims no more than fifteen members.

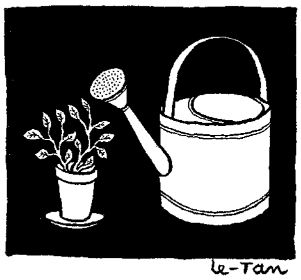
Elena’s house is a fairly elegant two-story villa, with a spacious glassed-in veranda that overlooks the bleak, terraced Samarian hills. Shades of Westchester in the nineteen-fifties: there are simpering china figurines in glass-fronted cabinets, philodendrons and rubber plants, a few Picassoesque lithographs, gladiolus on the imitation-green-marble coffee table. A ceiling-high Christmas tree richly hung with ornaments still gleams in a corner of the living room. Elena frequently snaps orders at a fat, kerchiefed maid in carpet slippers who is cleaning the house, and then turns to us with a radiant smile, to offer us tea, cake, fruit, nuts, sweetmeats. “You are welcome, you are welcome,” she frequently repeats.

Joseph Abileah is saying that in order for peace to come to the world all nation-states must be dissolved, and the Middle East, in particular, must become a confederation of pan-Semitic states, based on the Swiss canton system, that will include Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Syria, Israel, Jordan, Libya, and the new Palestinian state. “So all the rest of the world has had its turn at nationalism!” Elena cries out. “You want to deny it only to us? And what will our little canton of a state consist of?"

"The West Bank and Gaza, of course," he says.

"So," she growls, "you give us the bone, and Israel keeps the meat. The P.L.O. people I support won't accept a return to the '67 borders. How can we have a Palestinian state without Galilee? We have just as much right to Galilee as the Jews. We want to return to the '47 borders. We want a secular state in *all* of Palestine, in which Palestinians and Jews can live in peace, if the Jews will let us!" More sweetmeats for the guests, and exquisite smiles. "You are welcome, you are welcome."

Several times during the morning, we hear a distant boom in the valley below and all run to the window, led by Elena, who each time cries, "There is something, there is something!" We stand and look for five minutes, searching the landscape. "I guess there is nothing," she says, seeming disappointed. "There is nothing," we repeat, and we sit down again. The town that Elena lives in is one of those Arab communities where my Israeli friends have advised me "not to drive after dusk unarmed," and which has had several demonstrations. But by noon we realize that the recurring boom is caused by blasting at a construction site. Elena asks me, in an aside, what other residents of the West Bank I plan to visit in the following days, and expresses considerable dismay at my contacts, referring to them as "corrupt," "bought out," and "quislings."



After two hours, the other visitors leave, having decided to accompany the British journalist to the town of Nablus, where, it has been said, there may be a demonstration. Five minutes after they leave, a woman of Elena's age, but with long schoolgirl hair and dressed in a T-shirt and bluejeans, appears. Her name is Fatima. She is a Muslim. Elena and Fatima open a bottle of wine, and from then on it is hopeless for me to try to talk about political matters, because all they wish to discuss is the condition of the women's movement in the United States. How do we organize? What are those consciousness-raising meetings like? Is there any new legislation? Are men's chauvinist attitudes changing? Fatima has gone back to college in her middle thirties and has written two books, which were published in Beirut—where many of the books originating in occupied territory are published. She and Elena are acquainted with the work of Betty Friedan and Germaine Greer. What else are American women reading? I tell them about Juliet Mitchell, and about Erica Jong's "Fear of Flying." They are both on the edge of their seats.

"*Ai, ai, ai, ai!*" Fatima cries, raising her glass. "Intercourse! She writes about intercourse! *Ai, ai, ai, ai!* Marvellous! Like D. H. Lawrence!" she exults.

"Maybe like Henry Miller!" Elena says.

"I wish we had the time to organize women's meetings," Fatima says. "But, you see, we can't revolt against everything at the same time."

"Do you know what it *means* for a woman to be a political activist in the Arab countries?" Elena asks me. "To be out in the streets, talking to strange men, handing out leaflets, being arrested, as I was last year? My husband almost divorced me."

"I am divorced," Fatima says. "I have a child and must live with my parents. Do you know that when a man comes to call on my brothers, if he is not a friend of twenty years I must remain in the kitchen or the bedroom? I am not even allowed to go into the room with the visitor."

"Palestinians are in the foreground of the women's movement," Elena announces proudly. "The P.L.O. has an important program to liberate women. Maybe because in those refugee camps we had to live at close quarters for the first time, men and women together."

"The kind of suppression we've been living under," Fatima says, "it will give us a lot of explosive power." She swigs her wine down defiantly. "We are like volcanoes."

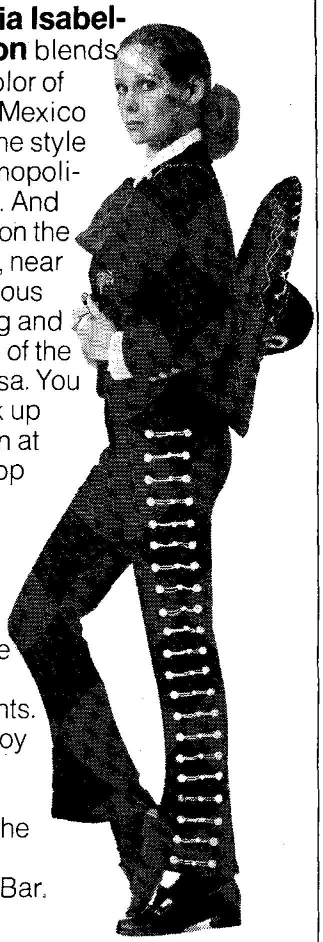
"Do you realize that Fatima has been divorced three years and she has not had a relationship?" Elena asks.

"Maybe she doesn't want to," I remark.

"*Tsatsa tsatsatsa!*" Fatima chides me. "That is not the issue. The issue is that I am not allowed to."

"Can you have freedom without sexual freedom?" Elena asks. "What is it like to live in a place where you will lose all respect—then where are you?"

"I have a daughter," Fatima says proudly as we part in an effusion of



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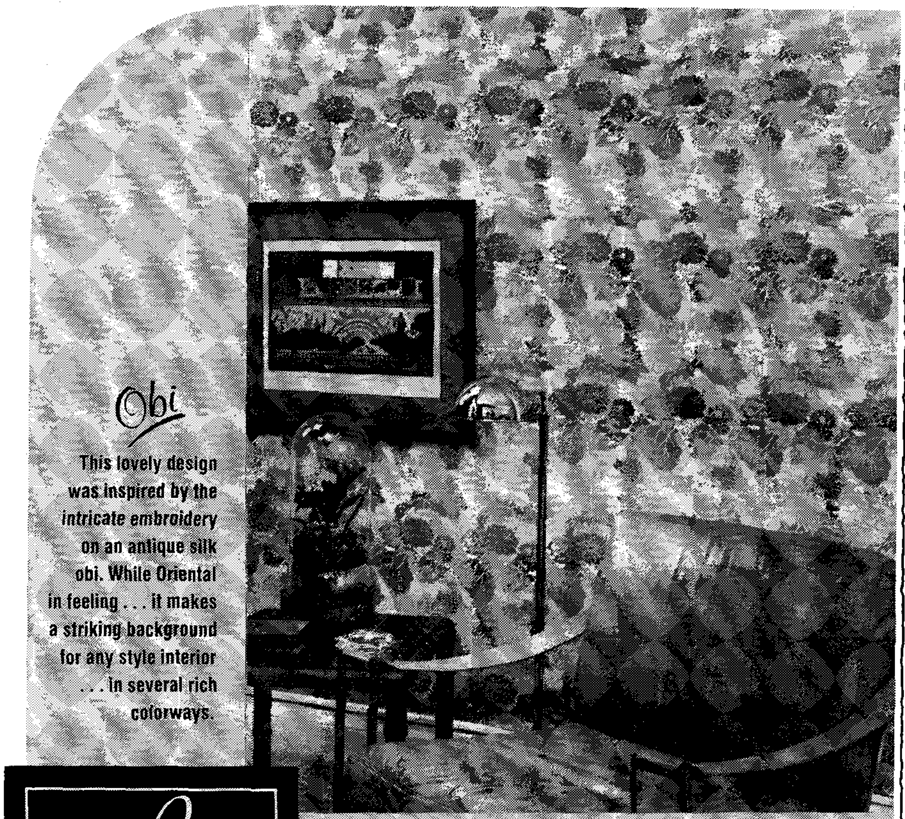

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handshakes and "You are welcome"s. "Our daughters will be different. They will change the world."

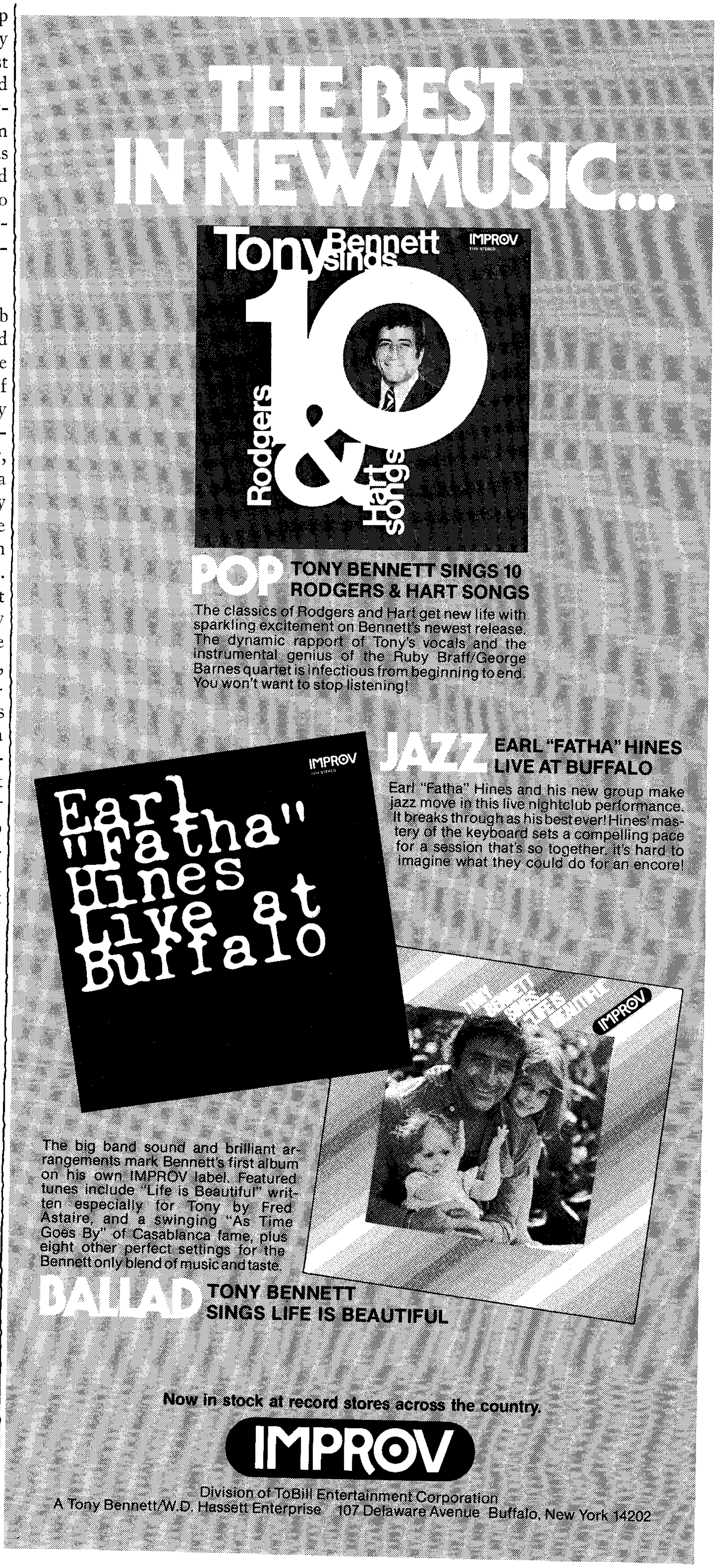
ONE of the West Bank residents whom Elena disapproves of—a journalist called Jamil Hamad—receives me later this afternoon in his office, in East Jerusalem. It is in an old building by Herod's Gate and is totally unheated; I secretly stuff sheaves of paper from my notebook into my shoes to keep my feet from freezing. We drink mint tea. The journalist, a handsome man in his late thirties, with a mustache and glowering eyes, is considered one of the best columnists in any of the three Arab-language newspapers published on the West Bank. When I ask him to compare life under the Jordanian and the Israeli regimes, he answers, "If I have to choose between keeping silent and being watched, I prefer being watched. Under Israeli occupation, I am only watched." Israeli censorship on the West Bank, he explains, is very strict on security and military matters, but he and his colleagues can rant all they want against Dayan or Rabin. He smiles slyly. "The Israelis must pay the price of their democracy."

I ask Hamad whether he feels that there is a substantial moderate element in the P.L.O. He answers, with characteristic circuitousness, "There is an old Arab song that says, 'You swear to me that you adore me. Yet when I look at your behavior I am astonished.' If there are moderate elements, why don't they speak up?"

We discuss the notion—widely held by Israeli centrists—that Hussein's supporters on the West Bank are the small wealthy-landowner class; P.L.O. support comes from the slightly larger, university-educated middle class, they say, and the allegiance of the large majority is impossible to gauge. The journalist seems to have no sympathy for either Hussein or the P.L.O. He prefers this rather surprising solution: The occupied territories should be administered for a substantial period by an impartial power—not the United States, perhaps some Scandinavian nation—while the inhabitants elect Constitutional bodies and achieve a firm base of parliamentary self-determination.

Toward the end of our talk, the journalist pounds the table with his fist and says, "The problem is, who cares about my feelings—about a Palestinian? The Palestinians have become the new wandering Jews. It is not entirely the fault of Israel, as the P.L.O. claims. I am fed up with the Arab world's flowery speeches. I am fed up with the Palestinians' saying what they *don't* want. Now is the time they must say what they do want. I am fed up with being an occupied-territory-Jordanian-Israeli-Palestinian Arab. I'm asking to be recognized as a citizen, as a father, as a man with a background of my own. If the world continues to neglect us, then the really fierce Palestinian will emerge from the occupied territories, and the world will pay for it."

JANUARY 21ST: Bir Zeit is an Arab college with some four hundred students on the West Bank, in the Samarian hills, half an hour north of Jerusalem. I am guided through it by a tall, thin, mustached young Palestinian, who works there as an instructor, and who received his doctorate from a German university. He immediately asks me whom I have seen on the West Bank, and expresses horror when I name Elena and the journalist. "*Tsatsatsa!* Please do not tell them that you know me. They are both very dangerous to our cause," he says. We sit in the Bir Zeit cafeteria, a littered, unheated room with rickety furniture, which is as different from its counterpart at Hebrew University as a cafeteria at Harlem Community College is from a college dining hall at Yale. I shall call the young instructor J——. He gathers several students to talk with us over a cup of tea. In contrast to the Arabs I saw yesterday, they immediately take great pains to make it clear that they support those more moderate elements in the P.L.O.—El Fatah, the Popular Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine, the Syrian-based El Saiqua—which they feel have implicitly recognized an Israeli state and acknowledged their readiness to begin a dialogue with it. "It is Israel that is making it hard for the moderate elements in the P.L.O., by not acknowledging their overtures," J—— says. The students' political ideologies seem to run a spectacular gamut—from the Syrian strain of Ba'ath Socialism through anarcho-syndicalism to conservative social democracy—but they declare that they are trying to forget ideology for the time being, "for the sake of building Palestinian nationalism." Bir Zeit College is some twenty per cent Christian, the rest Muslim. The students carefully impress upon one the fact that only a few of their number are religious—"perhaps five per cent." They say there is a growing fear on the West Bank that receiving aid from highly religious Muslim nations such as Saudi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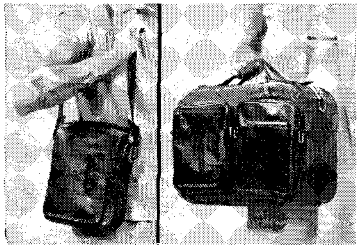

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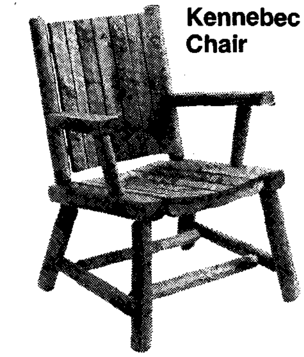

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Arabia and Libya might invite an imposition of religion, which would be intolerable to the new Palestinian culture. "There is never help without conditions," one student says.

Throughout the hours we spend together, J——, who is wearing a thick navy-blue turtleneck sweater, keeps pulling the top of it up toward his chin, and he talks in a hoarse, barely audible voice. He often points to his throat, referring to his hoarseness, and he claims that the Israeli police tortured him terribly during two months he has just spent in jail on charges of organizing political demonstrations. They imposed the "water torture" on him, he says, which can ruin one's throat for years. I express interest in his jail stay, and he seems eager to dwell upon it. The Israeli military police whipped him, he whispers, and dragged him so roughly across a cobblestone yard that he broke three ribs. They even took away his Palestinian flute and thrust it into his body. He makes a graphic gesture.

"That I don't believe," I say.

J—— pulls the top of his navy-blue turtleneck over his mouth and looks at me mournfully out of his thickly fringed eyes.

"What do you think of Hussein?" I ask.

J——'s voice rises by five tones and becomes quite loud. "Hussein!" he shouts. "A bastard! I hate him more than Moshe Dayan! He has suppressed the West Bankers, he has given us away, he has made us into slaves!"

THE acting dean of Bir Zeit College is G. A. Baramki, a graduate of the University of Beirut. A stately, pale man in a conservative pin-striped suit, he sits in his office, with an assistant in a chair by his side. She is a large, handsome, angry-faced woman in her thirties, dressed in slacks, who often speaks up. Baramki is exceedingly courteous but is obsessed by the idea that the majority of New York City's population is Jewish. Our one altercation occurs over this issue. There is a sizable percentage of Jews in New York, I say, but certainly not a majority.

"Oh, no, you're wrong," he says. "You'll see when you return. New York is more than fifty per cent Jewish."

"It can't be, Professor Baramki. There are almost eight million people in New York and fewer than six million Jews in the whole of the United States."

Very early in our conversation, I learn that the president of the college, Hanna Nasir, who is a cousin of Baramki's, was exiled to Jordan in November, 1974, when demonstrations occurred in Ramallah and throughout the West Bank in support of Arafat's appearance at the United Nations. Nasir is one of hundreds of Jordanian intellectuals who were permanently exiled to Amman for political organizing on the West Bank. Although the Israelis have adopted the detention rules used by the British under the Mandate—no official charges are made, so there is no trial—it is clear that Nasir was held responsible for the effective manner in which his students organized demonstrations in Ramallah.

Baramki and his assistant are eager to disabuse the Israelis of the notion that the P.L.O. has no support from the working class of the West Bank. "After our shopkeepers had closed up their shops in support of Arafat," Baramki says angrily, "Israeli police cut open their safety locks with torches and forced them to reopen so that the Israeli newspapers could say, 'No working-class people demonstrated.' " Yet, unlike J—— or the students, the dean and his assistant are sympathetic to Hussein, and do not see support of the P.L.O. and of Hussein as mutually exclusive. Hussein, they stress, is putting most of the West Bank exiles into positions of power in his government, partly in an attempt to create a détente with the P.L.O. And these two cautious, intelligent Jordanians are also careful to point out that they see the P.L.O. as a highly transitional structure, which may not be giving enough representation to the new culture that has developed on the West Bank.

"We West Bankers are involved in a critique of the Arab press, of sexism, of education, of family structure, of a variety of cultural attitudes," Baramki's assistant says. "We want self-determination, like all other nations. But we have nothing to do with El Fatah. Neither are we like the refugees in Jordan or Lebanon. The critical point is whether the P.L.O. can make its way here as a symbol of the new Palestinian identity. If it can't, it's in trouble."

"We support the P.L.O. because it is the only vehicle for the establishment of a Palestinian state," Baramki says. "But once our state is established, the P.L.O. can wither. It can be seen as the most provisional of governments."

His assistant says later, as she ushers me out, "Perhaps when you come back to see us next time, we shall already have our state."

"We are a patient people," Baramki says, bowing. "We shall wait."

JANUARY 22ND: I am scheduled to leave tomorrow. Yoram Kaniuk and I sit in the courtyard of the American Colony Hotel, a beautiful building in East Jerusalem erected a hundred years ago by a Chicago lawyer. It is one of those marvellous sunny winter days in Jerusalem when I can pretend, if I am sheltered from the wind, that spring has arrived. The walls of the American Colony's patio are high, the sun is hot, and we sit coatless beside a lemon tree that is luxuriantly in fruit—enormous lemons outlined against the sapphire-blue sky. Yellow and blue, bold and dazzling complementary colors—Jerusalem colors, the hues of the golden Dome of the Rock outlined against the sky.

"I believe in God," Yoram is saying. "And I think He is anti-Semitic. Here we are, a people who followed His law as no other people ever followed God's law, a people driven by the Halakah, the legalism in which you do fifty little things a day to be worthy of God's love, down to every detail—eat this way, don't eat that, the dishes here, the dishes there. In Danzig, in the freezing weather, we celebrated Middle Eastern rituals based on a desert climate."

A tourist desperately yearning for sun lies on a chaise longue a few yards away from us, white cream spread on her cheeks, a triangular object perched in the middle of her face to shield her nose. She holds a little portable radio, which has been playing some old Beatles songs.

"Right into the nineteenth century, observing His law like no other people," Yoram says, "and look what He does to us."

"*Bleep, bleep.*" A crisp, Britannic male voice: "Good afternoon, everyone. You are tuned to the two-o'clock news, broadcast from Jerusalem. In Lebanon this morning, Moslem leftist and Palestinian Liberation Organization forces almost completed their takeover of the country's northern and eastern regions, tightening their blockades on Christian enclaves there. The Lebanese state radio reports that large-scale clashes are raging in Beirut and other regions, amid mounting tension throughout the country. In Jerusalem, Defense Minister Shimon Peres reiterated this morning the Israeli government's earlier warning . . ."

"Oy," Yoram says. "Thank God you're getting out tomorrow. War

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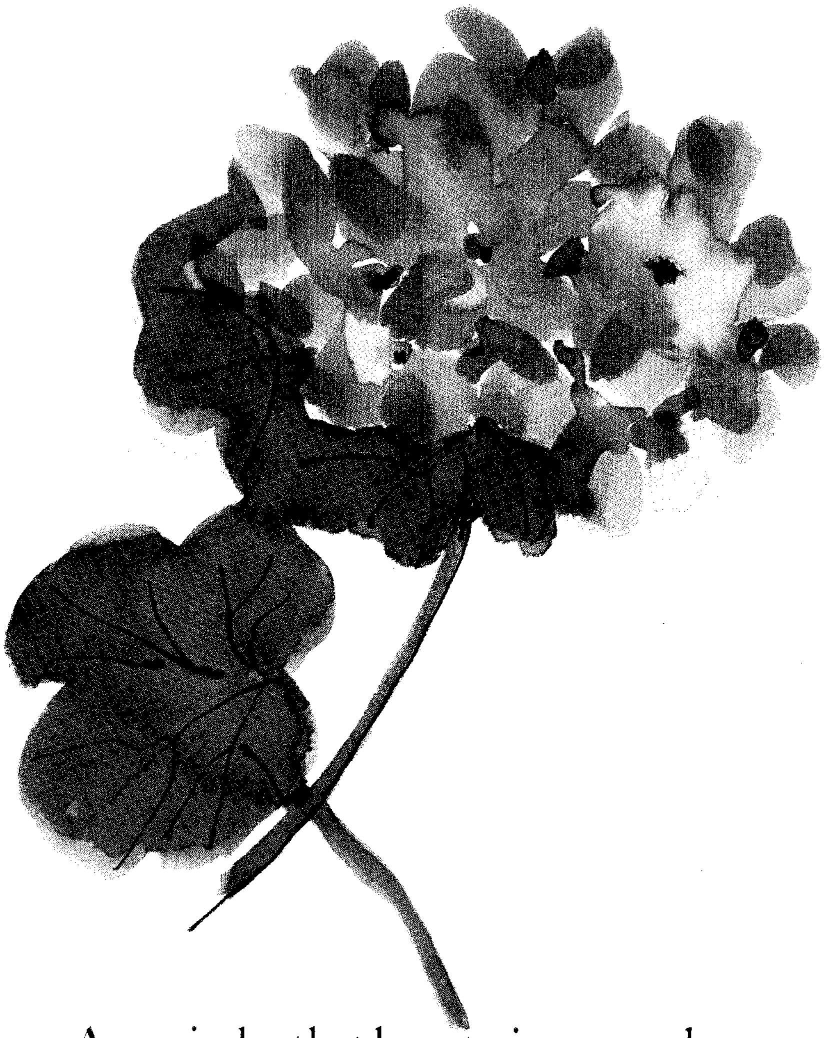

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SHORTLY before I flew back to New York, I received a visit from the writer Haim Gouri, who is regarded by many as Israel's unofficial poet laureate. He has very soulful eyes. We talked for several hours. He did not see the Situation in sociopolitical terms, like a journalist, but in that deeper perspective which only poets, novelists, playwrights—artists, in effect—can bring to historical events. He spoke in short, interrogative, aphoristic bursts.

"The solution is never, never totally political. It must always be seen in a spiritual perspective, mustn't it? The founding of our state has not solved the Jewish question, has it? Perhaps it has complicated it. Who are we? Who is a Jew? That is the question. The Israeli Cabinet has twice fallen on that issue. Perhaps that is the most crucial problem for our country, more crucial than the Arab problem—to continue probing for our spiritual identity."

Haim Gouri went on to say that only once in his life had he known something that he could truly call freedom. It was in 1948; he was twenty-five years old. He had been sent to Paris with a delegation of the Palmah, the shock troops of the Jewish underground resistance, to organize aid for the new state. Once, during that visit, he had been to a night club called the Taboo. "*Là, au Taboo, au delà des prophètes, au delà du danger! Ça, c'était la liberté!*"

He continued, "We are an obsessional people who seem terrified of free choice. Will it always be that eternal motto for us—*Ein Breira*, No Alternative? Is it part of the Jewish condition always to re-create solitude, the state of siege, the garrison state? We always return to a state of siege, don't we—we, with our profound historical pessimism? That was what the ghetto was, wasn't it? Like our country today—a Jewish place under constant menace of persecutions. Shall we always have to live with this illness?" He banged the table angrily. "I ask you, are we a ghetto? Or a mission?"

—FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

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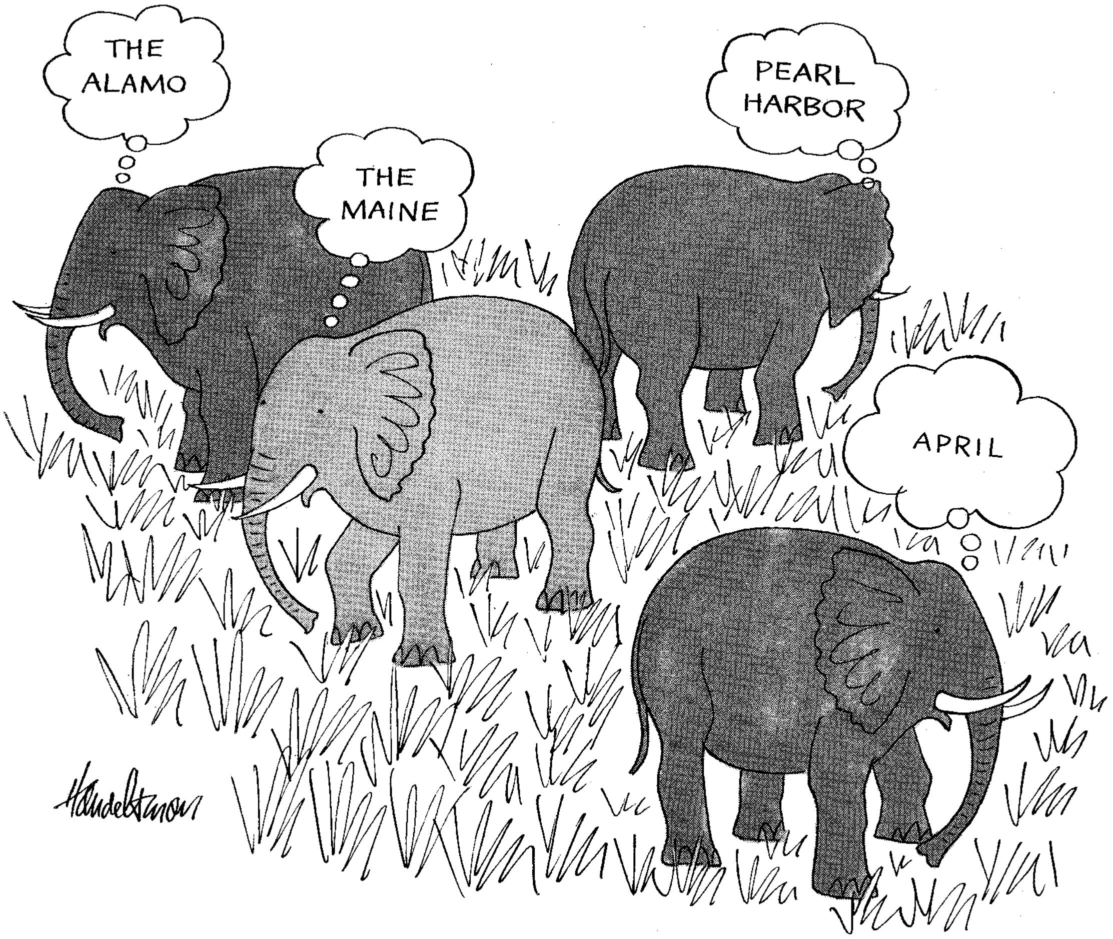
Under the direction of Oz Scott, the whole performance seems inspired. Not the least of it is the rapt, silent attention that the quiet characters give to the speakers and dancers in the spotlight in number after number. Costumes by Judy Dearing, lighting by Victor En Yu Tan. The effective choreography is by Paula Moss, who, as I've said, also appears in the show.

"LIVIN' FAT," by Judi Ann Mason, the closing production of the Negro Ensemble Company's season at the St. Marks, is a domestic farce with a tantalizing ending that leaves the audience in suspense, teetering on the very brink of morality. The college-educated son of a poor black family in a Southern town can only get work as a janitor in a neighborhood bank. The bank is robbed by a couple of white men, who, in making their getaway, drop a packet of about fifteen thousand dollars right beside his cleaning rag. Of course he pockets it and brings it home, and of course he starts spreading it around. Once his upright parents are convinced that he is not one of the robbers, there is temporary relief, but no solution to the dilemma at the heart of the play: must he return this "found" money or may he keep it? His overworked, churchgoing mother and his overworked father, who does a lot of private communing with the Lord, feel at first that the money must be returned; his frisky grandmother insists that any impediment to a color television set has to be wrong; his teenage sister cannot contemplate giving up a dreamed-of tape recorder; and his closest crony is too resplendent in a gorgeous bright red suit, with shoes to match, to return to everyday drabness. The son agrees to abide by his parents' final decision, which will not be revealed here.

Douglas Turner Ward, the artistic director of the N.E.C. and the stage director of this play, has found exactly the right broad, comedic style to lightly camouflage the play's genuine satiric intent. As the foxy grandmother, Minnie Gentry is merrily hokey. Wayne Elbert does well as her upright son-in-law, always at odds with her, and so



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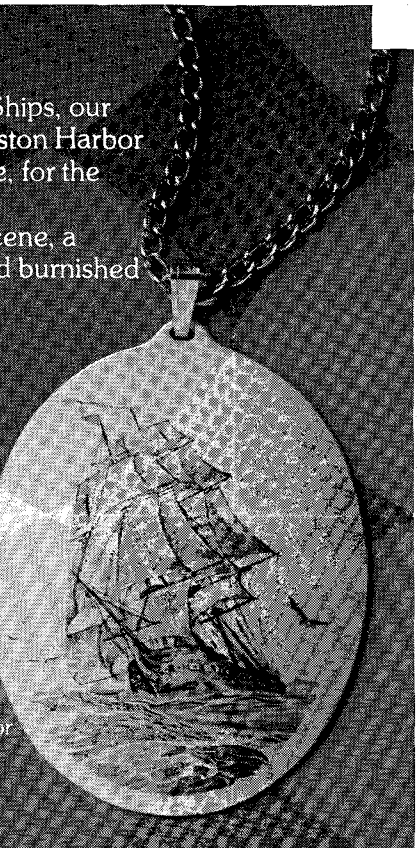
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does Frances Foster as her troubled, ethical daughter, who spends much of her time and energy trying to keep peace between them. The youngest generation, as represented by Dean Irby (son), Joyce Sylvester (teen-age sister), and Frankie Faison (crony), are as believable as need be and, when the occasion calls for it, funny. Miss Mason, the dramatist, is still an undergraduate at Grambling State University, and although she has written many plays, this is her first professional production. Scenery and costumes by Mary Mease Warren; theme song by Jothan Callins (music) and Mr. Ward (lyrics), sung by Hattie Winston.

THOMAS BABE's "Kid Champion" of last season—about a rock star and the rock scene gone stale and rancid—was one of the most original, vivid, and fascinating plays ever to be done at the Public. His new "Rebel Women," again at the Public (Newman Theatre), could not be more different in tone and feeling, although here, too, we know we are in the hands of a writer—perhaps of an overwriter. "Rebel Women" is set in a rather grand house in a small Georgia town, and the action covers the events of an afternoon, an evening, and the following morning, in December, 1864, when General William Tecumseh Sherman, en route from Atlanta to the sea, establishes his headquarters there. The women of the title belong to the household of an elderly widow, a Mrs. Law, who owns the house; principal among them is her daughter Mary, the beautiful wife of a clergyman taken prisoner by the Union soldiers and in danger of being shot. It is Mary who tries to persuade the General to spare her husband, and whatever focus the play has is in the scenes between Mary and Sherman. They are two of a kind, their powerful feelings and their past bitter disappointments held under iron control, and after she has a bogus fit of hysterics and he soothes her, their sexual attraction for each other bursts to the surface. They are also great talkers, especially Sherman, who provides us with an almost complete autobiography, quotes passages from "The Song of Solomon" and Shakespeare, and even mentions that "war is hell," from Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations." Nevertheless, he is well drawn (and is very well performed by David Dukes), and so is Mary (very well performed by Kathryn Walker). On the side, there is another, more lighthearted romance taking place, between a skittish young virgin of nineteen and one Dr. Samuel

Sutler, a merchant and a member of the General's entourage, whose seduction of the girl—fly-by-night though it proves to be—is more than welcome to her. (John Glover and Deborah Offner make an attractive pair.) By the time the play is over, the house is still standing, an old rebel sword has been returned to Mrs. Law (played with dignity and authority by Leora Dana), the clergyman has been freed, and all the inhabitants are intact (in a manner of speaking). Only a house slave (Deloris Gaskins) is left onstage, speaking in quietly eloquent soliloquy about the wonder of her new freedom and what may lie in store for her.

"Rebel Women" is never boring, yet it is not especially dramatic or gripping, either. Episode follows episode, but Mr. Babe's plan of action escapes me. We are overinformed about even subsidiary characters. A Major Strong, General Sherman's aide, spends the night in the arms of a lieutenant; next morning, having turned against the war (and against the poor, nice lieutenant), he is so insolent to the General that he is stripped of his rank and dismissed. Why? What has his popping out of the closet got to do with anything, or why do we have to know that he went to Harvard? A final quibble: the casual, offhand use of four-letter words, whether historically justified or not, in every instance snapped me out of the eighteen-sixties and into the nineteen-seventies. One more actor I enjoyed: David Dean, in the bit part of a local civilian forced unwillingly to get provisions for the Union troops. Setting by John Lee Beatty, costumes by Carrie F. Robbins, lighting by Neil Peter Jampolis—all commendable. Jack Hofsiss directed.

—Edith Oliver

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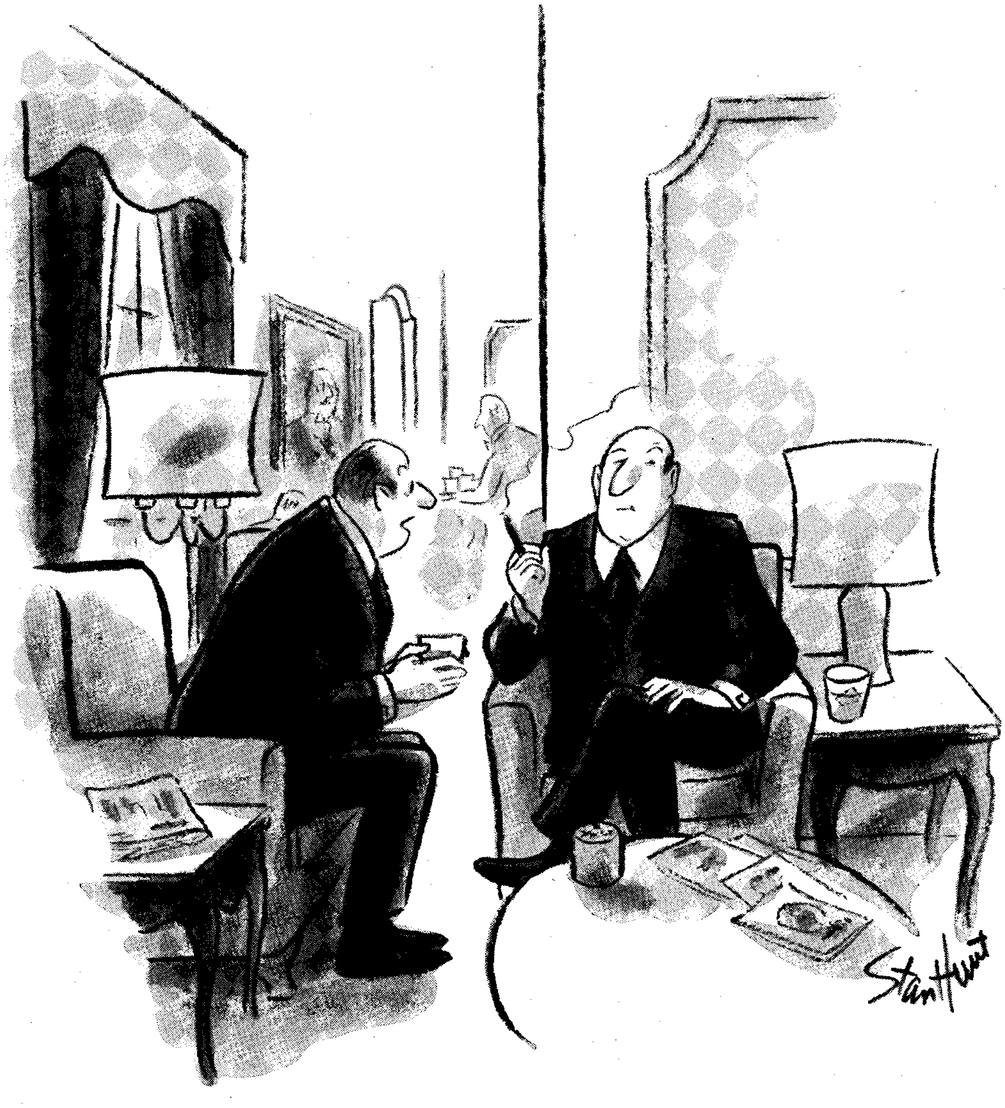
THE ART WORLD

Ideal and Real

THE twenty-eight-foot blowup of Hiram Powers' "The Greek Slave" that is bolted to the canopy above the entrance to the Whitney Museum as the emblem of its "Two Hundred Years of American Sculpture" exhibition recalls the high point in the popularity of sculpture in the United States. As an advertisement for the Bicentennial survey, Powers' neo-classical nude enters the order of cigar-store Indians and other shop signs—tilted forward a few degrees, she could serve as a figurehead for the Ship of Art, sister to Colonel Charles A. L. Sampson's rather heavily garbed "Belle of Oregon" on display inside. The public success of "Slave" in the mid-nineteenth century was due to her combination of exposed nakedness and lofty moral sentiment—a formula that often worked to win acclaim for academic compositions of the period. Sent on tour throughout the United States, "Slave" allayed the moral qualms of her beholders by arousing their sympathy for her plight as a modest Christian put on the block by lecherous Turks, to be delivered, for obvious purposes, to the highest bidder. "The subject," one promotional announcement declared, "is a Grecian maiden, made captive by the Turks, and exposed for sale in the Bazaar of Constantinople." "Slave" stood for a woman in the most urgent need of liberation, and this was sufficient to overcome the uneasy pleasure aroused by meeting her stripped barer by her captors than Duchamp's bride by her bachelors.

Powers' statue, regarded by the Whitney as a "key work" in the history of American sculpture, invokes an ideal—that of freedom. It is this idealism that makes "Slave" typical of the sculpture of its century: the heroic Washingtons and Franklins, the allegorical Proserpines, the equestrian statues, the figures of Justice and Truth, the portrait busts and reliefs of generals, statesmen, and preachers. In the transition from the awkward forthrightness of self-taught carvers of the early Republic to the Italian-inspired neo-classicism of Horatio Greenough, Powers, and Thomas Crawford, and to the various naturalisms of Henry Kirke Brown, Daniel Chester French, and Augustus Saint-Gaudens in the late nineteenth century, elevation of mood was a constant goal. The busts of the notables are all noble-looking, as is the head of every one of Saint-Gaudens's black foot soldiers. (One suspects that the bust is a genre that in itself confers nobility.) The folk carvings—which the Whitney deserves praise for including on equal terms in a "fine"-art survey—are similarly imbued with high moral or religious content, and Charles M. Russell's and Frederic Remington's cowpunchers, and even the animal sculptures of the first quarter of this century, reaffirm in their physical dignity that striving for an uplifted tone, or sublimation, which gives American sculpture from the Revolution through the Second World War its coherence, regardless of differences in style or aesthetic concept. In an introductory essay (one of seven) in the catalogue of "Two Hundred Years," Daniel Robbins notes that throughout the nineteenth century sculpture remained a public art dedicated to "the values that American society wished to enshrine." Among sculptors of the early years of this century, moral seriousness was present in the social realism of Saul Baizerman, Mahonri Young, and Abastenia St. Leger Eberle, or was replaced by the new European-inspired aestheticism and formal ideals of such artists as Paul Manship, Alexander Archipenko, Robert Laurent, and Elie Nadelman.

Modernism is, among other things, a repudiation of moral idealism in art and of the exalted sentiments of the middle class. In its appeal to mid-nineteenth-century Americans, "The Greek Slave" exemplifies typically dubious aspects of academic loftiness. Foremost among these is a lack of concreteness. Created in the eighteen-forties, at the height of the anti-slavery agitation, "Slave" calls attention to the bondage of white marble girls with classical profiles but not to that of black human ones. As an act of the imagination, the work owes more to Greek sculpture than to participation in contemporary anguish, whether in Greece or in Ala-



"Things aren't so simple anymore, Alston. The ethical high road may be more practical now than the practical low road."

bama. Its remoteness saved "Slave" from controversy of the kind that enveloped Miss Eberle's underworld-flavored plaster "White Slave" when it was displayed at the Armory Show of 1913. This remoteness extends to the physical modelling of "Slave" as a nude, with its resigned expression of a museum cast—not a naked woman suffering humiliation. Transcendence of sex is built into her style in much the same way that sublimated lewdness was to become the style of the heroic child-bearing Valkyrie of Nazi sculpture of the nineteen-thirties. Though billed in its circuslike showings as the triumph of "the genius of our own American artist, Powers," "Slave" and its creator had little relation to American life, either in subject or in manner. Once he left the United States to pursue his career in Florence, Powers remained an expatriate for the rest of his life. In terms of fact, "The Greek Slave" is a piece of Italian sculpture fashioned by an ex-American, sold to an Englishman, and promoted as a sensational spectacle in somewhat the same way as the publicizing of a shady tableau by Edward Kienholz.

The modernist outlook, first absorbed by Americans in the late nineteenth century, and reinforced by the Armory Show, had the dual effect of bringing American sculpture (as it did painting) closer to daily life, on the one hand, and to exclusively formal and decorative aims, on the other. Both tendencies turned sculpture away from popularly accepted moral, patriotic, and religious concepts. Fictional and historical personages ceased to be taken as credible embodiments of abstract ideals. One might say that the emotions of artists overflowed particulars of the common life and, no longer responding to Diana or an Admiral Farragut as ready-made signs, sought to generate their own mythical and semimythical personifications. Lachaise's "Standing Woman," a nameless contemporary goddess, celebrating sex by her grandiose female forms, represents the antithesis of the transcendence of Eros in "The Greek Slave."

Gradually shedding its symbols of unfocussed generalizations—the Liberty, Wisdom, Columbia of the academicians as well as the regional and class stereotypes of the nineteen-thirties social realists—American sculpture in the period following the Second World War reached toward a new, nonfigurative grandeur, in which significant emotions would be conveyed not by cultural or physical references (the chains on the wrists of "Slave") but

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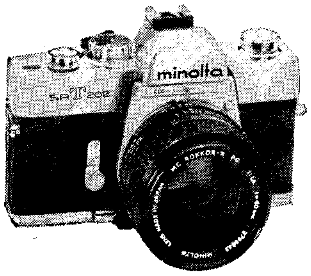

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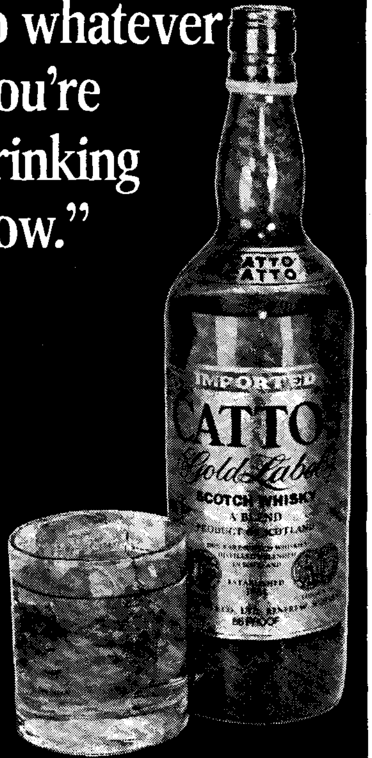

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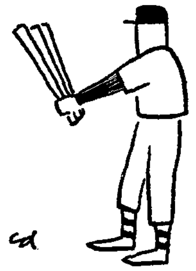
solely by the visual elements of which the work was composed. The ambition to translate the profoundest feelings into psychological equivalents inherent in art materials was first realized in the canvases of de Kooning, Pollock, Hofmann, Kline, Rothko, and other Action painters and Abstract Expressionists. Barnett Newman's invocation of "the Sublime" as the essential content of art can be seen as an extension of the earlier idealism of American painting and sculpture—purged of literary, mythological, and ideological associations, and hence abstract in the most extreme degree possible. This salvaging of metaphysical feelings from the wreckage of religious, philosophical, and political credulity through a vocabulary of sensual fact potentially present in words, paint, quantities of sound constitutes the fundamental heritage of modernism in the tradition extending from Poe and Baudelaire to Klee and the Surrealists. It took shape in American sculpture in the myth-oriented early metal weldings of David Smith (which are well represented at the Whitney) and in the related creations of Lipton, Hare, Ferber, Chamberlain, Ibram Lassaw (the last unfortunately restricted at the Whitney to uncharacteristic pieces of the nineteen-forties).



The drive toward concreteness of twentieth-century art has encouraged withholding from works any concepts or metaphors not realizable in the works' material components. But the limiting of art to what is actually there can be subject to a wide range of interpretations: it can include both sensitivity to intangible presences and the most stubborn literalism. One who denies that truth combatting ignorance is anywhere to be seen in John Storrs' nude male with a serpent coiled around his right leg may in the name of an uncompromising vanguardism also reject the manifestation of force in a di Suvero construction of heavy beams and chains. That the emotion conveyed by a Smith or a Rothko is indefinable save in terms of the work itself means that this emotion is present solely as an aura of the visible forms, and thus its existence is as impossible to prove as that of Hamlet's ghost. To a leading earthworks artist of the sixties, the metaphysical aims of Abstract Expressionist painting and sculpture were a hangover of the "myth of the Renaissance" in the form of "mushy humanistic content," while to the public the psychic action in a Pollock or a Smith was translatable into therapy, self-expression, or theatricalism—superfluous and irrelevant to painting and sculpture, however decisive the artist's formal innovations.

If one had to choose the single outstanding feature of the art of the nineteen-sixties, it would be the attitude, varying from indifference to soured ideological hostility, taken toward the metaphysical feelings and exalted psychological states of the Abstract Expressionist generation of painters and sculptors. Artists such as Rothko, Gottlieb, Reinhardt found themselves to be virtual exiles among their formal and technical disciples. Pollock's mystical "contact" with the canvas, Newman's sublimity and awe, Hofmann's élan were negated in how-to formulas derived from technical aspects of these artists' creations. Pollock was recast as the master of "overall" painting, Newman as the father of color-area compositions, Hofmann as the synthesizer of Cubist geometry and Expressionist brushwork. The new, anti-metaphysical aesthetic may have been a reassertion in art of American know-nothingism, corresponding to the support by the majority for the Vietnam war. Or it may have sprung from the search for simplistic definitions by the proliferating university art departments.

THE movement toward literal tangibility is carried to various logical conclusions in the sculpture displayed on the fourth floor of the Whitney. In the portion of the "Two Hundred Years" survey labelled "1950-1976," the revolt against the ideal, as it appears in changing aspects on the two lower floors, has been consummated. Everything is as specific as a shovel and proved by the smoking pistol. From Carl Andre's patterns of copper squares laid out on the floor to Robert Rauschenberg's arrangement of two logs and a piece of a torn tire, nothing is anything but what it is. No ideas are to be discerned except ideas of what sculpture can be, and once it has been relieved of its "mushy humanistic content" sculpture can be anything that is not painting—that is not a flat surface, which now includes unpainted canvases.

In terms of the Whitney's fourth floor,. Powers' "The Greek Slave" remains a "key work" if attention is transferred from the original marble carving inside the museum to the giant

"Slave" on the canopy, which was produced on paper by computer-controlled spray guns and mounted on an armature of plywood and steel. In another essay in the exhibition catalogue, Marcia Tucker, a curator of the Whitney, provides a suggestive analogy. "Andre," she writes, "has succinctly described the evolution of contemporary art." "There was a time," she quotes him as saying, "when people were interested in the bronze sheath of the Statue of Liberty, modelled in the studio. And then there came a time when artists were not really concerned with the bronze sheath but were interested in Eiffel's iron interior structure, supporting the statue. Now artists are interested in Bedloe's Island." To be genuinely contemporary, the Grecian maiden on the canopy needs only to be undressed of her body in order to reveal the infrastructure of industrial materials in relation to the building to which she is affixed. So reduced, she would qualify as art within the limits of Miss Tucker's admonition that "present-day sculpture has generally rejected anthropomorphic, transcendental, nostalgic, and metaphysical content."

What is sculpture without these infusions of meaning? On the Whitney's fourth floor, the separation between art objects and other objects has been brought to an end. In sculpture, the prime symbol of the elimination of this barrier is the absence of the pedestal or base, which as late as Smith's "Voltri" series and Newman's "Here I" set the work apart from furniture or the landscape. At the Whitney, things sit on the floor, or ground, like rocks, stick out of it like trees, or are supported from the ceiling like vines. Not that the show is completely consistent; it yields to the seduction of fashionable reputations, for instance, in including Nancy Graves' camel. An exception to the no-separation principle is the interior by Kienholz, which, framed by its setting, is out of place in the survey of this "evolution," since it thus becomes a tableau, or three-dimensional picture, instead of occupying humanly habitable space. Out of place for similar reasons are a boat and shark fins in a glass case by H. C. Westermann. The late Robert Smithson's "Non-Site" (a fourth-floor piece, but located below the lobby), which consists of stones in a painted metal box with three parallel openings, is an anomaly: the horizontal slits give the work the effect of stripes painted on a naturalistic backdrop.

The core of the fourth-floor display is its man-made enclosures (tunnels, corridors, mazes, into which spectators

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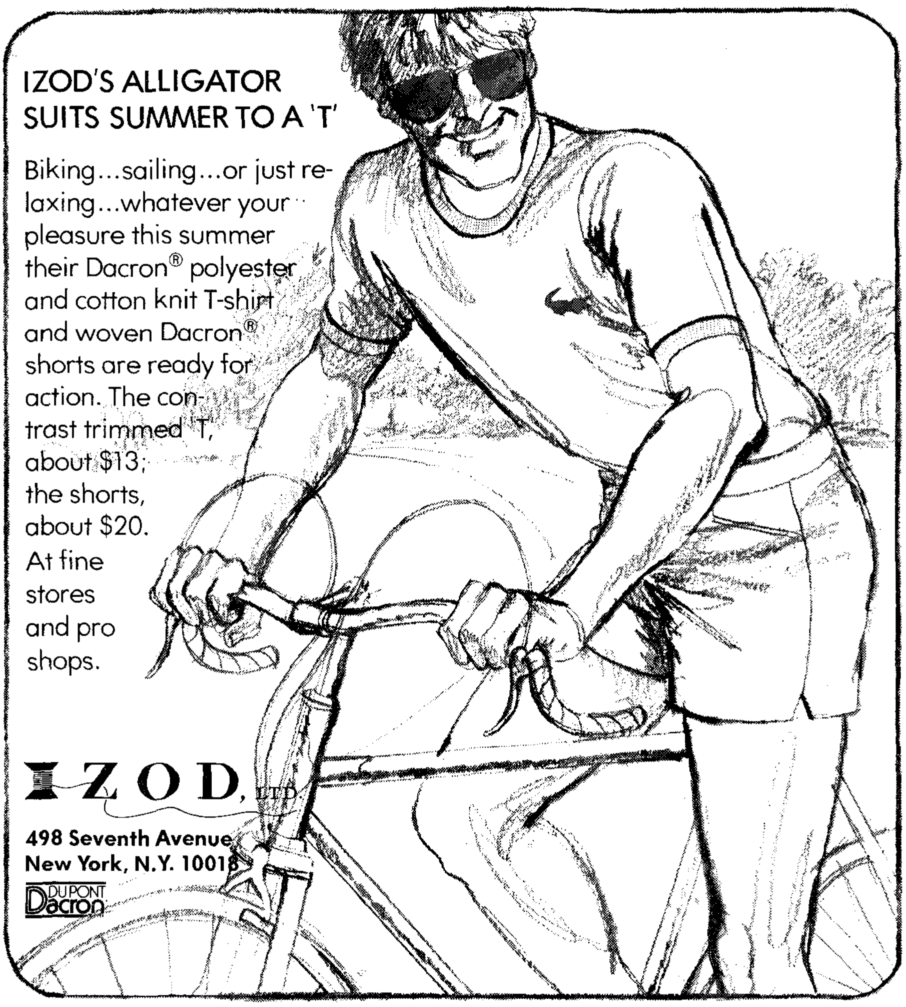
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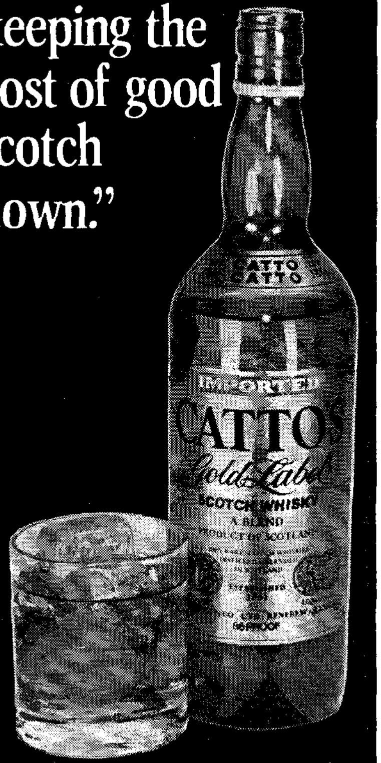

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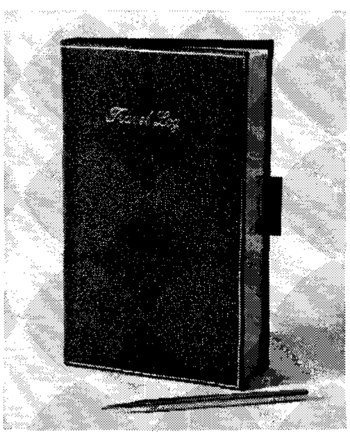
are invited) and its intrusions into habitable space by solids, sounds, and lights. Things added to the environment include geometrical structures and modules, by Andre, Sol LeWitt, and Donald Judd, and random scatterings of odd materials and machine parts, by Barry Le Va and Michael Heizer. At the extremes of rationality and accident are Barry Le Va and Larry Bell (whose names taken together seem to belong to a word game). Photographs of outdoor constructions by Smithson, Walter De Maria, and Heizer emphasize the identification of art and nature, and of the artist and the building contractor. Equally emphasized, except in the borrowings of techniques and forms, is the dismissal of the art of the past and of the kinds of experience on which that art was founded. With the disappearance of the pedestal or base, sculpture achieves its effects not as visual shape, icon, or sign but by usurping the floor (Andre), or confining the spectator (Bruce Nauman, Bell), or threatening him (De Maria). Art becomes an ecological problem, as in the recent suit brought by California environmentalists to prevent Christo (unaccountably omitted from the Whitney exhibition) from building his running fence. In the works on the fourth floor, the drive toward de-idealization has reached its goal, in theory and in practice. With the exclusion of abstract morality, formal beauty, and metaphysical realities, nothing is left to be cancelled. Art has hit bedrock in the irrelevance of how things in an exhibition look, what they mean, and what they leave in the spectator's mind. It seems unlikely that negation has any further possibilities.

That "Two Hundred Years of American Sculpture" terminates in a dead end of values is at least in part owing to the distorted time perspective of the organizers of the show. One-third of the three-floor exhibition space is assigned to one-eighth of the total two hundred years: the period from 1950 to 1976. Aside from this disproportionate attention to the present, the artists shown in the section do not actually represent the past twenty-six years. Smith, Louise Nevelson, Herbert Ferber, Lassaw, Newman, George Rickey, Len Lye, all of them important postwar sculptors, have been relegated to the weirdly conceived "1930-1950" segment of art history, on the third floor, while many others—Kenneth Snelson, Gabriel Kohn, James Rosati, Peter Agostini, Raoul Hague, William King, Chryssa, David Weinrib, Willem de Kooning, to name



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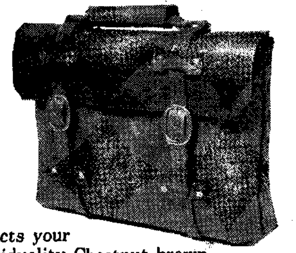

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the first that come to mind—have been omitted. Actually, much of the work shown on the third floor was executed after 1950, and some of it even after 1960. With similar inaccuracy, or misrepresentation, the majority of the "1950-1976" exhibits were completed after 1960 (I could find only three that were done before that date) and before 1970—many featured in the show are reproduced in Wayne Andersen's "American Sculpture in Process: 1930/1970," and those that were conceived in the past six years are extensions of earlier concepts. In sum, at the Whitney, 1950 to 1976 consists of less than ten years, the products of which are made to outweigh all other developments, values, and possibilities in American sculpture. In its fixation on art-world fashion and the logic of avant-garde innovation, the Whitney has stretched the now largely exhausted aesthetic reductionism of the latter half of the nineteen-sixties—founded upon a particularly disagreeable and disheartening interlude in American social history—to give the impression of a continuing dominant trend.

In a statement introducing "Two Hundred Years," Mr. David Rockefeller, chairman of the board of Chase Manhattan Bank, which is a sponsor of the exhibition, observes that the show "provides a unique insight into the history of the United States." One wonders whether the decline in morality, idealism, and character revealed in the passage from the anti-slavery content of "The Greek Slave," however mild and remote, to the "loose and indeterminate arrangements"—the willlessness—of the "scatter" pieces representing the Now at the Whitney is the historical phenomenon that Mr. Rockefeller wanted spectators to discover.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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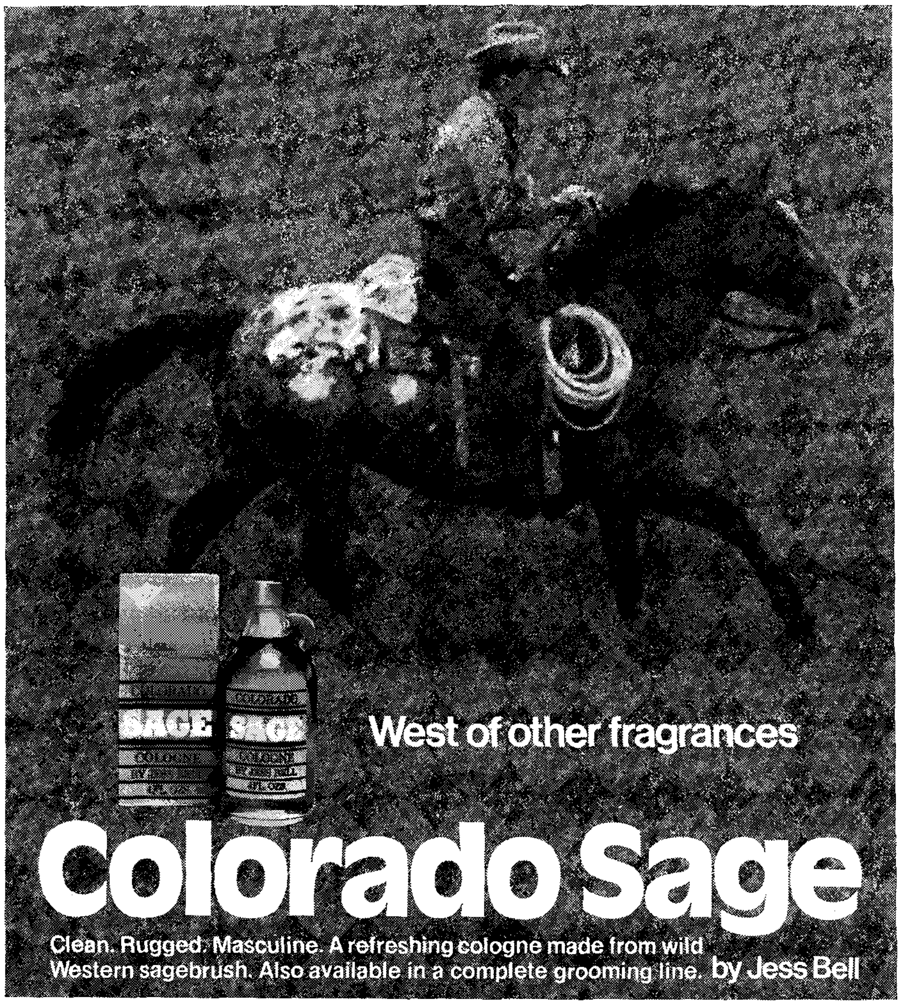
Something there is that doesn't like this quote.



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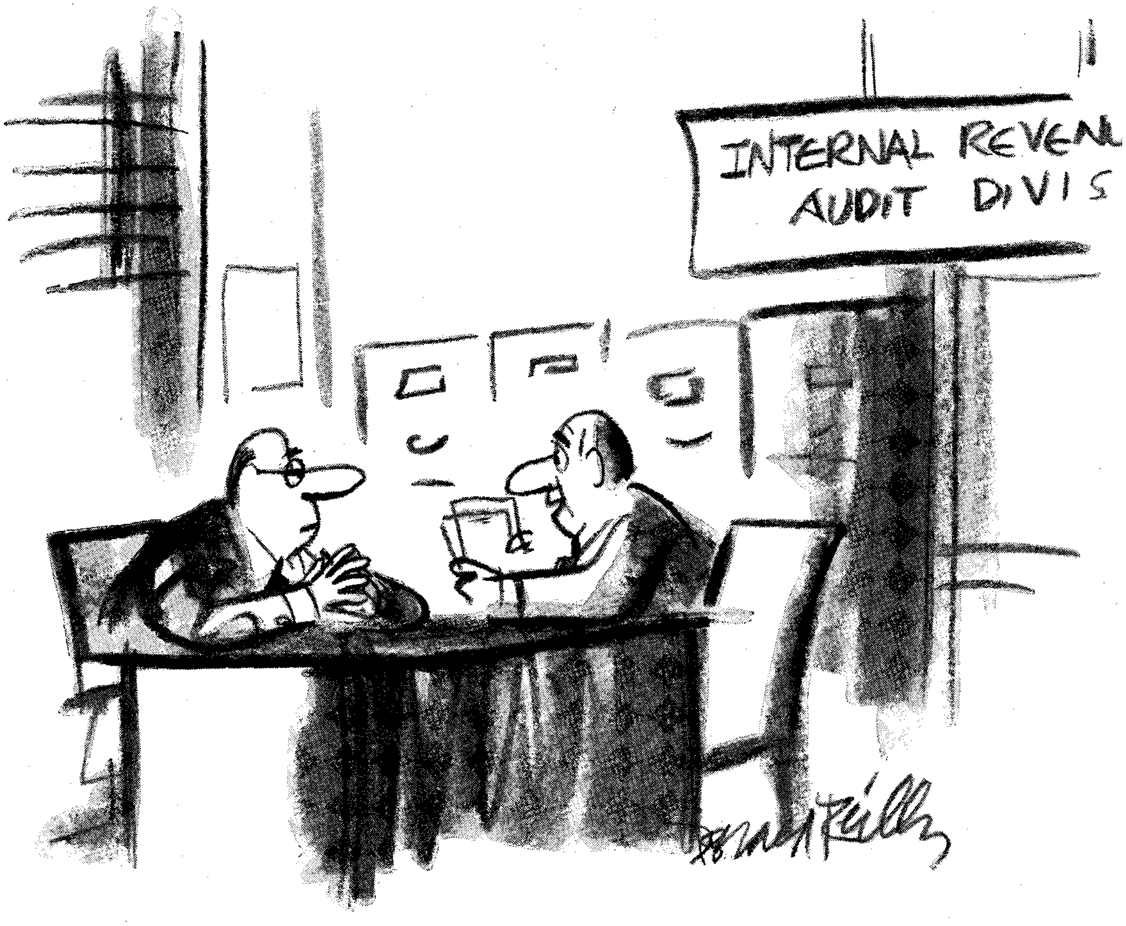
U.S. JOURNAL: WASHINGTON, D.C.

SCOUTING SLEEPERS

ABOUT a year ago, I decided to become a book scout for Marcia Carter and Larry McMurtry, because they made it sound so easy. They are partners in a Georgetown rare-book shop called Booked Up—a name whose origins I have, as a gesture of friendship, not investigated. A scout in the rare-book business is what the antique trade would call a picker. Looking for books that he can sell to a dealer, a scout will work over the shelf at, say, the St. Joseph's Ladies' Auxiliary Thrift Shop, confident that what the other browsers take to be a dusty old industrial pamphlet he will recognize as the first published book of Thomas Wolfe. A book scout will scout garage sales and antique stores and charity book sales. He may even scout rare-book shops; it is axiomatic in the trade that nobody can know everything about books, and a dealer with an awesome knowledge of poetry and Americana might be harboring an enormously valuable nautical work that he had been planning to include in the next batch of books donated to the local Veterans Administration hospital. I had never thought of becoming an antique picker. It's a perfectly legitimate way of making a living, but the word suggests a small, gnarled man poking through rubbish heaps. Being a scout sounds adventurous; McMurtry regards it as "a form of sport." It occurred to me that someone who travels as much as I do could be a book scout on the side, in the way an anthropologist who studies Indians may work up a small sideline in silver jewelry. McMurtry used to make his living as a book scout. He has been known to say that he is the best book scout in the country; he once tried to arrange a sort of *mano a mano* with a West Coast scout at a charity book sale in Des Moines. For a number of years, of course, he has made his living as a writer—mostly a writer of novels set in Texas, where he grew up. A book scout would consider him a successful novelist, since a mint-condition first edition of his first novel, "Horseman, Pass By," would fetch about a hundred and twenty-five dollars. McMurtry, to his mild displeasure, once even ran across a stack of his own letters for sale at a stiff price. When I heard the story, my displeasure was acute: I realized that after answering the only letter I could remember receiving from McMurtry—a nicely typed, unstained document containing a discussion of Midwestern barbecue which a certain sort of literary critic might find of interest—I threw it away.

Writers are not ordinarily book collectors. I know a few writers who have large libraries of what people in the rare-book trade would call, with some condescension, "reading copies"—books that are of sufficiently modest value to be read without fear that the odd coffee stain might drastically reduce the owner's net assets—but McMurtry is the only American writer I know of who has developed a professional interest in rare books. McMurtry says that when he first began collecting books, as a student at North Texas State College, in the fifties, he must have done so on the assumption that anyone who was apt to go back to a home town like Archer City, Texas—the town used for filming McMurtry's novel "The Last Picture Show"—had better own any book he might ever want to read. These days, after having accumulated and sold two or three libraries, McMurtry owns mostly reading copies himself, except for some small and eccentric collections like books on the Yellow Peril and books on Siberian travel. Owning a bookshop, he says, "cools the fever" of collecting. Owning a bookshop has also drastically cut down on McMurtry's scouting—book dealers like to stay in their shops, on the theory that, as they often say, "anything might walk through the door"—but his scouting fever has not cooled. He compares book scouting to cowboying, acknowledging in the process that he was a fairly miserable cowboy. His father, McMurtry says, could spot a cow he wanted and return the next day to cut it out of a herd of two thousand; to Larry all cows looked alike. Not books. Larry knows which shade of blue cover on a copy of "Native Son" indicates a first printing and which one doesn't; he knows the precise value of poetry books by Robert Lowell that Robert Lowell may now have forgotten writing. Dealers normally do not show up at the



"Gee, you mean that's it? 'Go, and sin no more'?"

large charity book sales; scrambling around with a horde of laymen among thousands of books is not their style. But McMurtry has often been first in line at the book sale held annually in Washington to raise funds for Vassar—a position that can reflect a willingness to camp on the sidewalk the night before the sale.

When I decided to enrich myself in the book trade, McMurtry and Marcia Carter gave me a short course in how various publishers identify first editions—a course I forgot so swiftly that I was able to phone excitedly a few weeks later to report finding an extraordinary first edition published by a firm that Larry identified for me as strictly a reprint house. The next time I phoned, I was in Charleston, South Carolina, where I had just grabbed a first edition of William Faulkner's "The Hamlet" for a quarter at an event that I remember as a Huguenot Society bake sale. Marcia answered the phone. Marcia spent the late fifties at the Madeira School and Vassar instead of at North Texas State College. A stranger who wandered into Booked Up under the impression that a female book dealer is a stout, gray-haired woman whose cigarette ash is about to fall into a book by Thomas Carlyle might mistake her for a customer who has dashed in to pick up a leather-bound book of nineteenth-century poetry to take to the hostess of a particularly smart Georgetown dinner party; in fact, Marcia would have probably had to refuse the dinner party to attend a book auction in Baltimore, and her gifts are normally more antic than leather-bound poetry, the most notable one to Larry having been a sweatshirt that said on it "Minor Regional Novelist."

She seemed pleased to hear that I had found a first edition of "The Hamlet." "How nice!" she said. "With a dust wrapper?"

"Well, no, not exactly," I said. "No dust wrapper."

"Oh," she said. "Well, it's a nice book anyway."

"If you must know," I said, "page 8 is taped, and, as long as we're being absolutely honest, so is page 9, owing to its proximity to page 8. It's sort of dirty. I'll keep looking."

I kept looking. I didn't pay high prices. My father—who started buying books in his retirement, mostly at garage sales—told me once that he never paid more than a dime for a book unless it was something special. Allowing for inflation, I am my father's son. With a quarter here and fifty cents there, though, I figured I had made

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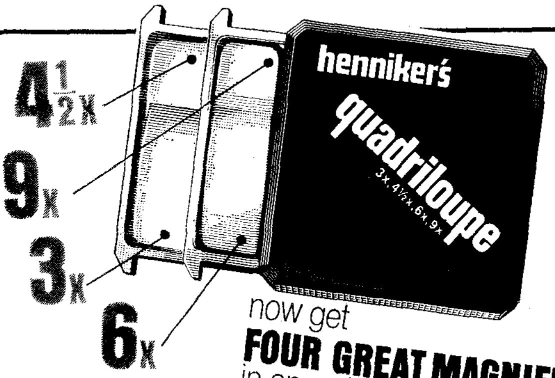

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some shrewd buys. We agreed that I would bring my haul to Washington this spring during the Vassar book sale—giving me a chance to see McMurtry operate as a scout at the same time. I lugged about fifteen books from New York to Washington with me—the only scout on the shuttle.

Larry had decided that we would have to spend the night on the sidewalk to guarantee being first in line, and Marcia cheerfully agreed to participate to the extent of lending me a pillow. Marcia does not scout the Vassar sale; she is on the other side. Even before she went into the rare-book business, she worked on the sale as what she calls "one of the moles"—the Vassar alumnae who work through the year pricing and categorizing the books that have been donated. Volunteers like Marcia try to limit the number of books that would qualify as what scouts like Larry call sleepers—books that, through carelessness or ignorance, have been priced with the herd of popular novels and book-club editions instead of being cut out for special attention. As part of her temporary role of adversary rather than partner, Marcia further harasses Larry by doing an imitation of what he sounds like while trying to get the first grab at the cardboard boxes full of books brought by volunteers to restock the tables after the first rush. ("Can I help you with that, Ma'am?")

At ten-thirty, we arrived at the site of the sale—the ground floor of a nearly completed office building—and found it free of lurking book collectors. McMurtry threw an empty Army duffelbag on the sidewalk next to the door and sat down. It had been a couple of years since McMurtry was the earliest arrival—last year he didn't wander in until almost daybreak—and he seemed happy to have regained his primacy. When a tall man carrying a sleeping bag showed up around eleven-thirty, McMurtry said, "Well, Shannon, you're late." Shannon, a computer operator, collects mainly illustrated books and nostalgia; in past years he had been accompanied by his son, a Charlie Chan collector. As it turns out, most of the people who regularly show up early to wait in line are specialists, who dash off in different directions once the door opens. McMurtry, being the only regular whose main interest in front position is having first crack at the rare-book room, says he could actually do as well by being fifth or sixth in line instead of first—except, of course, for the honor. At the Vassar

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sale, the books of obvious value are displayed in a special section, with its own checkout counter, and it is McMurtry's custom to head there on a dead run. A couple of the Vassar alumnae in charge of the sale—women Marcia introduces as the queen moles—have been working on it for more than twenty years, time enough to have acquired what even the scouts acknowledge is a nearly professional grasp of the field. But, the point of their operation being to dispose of a hundred thousand books during the five days of the sale, they tend to mark even non-sleepers at a price that is well below what might be encountered at a dealer's. When the door opened, at ten the next morning, McMurtry was almost certain to be the first customer into the rare-book section, carrying his empty duffelbag. We would not, it turned out, be forced to spend every minute of the intervening eleven and a half hours on the sidewalk; for the past few years a collector of Lincoln books who is always among the early arrivals has taken it upon himself to hand out numbers that allow people in line to go for a stroll or even leave for breakfast without losing their places. The Lincoln collector showed up about midnight. "Hey, George, you're a little late this year," McMurtry said in greeting. Armed with our numbers, we decided we would have breakfast around seven at my hotel—giving McMurtry the opportunity to get a preliminary glance at the bagful of sleepers I had brought from New York.

McMurtry lined up the books on the dresser of my hotel room. "I would say that some of them are worth twenty-five cents and some of them are worth fifty cents," he said.

"That's what I paid for them!" I said.

"Well, you didn't lose any money," he said.

I told him I wanted a formal appraisal by both partners of the store—not a quick glance by someone who was obviously suffering the effects of having spent the night dozing on the sidewalk. On the way back to reoccupy our places in line, I said, "What about that first edition of 'The Caine Mutiny'?"

"It isn't a first edition," Larry said.

"Nobody likes a niggler," I told him.

An hour before the door opened, all one hundred and twenty of the numbers the Lincoln collector made had been handed out. Larry introduced me to some collectors back in the

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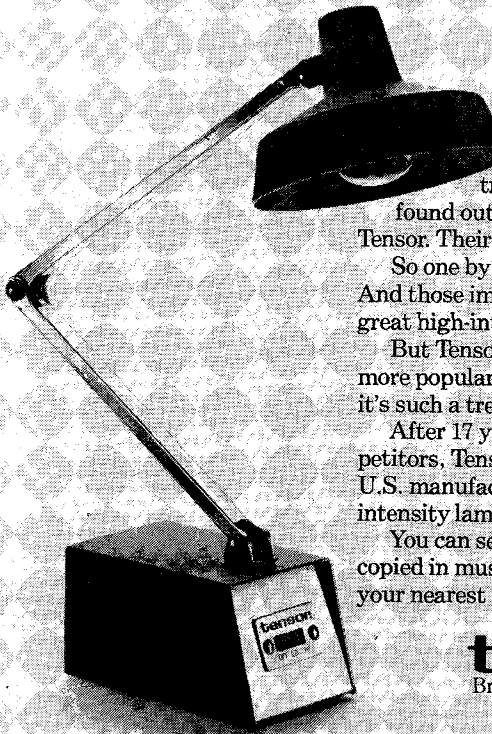

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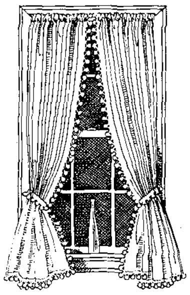

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line—including William Matheson, the rare-book librarian at the Library of Congress, and his wife, Nina, also a librarian, who is known among rare-book people in Washington not only as a collector of H. G. Wells and Nabokov but as someone who has a particularly sharp eye for a sleeper. At the Vassar sale the previous year, she had paid fifty cents for a copy of "The Cocktail Party" that was signed by T. S. Eliot. A few minutes before the door was scheduled to open, while McMurtry was back in our assigned spot doing something like fluffing up his duffelbag, Matheson mentioned that a Canadian colleague had, during a recent visit to Washington, perused the stock of Booked Up and selected, for ten dollars, a copy of "Maria Chapdelaine," by a French-Canadian writer named Louis Hémon. The book, Matheson's colleague had told him, was worth eight hundred dollars. "I don't know whether to tell Larry or not," Matheson said. Everyone urged full disclosure as the only honest course. McMurtry rejoined the group and was told about Louis Hémon. He managed what I believe the novelists call a weak smile, and mumbled something about living and learning. A scout scouted. I considered telling him that I had never heard of Louis Hémon, either; I also considered telling him that Louis Hémon had always been my favorite French-Canadian novelist. Then someone said we had better take our places in line.

AT ten o'clock, McMurtry burst through the door of the Vassar book sale. He dashed past a table full of old magazines, skirted the Mystery table, and skidded to a halt in the section that had been partitioned off as the rare-book room. There were eight or ten tables within the rare-book section; McMurtry started right to work on one that had been labelled "Treasure Table." He began snatching up books and tossing the ones he wanted into his duffelbag—making the decision with the sort of quick confirming glance a housewife working the canned-soup section of the supermarket uses to make sure she has picked up cream of tomato rather than tomato with rice. Only a few seconds after ten, McMurtry already had what he believed to be the two most valuable books on the Treasure Table—an eighteenth-century manuscript cookbook and a copy of William Godwin's essay on population which the author had inscribed to a friend. He quickly finished the Treasure Table and, still in the rare-book section, headed for tables marked

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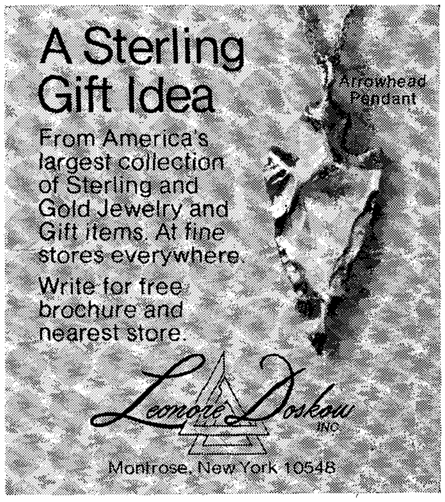

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"First Editions" and "Art and Architecture." By the time he reached the Rare Americana table, he was dragging a heavy duffelbag behind him. Suddenly he rolled the duffel shut, slid it far under the Rare Civil War table, and dashed past the rare-book checkout into the general section empty-handed. "Never stop to pay out of the rare-book room right away," he had told me just before the door opened. "It's a death trap." McMurtry, carrying two paper shopping bags he had picked up somewhere, was now working the rest of the sale—finished, for the time being, with rare books. It was two minutes after ten.

The huge room began to fill up with people carrying shopping bags and cardboard boxes and even pushing grocery carts. McMurtry made a quick pass at the Poetry counter, spent a couple of minutes at Short Stories, and headed for Fiction, where he figures there are always opportunities for sleepers—particularly in writers of the Harlem renaissance and American radical fiction and a category that people in the trade call "minor moderns." One of his shopping bags was already full. I could see a jamup of people trying to check out of the rare-book section. McMurtry worked his way down the Fiction table—occasionally snatching up a book and tossing it into the shopping bag or, after flicking open the cover, putting it back on the table. People were still pouring through the door, and there was some jostling at the tables as customers tried to reach for books while holding an armful they wanted to consider. At ten-thirty, McMurtry stashed his two shopping bags, both full, against a pillar and threw his coat over them, planning to cull them later in the afternoon. Then he went out for a Coke.

THE next morning, when Larry and Marcia met me at my hotel for breakfast, he seemed moderately satisfied with his haul. He often does better on the second day of the sale, he said, when the crowd has thinned out and the tables are gradually refilled from the stock in the back room or the books that other buyers have, upon consideration, decided to leave behind. McMurtry figured the cookbook, which had cost seventy-five dollars, was worth two or three hundred and would be bought immediately, cookbooks being a very hot item in the rare-book business. He had also picked up a dime rehearsal copy of some Tennessee Williams one-act plays which he had reason to believe was rare and valuable,

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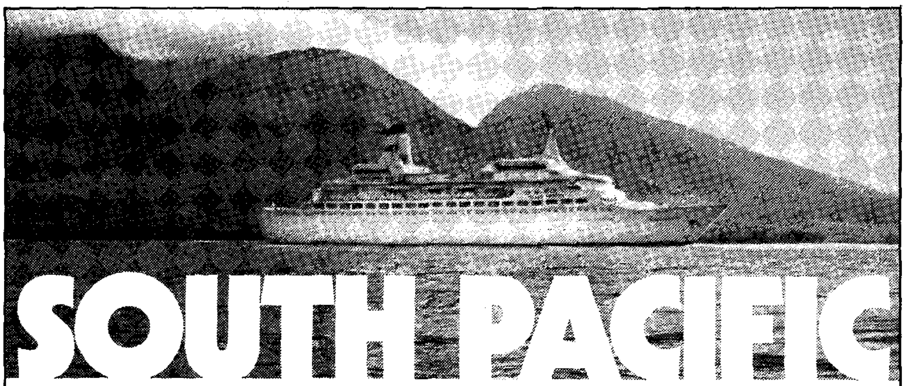

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after putting back on the Treasure Table a thirty-five-dollar first edition of Williams short stories, because it had not turned out to be in pristine condition. Nina Matheson, to no one's surprise, had paid fifty cents for a first edition of John Barth's first novel, "The Floating Opera"—a book worth about seventy-five dollars. I thought it was an appropriate time to show the two partners my books, so we went up to my room for a thorough inspection.

"They do have a certain uniformity of condition," Larry said, taking a better look than he had managed in his sleepy state the previous morning.

"Yes," Marcia said brightly. "Drab to spotty."

I handed Marcia a copy of a travel book I had bought for its illustrations, pointing out that it had a rather attractive dust wrapper.

"I've never seen the Literary Guild edition of 'Hot Countries,' " she said, in the tone the boss's wife might use to say to her young hostess, "My, I've never had bologna as an appetizer before."

Larry said my copy of "The Hamlet" was what book people call lightly foxed—speckled with brown spots—and was further defaced by the stamp of the Travis Rental Library.

"Take a look at these two Steinbeck novels," I said.

"Late and common," Larry said, as if discussing the last family admitted into the country club.

"And 'The Caine Mutiny'?" I asked.

"An astute dealer might be able to get a dollar and a half for it," he said. "Maybe three or four for the Faulkner."

"I'm taking the Faulkner home with me," I said. "I might even read it."

"Why don't you leave the rest of these in a lower drawer here?" Larry suggested.

"I couldn't do that," I said.

"Well, there's one thing you could do with them," Marcia said.

"I know," I said. "I'm donating them to the Vassar book sale."

—Calvin Trillin

•

John Peter Paul, transportation vice president of the union said, "the agreement will protect mechanics against loss of their work to other employes. It will also raise mechanics base pay, heretofore $7.64 hourly to $10,000 an hour over the three year life of the contract."—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fassbinder

RAINER WERNER FASSBINDER'S "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (1972) is a film about lesbians which Fassbinder solemnly describes as "strictly autobiographical." It is a lucid, beautiful work of innovation which hides its fondness for its characters under a cloak of august formalism. One remembers at the end that the dedication reads, "A case history of one who here became Marlene." Marlene is an apparently minor character who never speaks—of the six women in the film, she is the mute—but the story, in recall, is about the effect of its events on her sensibility. It is typical of the ricochet movement of Fassbinder's films that at the time we should regard her only as a witness. She is apparently present only as a hand on a glass wall, listening to two women talking about love. Or as an offscreen clattering of a typewriter in her employer's office-bedroom.

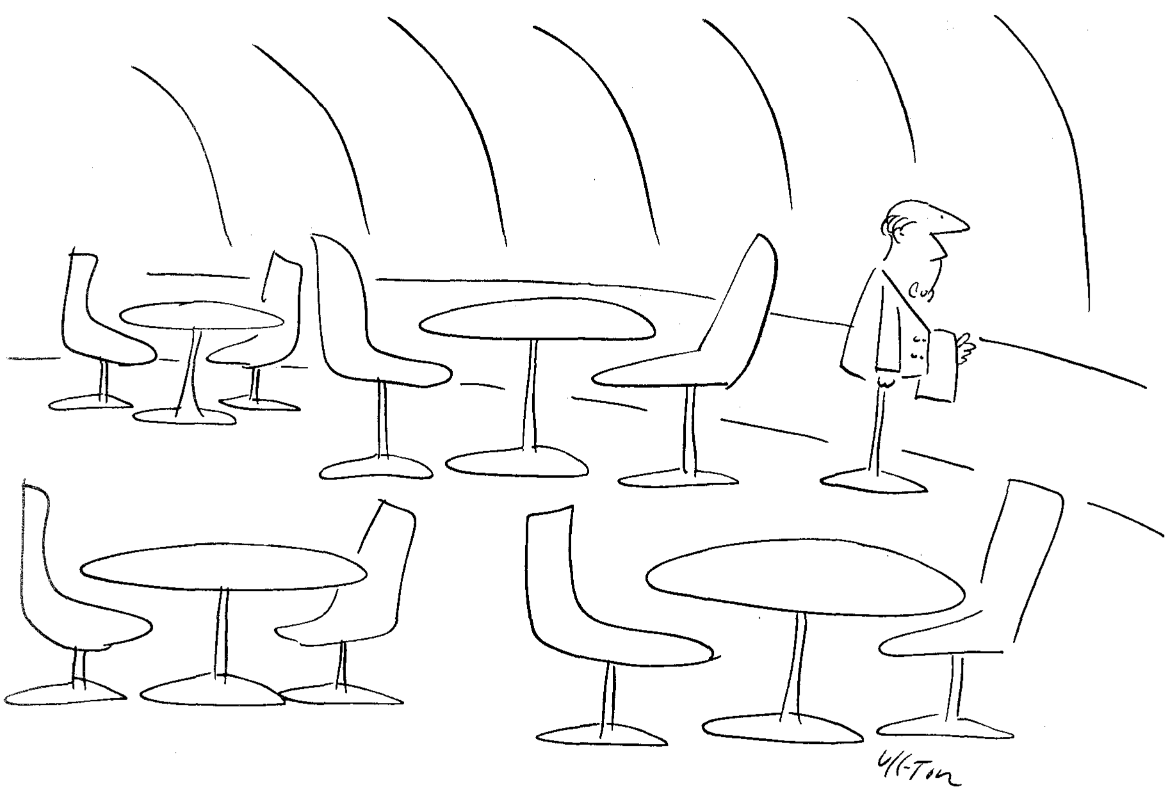
Petra von Kant (Margit Carstensen) is a dress designer, twice married. She wakes in her plush double bed looking like a very hung-over ballet dancer: hair pinned back, skeletal body, expressive arms. She complains to Marlene (Irm Hermann), her assistant, that her head aches. Marlene is already fully dressed for work, wearing the Edwardian clothes that one comes to accept as contemporary in this hothouse of ruffles and beads and fur trimmings. Petra demands freshly squeezed orange juice. She has had dreams that seem to weight her like pig iron.

Sit up. Grab the white telephone. Talk to her mother, fibbing about having been up for ages, affecting pleasure at her mother's going to a resort. Marlene obediently brings the orange juice. Petra smokes in bed, in a white nightdress fit for a night club. Then she gets up, starting to get dressed by putting on a curly dark-brown wig. She and Marlene dance together, to a record of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." Then she abruptly sends Marlene to the easel, because a costume drawing "has to be finished by noon."

There are fibre-glass figures and costume drawings everywhere in the working part of the room. We are watching a woman who is almost suffocated by stylishness, surrounded by copies of herself. Everything is ersatz. When she is on the telephone about an appointment, she forces a pause so that she can seem to be looking in her diary. When she talks to her mother, she pretends that an order to her assistant was a crackling on the line.

A woman friend arrives from Frankfurt. (The only men in the film are the nudes in the huge Correggio mural beside Petra's brass double bed.) As Petra makes up before a mirror, her reflected face moves about in stylized compositions with her friend's. Their impulsive talk runs against the grain of the deliberated images on the screen. It is a habit of Fassbinder's. They are saying that love is difficult. That expressing love is more difficult. That one would often like to say something affectionate, "but you're afraid of losing a point, of being the weaker one." Petra, completing the change in herself from a childishly fibbing daughter with a hangover to a lonely but beautiful career woman giving advice about marriage, utters thoughts that lie at the heart of Fassbinder's notion of her predicament. If you understand a person, she says, then change that person; only pity what you can't understand. She will never be satisfied by what her friend says about women's trump cards: remembering marriage, she says, "I wasn't interested in conjuring tricks." In her authoritarian solitude, she is looking for equality of company, curiously enough; in her hypocrisies, she is looking for probity. The real thing, that's the answer. Omniscience, that's the answer. Knowing what's going on, not only in yourself but in others.

Yet, all the time, this creation of perfect bones and mascara, seeking to control everything around her, has very little mastery, which is one of the abiding and passionate themes of Fassbinder's apparently unemotional works. The same idea runs through "Fox and His Friends" (1975), a story of male homosexuality. "There are more things in heaven and earth . . ." quote both Petra and Fox. Petra speaks wisely of the uselessness of fidelity under duress, but by the end of the film she is the one applying the duress. Fox—played by Fassbinder himself—shows off about his winnings in a lottery; but a man friend cruelly makes a buffoon of him about his lack of French in a restaurant, then persuades him to buy a place that is a folly of grandness and leads him to ruin. In all the sumptuous sophistication of both Petra's and Fox's experiences, there is much pain, much innocence. Just as Fox is robbed of his fortune by tutelage in good living, so Petra is tormented in her fortunate world of a room, furnished with a copy



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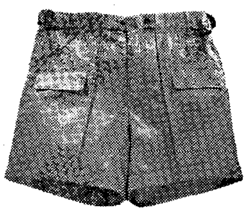

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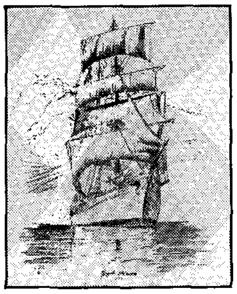

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of a great painting and bald-headed, long-necked mannequins.

Petra falls in love with a working-class girl called Karin (Hanna Schygulla). When she is suddenly abandoned, as she has abandoned others, the nearly intolerable pain perplexes her. She calls Karin a slut. She says that if she'd known things would turn out this way her attitude would have been different. As the friend of much earlier in the film said, "When you foresee the end from the start, is the game worth the candle?" Yes, of course, says the film, because no other route is ever possible: Petra was lonely, and Karin was company to grasp. Fassbinder is defining need without love. "I'm so alone without you," Petra says to Karin. "Alone, without a slut?" says Karin acidly.

With Karin gone, the white pile carpet of the office-bedroom becomes the stage, with Petra crawling over it tippling gin and hysterically clasping the telephone receiver. Clinging to a vestige of power, she refuses to go to Frankfurt when Karin eventually rings. In the meantime, Marlene has been unnoticed, but not unobservant. Much changed, and suffering, she packs her case. Very little. She takes with her a naked mannequin doll that was a knowing birthday present to Petra. Then she leaves, hobble-skirted. Hobble-skirted because of obeisance to femininity? Because she is beguiled by Petra's notion of love, which is a process of demands and reprisals much like the ones played out in "Fox and His Friends"?

Fassbinder's films ache, in spite of their apparent formalism. On the face of it, "Petra" is a theatrical film. Six women, no men; five acts, separated by change of dress; no change of scenery, much change of mood. The set moves from bed to corridor to carpet. In one of the final episodes, when Petra is sprawled on the floor with the telephone, the pile carpet becomes a field of razed earth.

Fassbinder shoots in very long takes. The camera seldom moves. We become obsessed with the contradiction of composed and worldly faces uttering primitive anguish. Heads in close-up will appear to touch and part breathtakingly while intimacy is abstractly spoken of. In pain, there are no mascara smudges. Lovemaking is made emblematic: by the heads of two dressed women briefly bending over one another's shoulder. Everything is terse and minimal. Noun and verb. Fassbinder is concerned here with the sort of love that rests in contest. So

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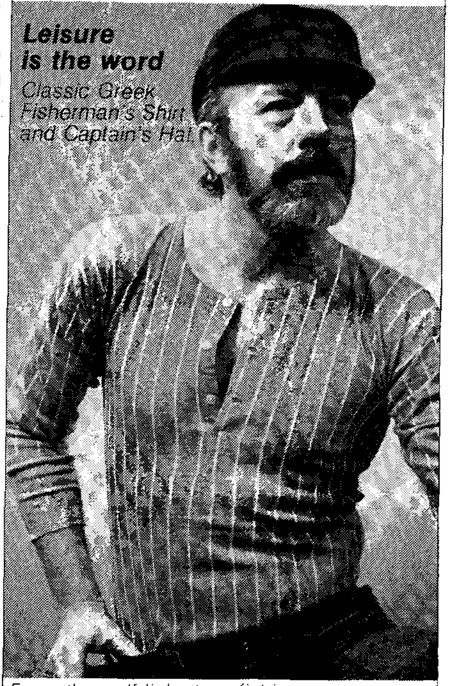

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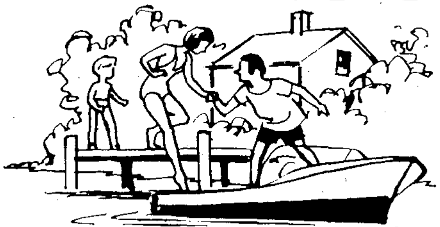

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his real heroine is not Petra, the victimizer turned victim, but her silent assistant, who has been tortured by the sight of sadistic love's punishments.

This is a political film, as Fassbinder's always are, as well as a sage film about love. Petra believes that what she has earned she can break. In her agony of longing for Karin, the lower-class model who has made a reputation out of working for her and then found it easy to leave her, she stamps on a tray laid with an expensive tea set. All fragments. But she is only breaking a talisman of her elegant ambitions: it is no triumph, because she is not destroying her passion for Karin. The passion is born of capitalism, Fassbinder implies, for Petra still truly believes that she paid for Karin by giving her the benefit of her greater talent and income, constituting a superiority of class in the tournament. The changeover of power is shown by Fassbinder with a curtness veiling sympathy. The dialogue is sharp in a stylized set of scenes. It is often the case that extreme stylization covers extreme pity. This is so of "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant." In a setting deliberately made to seem shallow, his characters deepen: the powerful hypocrite turns into the loser, and the silent employee symbolizing obedience and imitation changes into the rebel and the original. We are watching a more political and more angular "Miss Julie." Fassbinder makes films with a cutting edge. Henri Langlois, director of the Paris Cinémathèque Française, during an *hommage* to him said that he represented "the beginning of German postwar cinema."

FASSBINDER was born on May 31, 1945, in Bad Wörishofen, Bavaria. In *Cinéma*, in an interview with Jacques Grant, he describes his background as being "upper-middle-class and jolty." After his parents were divorced, he lived away from his doctor father and with his translator mother, who often gratefully packed him off to the cinema so that she could work. At an acting school, he met Hanna Schygulla, star of most of his films. Together they got in touch with Action Theatre, a cellar theatre in Munich which was the root of the "anti-theatre" that he founded in 1968. A year later, he shot his first feature film, "Love Is Colder Than Death," with the same troupe. Like Bergman, he works as often as he can with a semi-repertory company of actors and technicians. He has written and directed more than twenty features (some

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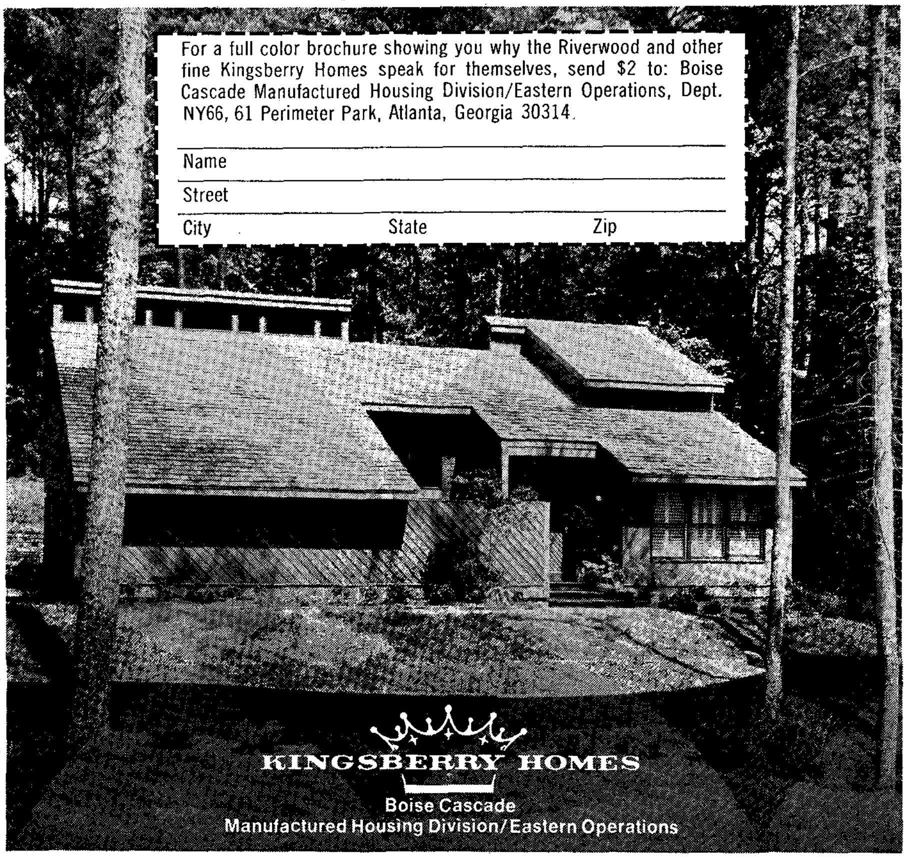

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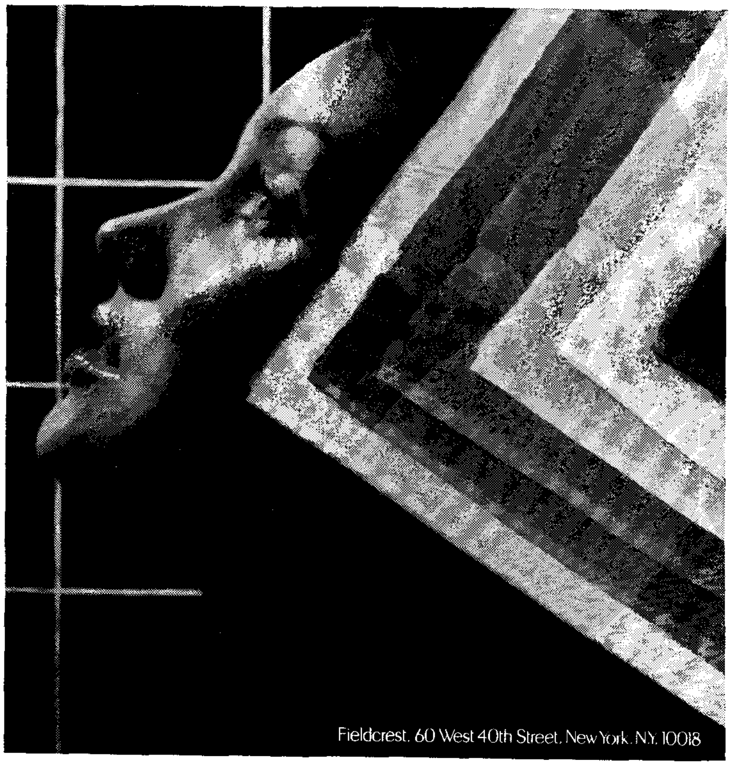

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for TV), written and directed an eight-part TV serial, and acted often in his own and other people's films. Like many prodigal artists, he seems to correct any mistake he finds in a film by immersing himself in the next picture. No going back. The new work is the revision. "Petra" was made in ten days. He gives his films a peculiar mood of double dare; perhaps all great talent contains an element of cheek.

Fassbinder's films are not so much about the working multitude as for it. "Films directed to the proletariat aren't necessarily about the proletariat," he says in the same interview in *Cinéma*. In "Petra," which is unusually upper-class in its outward appearance, Karin is there to stand for his familiar characters: "In a negative way, she represents an aspect of the workers' consciousness, but she is an obsessional object . . . For working artists, the manual worker is a sort of obsession." About the theatre, he professes to social doubts. "The theatre, after all, is more important for the people who are part of it than for those who watch it." Fassbinder is a specialist in provocative utterance, but his work itself denies frivolity. It is deeply serious and meditative. Its surface is as formal as Gluck's music, but the texts express much tenderness, especially for the immature, the scared, and the jumped-up or hopeful heading for a fall into hell, like the hero of "The Merchant of Four Seasons," a fruit-and-vegetable hawker with aspirations who drinks himself to death. Fassbinder is not a "realistic" filmmaker, because he finds it a tautology to copy the real onscreen. He is interested in making a new reality: one that exists in our heads. An imitation of reality tends to make us stall at the point of the merely apparent, he thinks. Like Brecht, he believes in the distance that can be provided by the comic. He is troubled by the gurus of life, as he is by all master-slave relationships. The extreme formalism of his best later films tends to hide their warmth. He would like to see his characters escaping their traps. He has a great feeling for life's truants. One remembers that he ran away from home himself at the age of sixteen. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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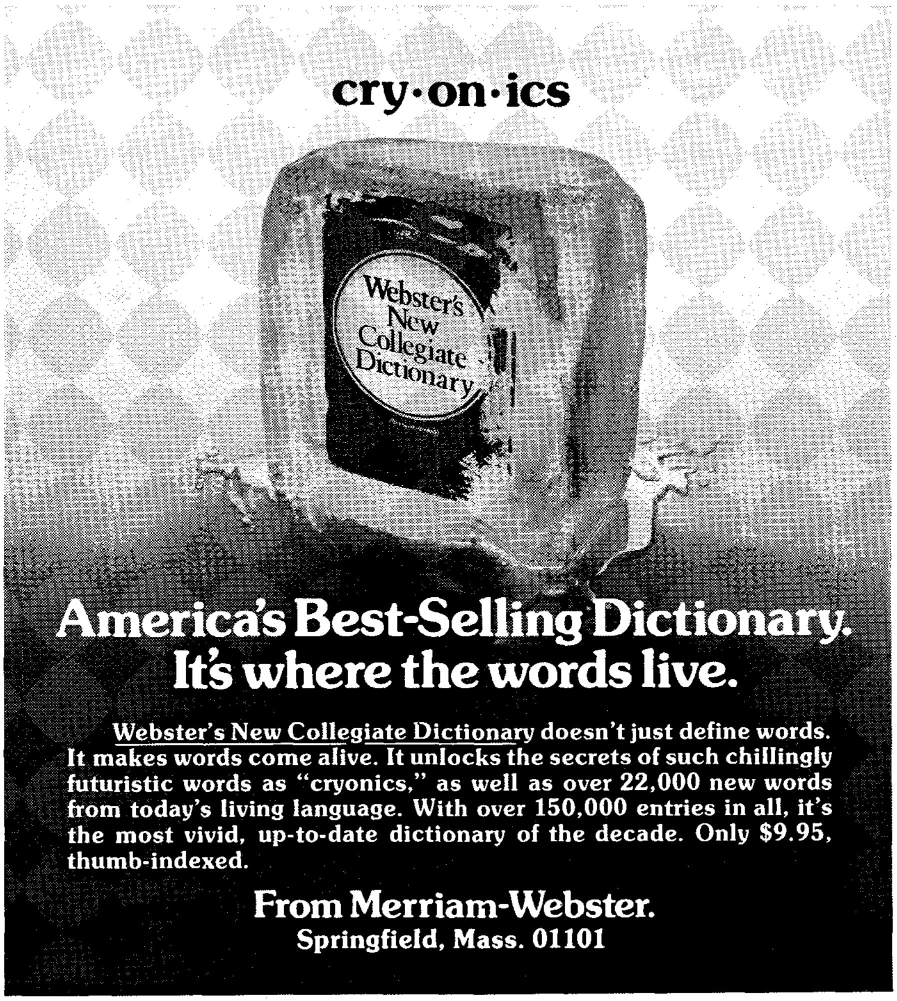

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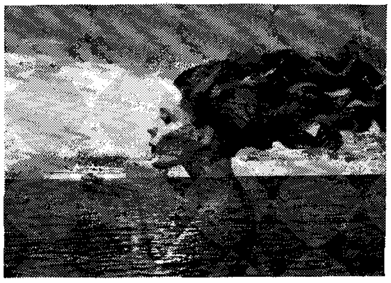

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Household Tales

Anne Sexton, who died in 1974, became an untidy, self-indulgent poet whose imagery increasingly resembled the uncontrolled—sometimes beautiful—patterns of a kaleidoscope; memories of father, mother, and childhood horrors were fragments of jagged glass in the tube, anguish and madness the confining mirrors within which they were spun. But in "Transformations" (1971) there was other matter—sixteen tales by the brothers Grimm—to be reflected, and Sexton was a good reteller of tales. (Any modern choreographer who tackles Prokofiev's ballet "The Buffoon" might well use the scenario colored as in her version of it, in "The Book of Folly.") The Grimm tales, it's true, she turned into Sexton tales. Her Sleeping Beauty wakes up crying "Daddy! Daddy!"—and

> It's not the prince at all,
> but my father
> drunkenly bent over my bed,
> circling the abyss like a shark,
> my father thick upon me
> like some sleeping jellyfish.

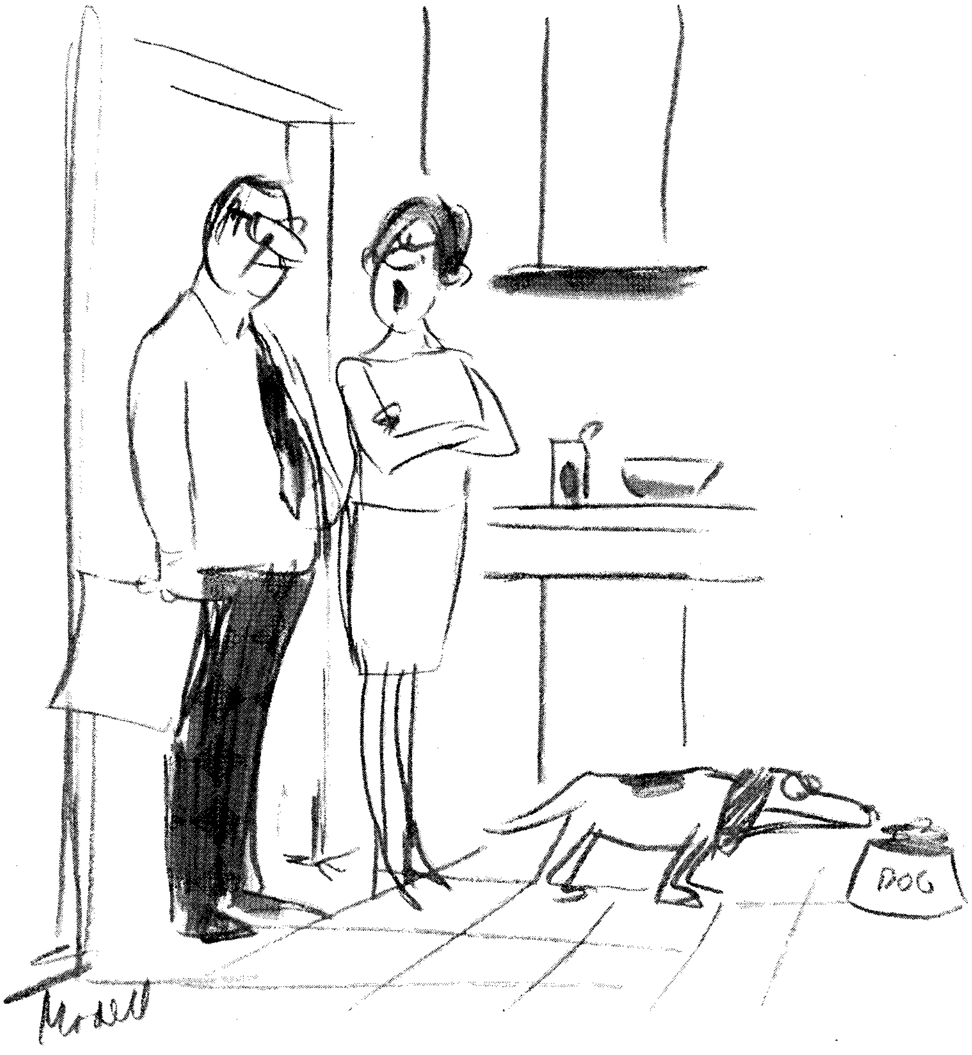
Mother Gothel, who kept Rapunzel locked in a tower, is a lesbian aunt pressing "Old breast against young breast;" Iron Hans is a lunatic cured "without Thorazine/or benefit of psychotherapy" but by kindness; Rumpelstiltskin is a Doppelgänger; and the Wonderful Musician who behaves so cruelly is

> Saved by his gift
> like many of us—
> little Eichmanns,
> little mothers—
> I'd say.

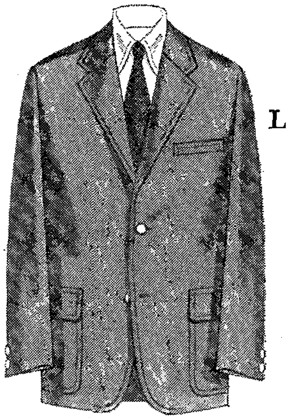
The familiar Sexton horrors are here, but then the Grimms' "Kinder- und Hausmärchen" was filled with horrors, too, and the charm of "Transformations"—it *is* a charming book, for all the pain it enshrines—lies in the revelation of ingenious, unexpected links between folk mythology and private modern hells. Sexton's use of smart similes is liberal, reckless, and eventually tiresome: "Her blood began to boil up/like Coca-Cola;" "The king looked like Munch's *Scream;*" "Just as the Supreme Being drills/holes in our skulls to let/the Boston Symphony through;" "and the princesses sprang out of their beds/and fussed around like a Miss America Contest;" "She was as persistent/as a Jehovah's witness"—every few lines the next simile arrives. But the large similes—each tale as a parable of plights that still exist, though wizards and wicked fairies are no more—are deftly handled. The book, dedicated to the poet's daughter, reads partly as autobiography; the author introduces herself as "a middle-aged witch, me," but it is soon clear that she is not only the witches and cruel mothers but also the variously injured maidens who fill the tales.

Four years ago, at the suggestion of H. Wesley Balk, a director of the Minnesota Opera Company, Conrad Susa made an opera, for that company, of Sexton's "Transformations." He set verbatim the introduction and nine of the tales, to form "an entertainment in two parts," with five scenes in each part. Eight singers, eight instrumentalists—and staging left to the imagination of the director. After its Minnesota première, the Susa-Sexton "Transformations" was taken up by the University of Wisconsin, in Madison, and the Handel and Haydn Society, in Boston. Next year, it is to be produced by the Texas Opera Theatre and the Netherlands Opera. Last month, it had its New York première, at the Manhattan Theatre Club. I trust there will be many more productions, for "Transformations" is one of the brightest and best of recent American operas.

In Minneapolis, the setting was a madhouse. The Manhattan version began in Anne Sexton's attic. The scenic resources of the Theatre Club are few—a small open platform at one end of a room, orchestra to the side—but the resourcefulness of David Shookhoff, the director, and his eight vivacious performers was abundant. A few old trunks, which had opened to reveal the characters, were variously disposed to serve as evocations of palace, cottage, tower, enchanted forest, and magic pool. The idea of transformations runs through all the piece. Each singer plays many parts. Karen Clauss began as Anne Sexton, shaded into Wicked Queen (in the tale of "Snow White: Narcissism and the Rivalry Between



"He doesn't want dog food. He wants *people* *food."*



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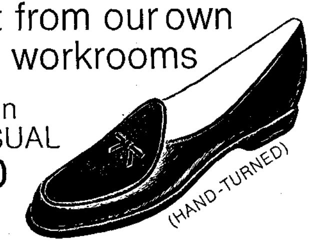

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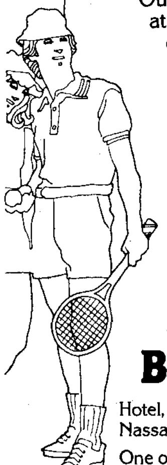
Mother and Daughter"), became Mother Gothel, the "woman who loves a woman," and later the singer of the long blues to which "Godfather Death" is set. This is basically the dramatic soprano role, and Miss Clauss gave of it a strong, gleaming performance, if sometimes rather strident above the staff. The lyric soprano role compasses Snow White, Rapunzel, Gretel, and sundry put-upon princesses; Carolyn Weber sang it sweetly and played it with a piquant, understated sense of humor. The mezzo is, among other things, the Mirror on the Wall and the mother whose mother love—as she turns into the "Hansel and Gretel" witch—becomes all too literally consuming; in Patricia Deckert, expressive, dancing eyes, elegantly timed words, and a warmly attractive timbre were combined. Tonio Di Paolo, as Iron Hans, etc., was outstanding among the men—a young baritone so eloquent and touching in timbre, so communicative in manner, that if I were a composer I should want to write music for him to sing. Three tenors—Thomas A. Rowe, bonny as an assortment of princes, Jonathan Rigg and John Shackelford, lively in various character parts—and the bass Raymond Sambolin completed the cast.

Susa's score is economical, intelligent, witty, alert: a cunning theatre piece, sure in its proportions and its varied gaits, always engaging and inventive. Each of Sexton's tales has an introduction; in her fables the moral is stated first, then comes its exemplification. This gives the composer a chance to practice his own kind of transformations, as music from the preface returns in the tale proper. There are happy allusions to the styles of specific performers—Bing Crosby, the Andrews Sisters. The instrumentalists are also asked to be inventively imitative, to recall now Ethel Smith, now Perez Prado. I like the opera even better than the book of poems; fresh winds from the world blow into it. It inhabits the terrain of Stravinsky's "Reynard" and "Soldier's Tale," Kurt Weill's "Little Mahagonny" and "Seven Deadly Sins"—not as an imitation of any of those works but in being a nineteen-seventies successor in scale, texture, and tunefulness, and in being a delightful entertainment that is not trivial. In a well-ordered society, so gifted an ensemble of singers and players as the musical director, Benton Hess, had gathered for this performance would stay together, exploring the "music-theatre" repertory and adding to it with commissions of



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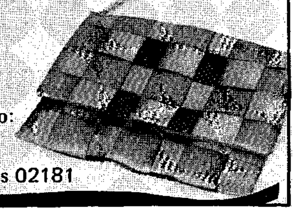

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its own. (In England, though the pound may sink, a new opera company has risen to do just this—English Music Theatre, a stable troupe, its members engaged on a full year's contract. It kicked off last month with a new piece, "Tom Jones," commissioned from the talented young Stephen Oliver. I commend "Transformations" to its attention.) There are lively young troupes in America. Minneapolis and St. Paul have the Minnesota Opera Company—though the singers' contracts run only twenty-six weeks. Texas has the Texas Opera Theatre—the Houston Grand Opera's "TOTS"—with thirty-five-week contracts. New York could do with something of the kind.

GIAN CARLO MENOTTI'S new opera, "The Hero," commissioned for the Opera Company of Philadelphia and given just two performances, earlier this month, in Philadelphia's Academy of Music, is a slight, feeble, philistine, and rather common work—essentially a one-act sketch (there is about an hour and ten minutes of music) spun out by two intermissions. The Hero, David Murphy, has been asleep for ten years and six days, and at curtain rise is within hours of beating the world record for uninterrupted slumber. His wife charges a two-dollar admission to see him; he has become an attraction "only second to Niagara Falls." The next day, a monument will be unveiled to him, "the masterwork of the noted artist Randy Cornpone . . . artistic and smart,/the latest example of pop art./It is an exact replica of David Murphy's bed. . . ./It is worth two million dollars/and it is the donation of the Rockaford Foundation." But David's pretty cousin Barbara kisses his sleeping lips, and—a few hours short of the record—he wakes up. Consternation!

The composer-librettist-director describes his work as "a gentle, good-natured plea for Americans to wake up to reality, to abandon self-congratulatory illusions, to return to their former rugged individualism and to the uncompromising honesty of their ancestors." David Murphy "is the prototype of the 'yes' man, achieving stature by agreeing with everybody's views, and by turning a blind eye to corruption. . . . Barbara stands not only for David's conscience, but also for the new courage and honesty of American youth who dare to challenge the long-standing myths of 'success' as a sine qua non of respectability, and search, instead, for self-respect and inner peace." Fine

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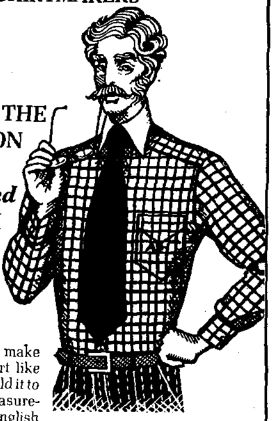

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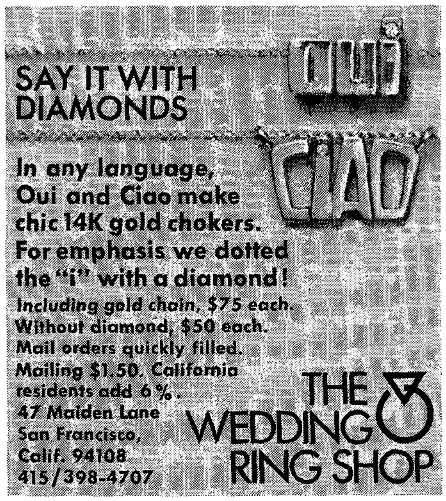

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words. In the last scene, David makes a big speech to the populace:

> This fair land we live in
> was once reclaimed by stead-
> fast pilgrims
> with unswerving souls.
> The hard truth must be faced
> again
> with sturdier hearts.
> Again our voice must rise
> with blinding candor
> against the naked emperors,
> the charlatans.
> There is no truth too bleak to
> face,
> no hardship too severe,
> provided that the soul remain
> unscathed.

Glib words—and set to music of such banality that, however sincere Menotti's own feelings may be, the artistic effect is cheap and unworthy. The rest is a potting at easy targets. Mrs. Murphy enters with her hair in curlers, and people laugh. A guide announces a reception (ten dollars a ticket) at which chicken à la king and American chablis will be served and "the famous soprano Madame Vocestanca of the Metropolitan Opera of New York will sing," and people laugh. There are a few tuneful scraps of sub-Puccini melody, unsustained. Twenty years ago, after "The Saint of Bleecker Street," Joseph Kerman remarked that "every attitude, every feeling, every response is on Menotti's own special level of banality." True of the new piece, too, which can replace "The Saint" as "of all Menotti's operas . . . the feeblest in purely musical invention, and the most slovenly in dramatic effect." Christopher Keene conducted. The cast was led by Dominic Cossa, as David; Diane Curry, very coarse, as his wife; and Nancy Shade, as Barbara. Their voices were not quite big enough to fill the Academy. —ANDREW PORTER

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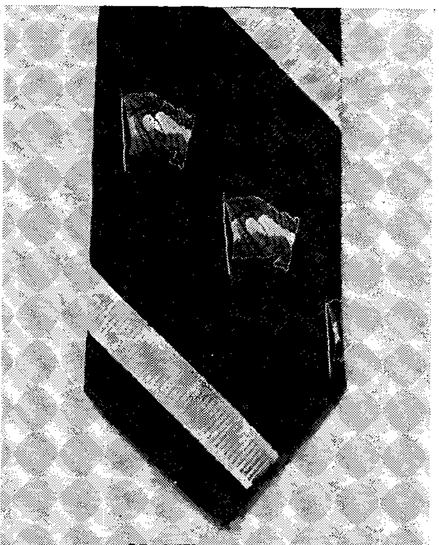
At the time of his death, in 1915, the Russian composer Alexander Scriabin was planning a supercomposition called "Mysterium." It was to be performed in India, with special lighting, olfactory effects, bursts of flame, and some even more improbable features, such as pealing bells that were somehow to be hung from the clouds. The performance of "Mysterium" was to last seven days and would lead, Scriabin hoped, to the general enlightenment of mankind. Many of his contemporaries thought that he had gone insane, and they may well have been right. In any event, it appeared that he had got around to only a few



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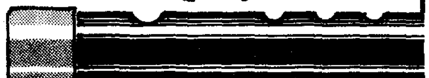

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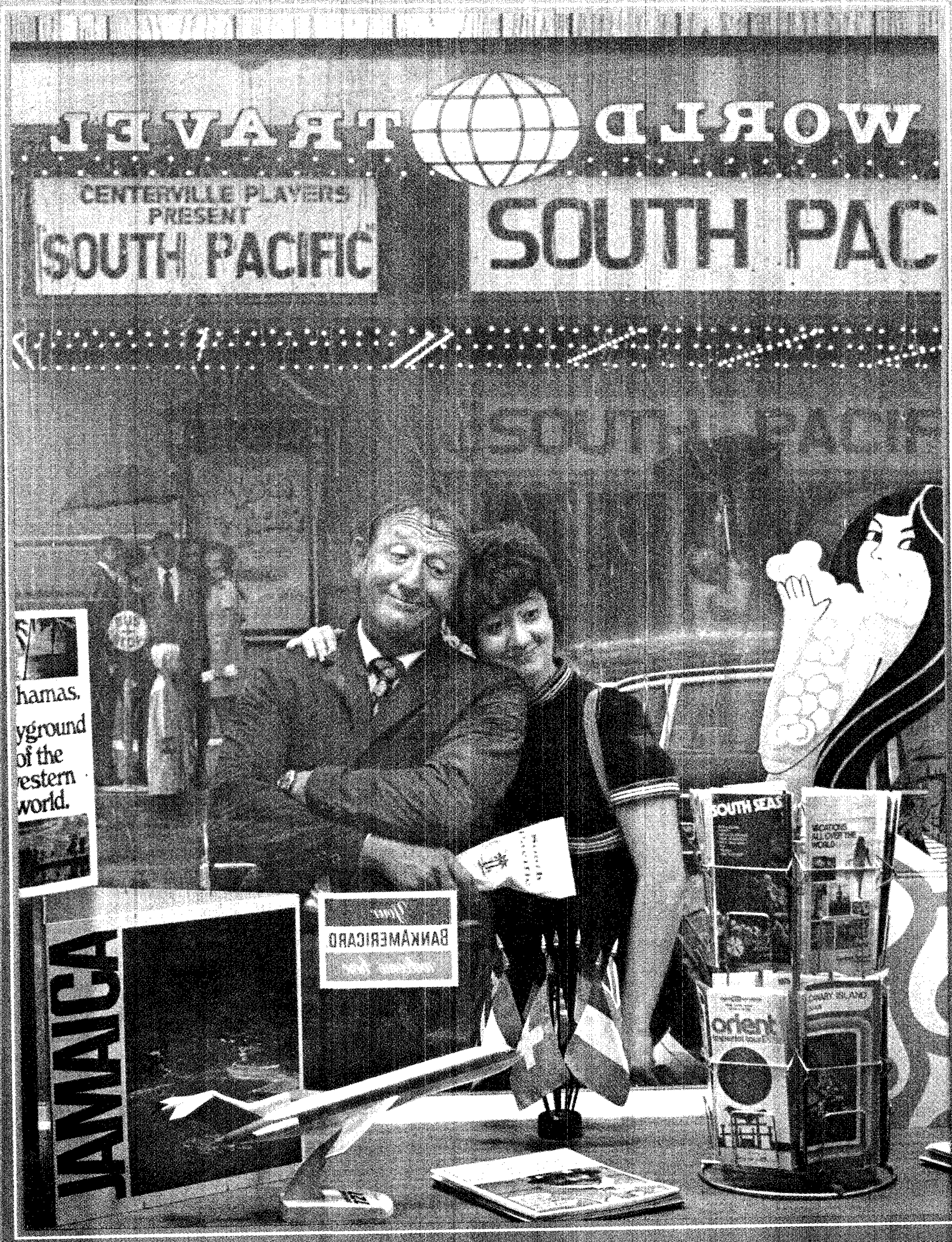
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sketches for this vast work, but after he died the words that were to accompany its introductory movement—called the "Prefatory Action"—and fifty-three pages of score were discovered among his effects. From this material the present-day Russian composer Alexander Nemtin, using the title "Universe," has created a large work that he thinks may resemble what Scriabin had in mind for the first part of the first movement. This re-creation, or restoration, has now been issued by Melodiya/Angel (SR-40260; single disc). It is performed by Aleksei Lyubimov, piano; Irina Orlova, organ; the Yurlov Chorus of the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic; and the Moscow Philharmonic under Kiril Kondrashin.

Scriabin's biographer Faubion Bowers does not mention in his liner notes for this album that the composer's intentions were deeply religious, not to say mystical, and that he had been for some time under the influence of the remarkable Mme. Blavatsky, who was one of the founders of the Theosophical movement, and who, through "The Secret Doctrine" and other books, brought Hindu and Buddhist ideas to the West. Bowers' omissions are quite understandable, since "Universe," like the entire concept of "Mysterium," involves ideas that must be anathema in Marxist Russia, where the recording was made. The style of the work is, of course, late Scriabin, and it has been so thoroughly absorbed by Mr. Nemtin that the composition sounds as if it had been written entirely by Scriabin himself. Like all mystical music, it is baffling in places, but Mr. Nemtin is obviously a very skilled composer. One surprising aspect of the recording is that it contains a good deal of Scriabinesque atonality—something that the Soviet government is supposed to frown on.

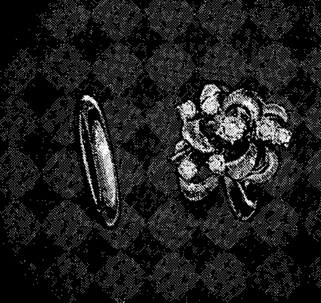
LAZAR BERMAN is the latest of those phenomenal Russian pianists to pay a visit to the United States, and he has been greeted with enormous enthusiasm. Now he can be found on records. Deutsche Grammophon has just released a performance of Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Minor in which Mr. Berman is soloist, with the Berlin Philharmonic under Herbert von Karajan (DG 2530 677; single). He is certainly an impressive pianist, with an incisive rhythmic sense, powerful tone, brilliant technique, and a sensitive way with pianissimos. For Romantic works, he is the ideal thundering virtuoso. Just a bit less impressive—but only because of the quality of the music—is another Deutsche Grammophon release, on which Mr. Berman plays Prokofiev's Sonata No. 8 and Rachmaninoff's Six Moments Musicaux (DG 2530 678; single). Even though these are fairly dull compositions, Mr. Berman manages to make them an occasion for scintillating pianism. As far as I know, this is the first time that the Rachmaninoff works have been recorded.

A musical curiosity—I hope it is not indicative of the future of music—is an album of electronic "creations" of Stravinsky's "Firebird" Suite, Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," and Moussorgsky's "A Night on Bare Mountain." The Japanese acoustician Isao Tomita used a huge aggregation of Moog components—including something called the Bode Ring Modulator and a Random Signal Generator—and God knows what else to make this recording (RCA ARL1-1312; single). The works are identifiable, all right, but they sound a little like something played on an old-fashioned movie-house organ—a peculiar one that has to scoop from one note to another.

Much more fun is a live recording of a gala concert of familiar works held in London's Royal Festival Hall in 1974 for the benefit of New York City's International Piano Archives. Thirteen of the world's most famous pianists participate, and what they play—in one instance on no fewer than eight pianos—is sometimes straightforward but more often horsed up with impulsive dissonance. Beethoven's Turkish March from "The Ruins of Athens," for instance, ends in complete chaos. The performers include Gina Bachauer, Stephen Bishop, Jorge Bolet, Victor Borge, Shura Cherkassky, Jeanne-Marie Darré, Alicia de Larrocha, John Lill, Radu Lupu, John Ogdon, Garrick Ohlsson, Tamás Vásáry, and Bálint Vázsonyi. Borge shows himself capable of being a competent, serious pianist. (Desmar DSM 1005; single).

Artur Rubinstein, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra under the baton of Daniel Barenboim, does some serious work of his own on all five Beethoven piano concertos in an album released by RCA (CRL5-1415; ten sides). The style of the great Rubinstein is still astonishingly bright and accurate, and Mr. Barenboim, who is about a half century younger than his soloist, is an ideal orchestral accompanist.

Mr. Barenboim takes his turn as pianist in the 1970 Edinburgh Festival performances of Beethoven's five so-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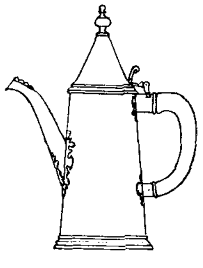
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natas for cello and piano, which were recorded by the BBC and have now been issued by Angel (SCB-3823; six sides). His wife, Jacqueline du Pré, is the cellist, and her stunning virtuosity—which, unfortunately, has become only a memory, because of a serious illness—is here set forth at its peak.

WHAT is perhaps the first—and definitely the only available—complete recording of Bellini's "I Capuletti ed i Montecchi" has been issued by Angel (SCLX-3824; six sides), with Beverly Sills, Janet Baker, Nicolai Gedda, Robert Lloyd, Raimund Herincx, the John Alldis Choir, and the New Philharmonia Orchestra under Giuseppe Patané. The libretto differs greatly from Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet": Romeo has killed Capulet's son before the rise of the curtain, Tybalt is betrothed to Juliet, and so forth. Only the final scene, in the crypt, is similar to the one in the play. The performance is, in general, very good, especially on the part of Miss Baker (Romeo) and the male members of the cast. Miss Sills' tone spreads occasionally on high notes, but her fioritura is dazzling and the dramatic inflections of her voice are exceptionally effective.

Yet another recording of Gustav Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" has been released (Seraphim S-60260; single), but this one is rather special. The parts ordinarily allotted to the contralto voice are sung by the baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, while the tenor Murray Dickie is brought in for the higher role in Part 5, "Der Trunkene im Frühling." (At least, this is my guess. I found it difficult to distinguish between the voices of these two men, and the liner notes give no clue to who sings what.) Another special aspect of the recording is the conducting of the late Paul Kletzki, who might be said to have been the last of the old-fashioned Romantic conductors, and who does a superb job at the head of the Philharmonia Orchestra. Despite Fischer-Dieskau's magnificent artistry, there will be those who prefer the female voice for some parts of this work, and I am inclined to agree. Nevertheless, this is an interesting and lovely departure from tradition.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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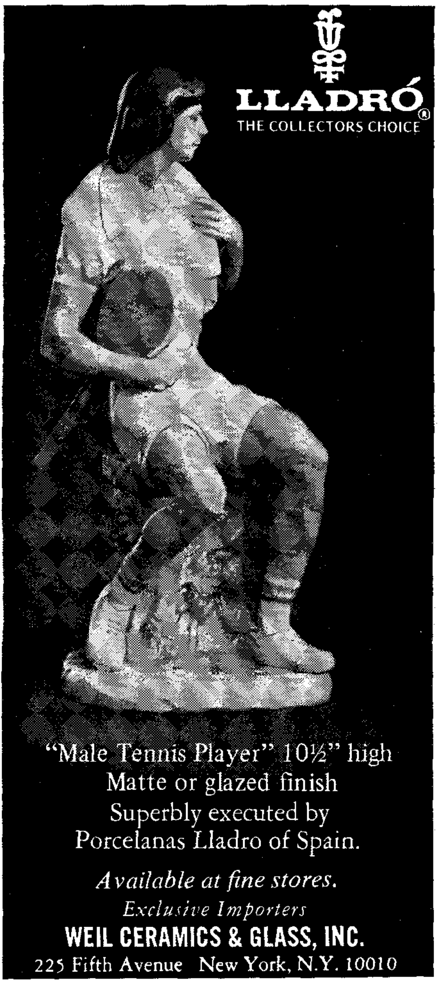
"We're becoming a squeaky wheel up here," Anning said, "and we'll see whether it bears fruit or not."—*Findlay (Ohio) Republican-Courier.*

Fun to watch, anyway.



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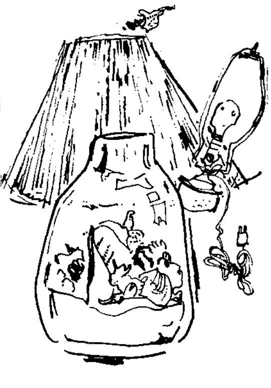

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THE RACE TRACK

Bold Forbes All the Way

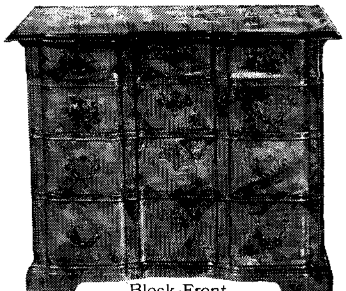
Bold Forbes won the Belmont Stakes after all. In a remarkable exhibition of thoroughbred gameness—to say nothing of the jockeyship of Cordero, who rode him—the nippy, dark-bay colt kept in front every step of the mile and a half to beat McKenzie Bridge and Great Contractor by a couple of necks at Belmont Park last Saturday. Frankly, till the last quarter mile of the hundred-and-eighth running of the classic it was a pretty dull affair—Bold Forbes five or six lengths in front (Cordero riding like Piggott, England's favorite jockey, with his rear end at least a foot and a half out of the saddle), and the nine other runners strung out behind him like lampposts on a suburban road. Then the picture changed dramatically. The first indication that Bold Forbes was in trouble, as Cordero confirmed later, came when the jockey went to the whip early in the stretch. It was a treat to see how skillfully he used it when Great Contractor and big (seventeen-hand) McKenzie Bridge came storming up to him in the last furlong. Bold Forbes wasn't really at his best; he wore a special shoe on one foot and, because he had a tender mouth, a rubber bit, and he had been saddled apart from the other colts, because of a spot of nerves. But he gave everything he had in those last couple of furlongs, and I, for one, am glad it was enough. The time for the mile and a half—2:29—was not bad, and it didn't have to be any faster. As you may know, Bold Forbes is by Irish Castle out of Comely Nell, and he was bought as a yearling by Esteban Rodriguez Tizol, a Puerto Rican banker, whose share of the $195,000 Belmont purse was $117,000.

Ten ran, and to one who has seen a number of Belmonts they seemed a moderate lot. Johnny Campo, who trains Play the Red, was more critical. When the entries came out, he said, "Outside of Bold Forbes, they're all a lot of bums, and I have one of them." Play the Red finished sixth. Happily, Belmont Park had perfect weather for the race, and the crowd of 57,519—the largest of the season—bet $5,952,164 in the tote; the cheers of the Latins from Manhattan after Bold Forbes won, paying a $3.80 mutuel, were something to hear. Altogether, it was a good show.

Another good one was Forego's win in the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont on Memorial Day. The big fellow, who was Horse of the Year in 1974 and 1975, has come back from his holiday at Camden, South Carolina, as good as ever—maybe better. Two years ago, in his first try for the famous old fixture, he finished second, and last year, in his second go at it, he was third. Last week, he came through with a performance as impressive as any of his twenty-four previous victories, charging from lengths back in the stretch to beat Master Derby—to whom he gave four pounds—by a head. Only six ran; the trainers of Foolish Pleasure and Due Diligence apparently wanted no part of Forego in the mile run for a purse of $111,100. In the race, Forego was last out of the gate and seemed to be in no hurry to get going till he reached the stretch; then it was Katie bar the door. My sincere wish for him now is that he will win the Suburban Handicap at Aqueduct on July 5th and the Brooklyn there on the twenty-fourth. Meanwhile, this department's congratulations to Mrs. E. H. Gerry, who owns him, and Frank Whiteley, who trains him.

Belmont Week actually began the previous Saturday, with the unveiling in the paddock walking ring of a statue of the Meadow Stable's Secretariat—the gift of Paul Mellon, who owns the Rokeby Stable, to the National Museum of Racing, at Saratoga Springs. The statue was done by John Skeaping, R.A., an Englishman who, in my opinion, is the best sculptor and painter of horses today. His statues of horses in action, of which "Secretariat" is one, are absolutely tops. Later in the afternoon, Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott's Proud Delta won the Hempstead Handicap, her third victory in a few weeks. The quarter-of-a-million-dollar beauty, giving chunks of weight, took it by three-quarters of a length.

The Mother Goose Stakes, which was run the day before the Belmont Stakes and is the second race of the New York Racing Association's triple crown for three-year-old fillies, was a stunner. Elmendorf's Girl in Love, who was fourth in the Acorn Stakes (the first race of the trilogy), won



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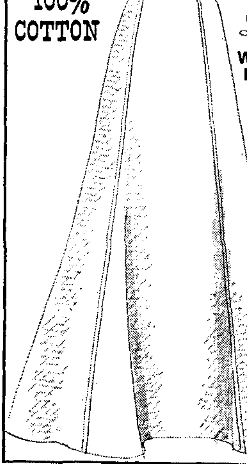

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by slightly more than a length, with Optimistic Gal second and Ancient Fables third. Dearly Precious, down the course, was last of the five starters. It was another example of the pace that kills. Dearly Precious and Optimistic Gal stepped the first quarter in $0{:}22\frac{1}{5}$, the half mile in $0{:}44\frac{2}{5}$, and the six furlongs in $1{:}08\frac{4}{5}$, which finished Dearly Precious. By the way, Baeza, who was fined for failing to keep his engagement to ride Optimistic Gal in the Acorn, rode her in the Mother Goose. Perhaps he and LeRoy Jolley, who trains Optimistic Gal, are pals again.

LAST week, Nelson Bunker Hunt, a gentleman from Texas who races here and abroad, had a couple of days of the sort that owners dream about. Out at Hollywood Park on the Memorial Day holiday, his Dahlia, the world's winningest race mare, moved up another notch. (Earlier last month, she galloped off with an overnight race, the purse of which increased her earnings to $1,392,943, passing Allez France, now retired.) She won the $200,000 Hollywood Invitational Turf Handicap, at a mile and a half, from Caucasus, Pass the Glass, and nine others, and her bit of that purse was $120,000, giving her a total of $1,520,943 and putting her third on the list that Kelso leads with $1,966,896. Two days later, Mr. Hunt's Empery, a Kentucky-bred colt by Vaguely Noble out of Pamplona II and a 10–1 shot in the betting, won the Derby Stakes—after which the Belmont Stakes was copied—at Epsom (where the name of the salts comes from). Ridden by Piggott, Empery made his run up the hill from Tattenham Corner and passed the winner's post three lengths ahead of Relkino, who saved the place by a head from Oats. The winner's share of the $331,300 purse was $223,650. Not bad, even for a Texas oil tycoon. It was Piggott's seventh Derby. The bookmakers breathed easier after Wollow, unbeaten in his six previous starts, finished fifth. He had been so heavily backed that it was said that if he won even the big bookmakers would go into hock or close up. I doubt that. There'll always be a bookmaker in England.

—AUDAX MINOR

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> Dr. Latimer was born in electric shock treatment, "since it eliminates the problem only for the moment."
> —*Verona-Cedar Grove (N.J.) Times.*

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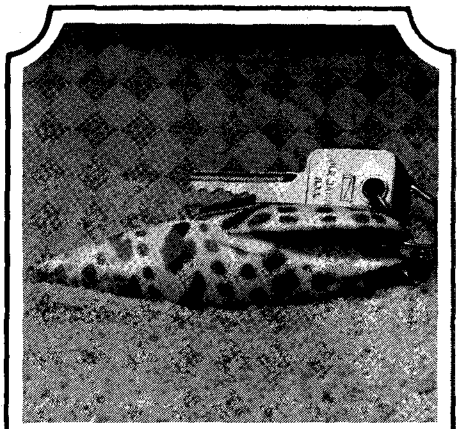

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BOOKS

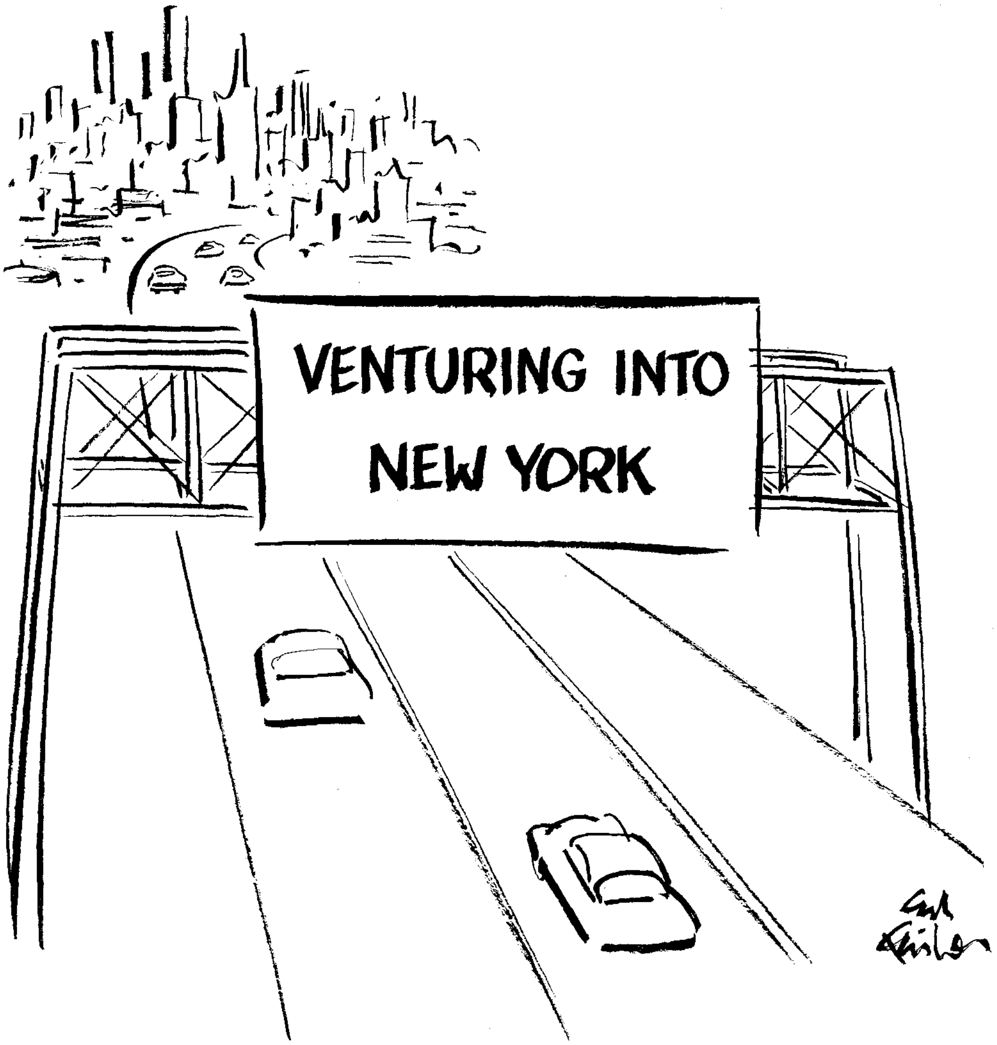
Truth and Consequences

MARGUERITE YOURCENAR instantly assumes command of our imagination in her novel "The Abyss" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), which she has very slowly translated from the French in collaboration with Grace Frick; it first appeared in 1968 as "L'Œuvre au Noir." Almost before we know it, the author establishes the scene (a road in northern France) and time (the second quarter of the sixteenth century), and engages us in the fate of two cousins. The younger, sixteen-year-old Henry Maximilian, has set out to become a soldier and poet; the elder, twenty-year-old Zeno, has left a seminary to make himself an alchemist-philosopher. The book reads as if an old map, decorated with walled cities, boats on rivers, castles, people, and animals, had come alive. It seems as rich as a tapestry but, by a paradox of art, achieves its prodigality with the utmost economy. (For example, in two paragraphs the Regent of the Netherlands, Margaret of Austria, graciously accepts an expensive gift and dexterously disposes of an unwelcome petition, and we feel that the author has told us everything about a successful sixteenth-century ruler.) Mme. Yourcenar is a philosophical novelist who seeks to elicit timeless questions from history. Those young men setting out so confidently, together with the Europe through which they journey, will evoke, as the book progresses, our ambivalences about travel—tourist/refugee; explorer/emigrant; melancholy wanderer/carefree hiker—as well as the image of life itself as a pilgrimage. Their journeys end sadly: the soldier-poet is killed in a skirmish; the philosopher commits suicide on the eve of his execution for heresy. When we meet them, neither envisions any such destiny; both expect immortality—a second Alexander the Great, a first Emperor of Ideas. Yet the interplay of their wills with the bloody doings of European history—and the author's skill—makes their deaths inevitable.

It is a puzzle how Europeans survived the sixteenth century, which opened with old-fashioned wars between kings and emperors and added religious wars, peasant revolts, and at least one war of national liberation. It is equally puzzling that amid all these horrors the time produced such great work. Zeno's fictional dates are 1510-69; he is a contemporary of Magellan, Copernicus, Palestrina, Erasmus, and Michelangelo as well as of innumerable mercenaries and executioners. Henry Maximilian is not concerned with the religious and ideological questions that gnawed at many sixteenth-century souls. Both boys, born in Bruges, are Catholics and Hapsburg subjects, but Henry is willing to fight in anybody's army for the sake of adventure. Once he has learned the trade of arms, its glamour evaporates. Mme. Yourcenar portrays him not with condescension but with sympathy; English-language readers may think of him as a failed Sir Philip Sidney, sharing that poet's gallantry but lacking his talent. Henry is no dunce (he has published a translation of Anacreon), but his poetry is second-rate. Nonetheless, when the cousins compare notes twenty years after the opening scene, it is clear that Henry's nature remains ineradicably lyrical; while dogma—political, religious, philosophical—may provide stiffening for epics, it is unnecessary for lyrics.

The religiously indifferent characters whom the author portrays harshly are financiers who conform in order to go on doing business. Mme. Yourcenar shows two generations of such men rising from comfort to riches. Their self-satisfaction is peculiarly repellent, yet it seems the only keen pleasure they know. Mme. Yourcenar does not appear to be filling out a historical novelist's hand when she includes quite another kind of rich trader, whose life is spent in charity, who joins the Anabaptists and dies of heartbreak after his wife is executed in the bloody aftermath of the siege of Münster. The author makes one understand precisely why this intelligent, aging idealist and his wife believe that John of Leyden can build the Heavenly City on earth, even though that prophet has come down in history as a rapscallion or a maniac. One understands, too, why this couple's daughter grows up with a passion for security and feels that only money can buy it.

Zeno's passion is to understand ultimate reality—a desire considerably harder to gratify than making or marrying a fortune. Nowadays, scientists perform "the work in black" to which the French title refers—an alchemists'



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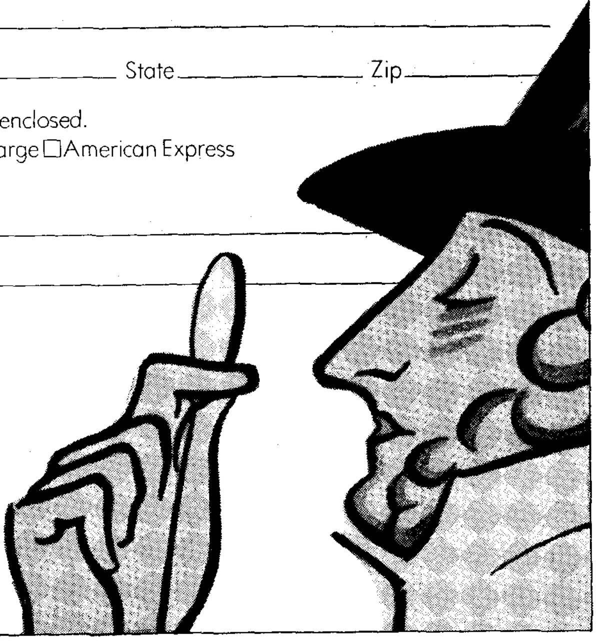

expression for a process of dissolution and reconstruction which was a step toward comprehension and control of the universe. Physicists split the atom and chemists fabricate new materials, but still they cannot tell us what matter is, or even whether there is a primary or basic stuff such as philosophers and alchemists assumed. Zeno outgrows the wilder speculations of alchemy and the other hermetic traditions he has studied, although, as a sixteenth-century thinker might, he continues to use their vocabulary. His thought provides instructive demonstrations of inappropriate or misapplied abstractions—those perennial gremlins of philosophy—but I imagine he would be astounded that our preciser application of abstractions has gained us so much mastery and so little understanding.

His extensive voyages in search of learning are as disillusioning as his cousin's experience of war, and Zeno at last returns to Bruges, where he settles for eight years, under an alias, practicing medicine at a hospice. Zeno has come to believe that "in our bodies is repeated the structure of the Whole," which he seeks to understand. The alias is necessary because he has published several books that have been condemned as heretical and so is a fugitive. Mme. Yourcenar describes Zeno's last book, "Protheories," as a neutral work—what we would call a history of ideas—but neutrality was a dangerous position in the years when Reformation and Counter-Reformation were at war. Toward the end of this period, Bruges became an uneasy refuge, because the Low Countries had begun to rebel against Spain. Mme. Yourcenar includes the historical background only as events—the summary execution of Count Egmont, for instance—arise in conversation. She does something more enlightening than rewriting the encyclopedia: she portrays life in an occupied country, and we learn how much more malice and confusion and how much less unanimity exist than ever appear in patriotic legend. (I daresay we need both myth and fact—the former to inspire us, the latter to teach us not to expect too much.) Mme. Yourcenar is no more sentimental about the poor than about the rich: her unemployed artisans and hungry peasants may be generous or vicious; boatmen fleece refugees and profit a second time by turning them over to the Spaniards. And we are never invited to think ourselves more humane than Zeno's contemporaries. There is a moment when Zeno notices an old house beam carved with the date 1491 and tries to imagine the improbable year 1941. He ruminates on time; we remember that in 1941 the Low Countries were occupied by armies that were very cruel indeed.

Zeno's view of politics is shrewd but detached. He applauds neither the magnificent struggle of the Low Countries against Spanish oppression nor the staunch efforts of their lawful Christian ruler to restore order. He sees everybody's failings; he is too intelligent to take sides. Egmont inspired Goethe with a play and Beethoven with a score; he barely inspires Zeno with pity. Zeno's aloofness resembles the indifference of his moneyed relatives more than intellectuals might like to think. His personality suggests that men lose as well as gain by not sharing the irrationalities of their fellows, for the price of his passion to know is emotional desiccation.

Zeno's identity is discovered by chance, in a scandal of sex and blasphemy at the priory to which the hospice is attached. He is acquitted of complicity in this wretched affair, with which he has had nothing to do, but is condemned to the stake as the author of "Protheories." In the novel's penultimate scene, he is visited in prison by an aged canon who was his first teacher, and who has come to tell him that he and the bishop have arranged matters: Zeno can save his life by recanting and explaining that, properly understood, his book of philosophy is a work of apologetics. Zeno, in refusing the bargain, cannot bring himself to show any affection for the old man who wants to save his pupil's body and soul. The philosopher thinks the churchman a fool, and the author, a delicate psychologist, allows us to see that a component of Zeno's integrity is arrogance. The men's dialogue is very evenly balanced between the claims of truth, as Zeno sees them, and the claims of love, as the canon sees them. The scene is moving fiction; we also recognize that this argument recurs forever between generations. In families, the canon's plea often boils down to "Do it for Mother." I am not sure whether Mme. Yourcenar wishes her readers to decide for charity or for honesty. As a novelist, she has chosen the latter.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DETAILS OF A SUNSET AND OTHER STORIES, by Vladimir Nabokov, translated from the Russian by Dmitri Nabokov in collaboration

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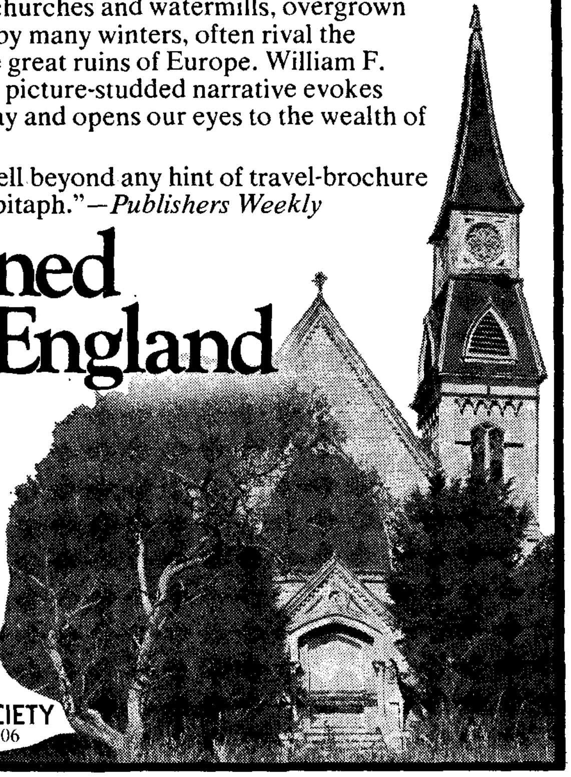

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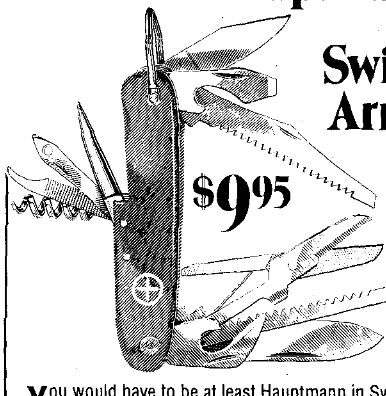

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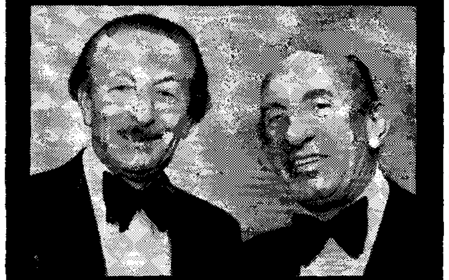

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with the author (McGraw-Hill). With this collection of thirteen short stories written between 1924 and 1935, Mr. Nabokov completes the translation and publication of all his short fiction in the Russian language "meriting to be Englished." Read in the order of their composition (which is not the order of their arrangement here), the stories trace the evolution of the artist from an almost deliriously happy young impressionist to a somewhat sombre, albeit quizzically alert, manipulator of humanoid designs. The earliest stories are saturated in the tang and the scent, the trolley cars and the rain showers, the sunsets and the dawns of the Berlin in which the youthful émigré found lodging and food for his senses. In an ecstasy of notation, he observes "the damp Berlin asphalt whose surface resembles a film of black grease with puddles nestling in its wrinkles." He declares, writing to a Russia he has lost, that he is "ideally happy. . . . As I wander along the streets and the squares and the paths by the canal, absently sensing the lips of dampness through my worn soles, I carry proudly my ineffable happiness." His happiness forces him to the invention of a *supernatural*—Godless but brimming with golden cornices and heavenly chariots. A little later, in stories like "Christmas" and "The Return of Chorb," he begins to develop, around characters who are not alter egos, the theme of grief, of abrupt, nonsensical loss. Autobiography returns after 1930, enhanced by an almost contemptuous verbal cunning and a kind of resigned, formalized nostalgia. The latest stories in this volume, "The Reunion" and "A Slice of Life," show a master fictionist moving his imagination at will through the population of disheartened eccentrics that make up the Russian community of Berlin. A certain German sourness has entered his vision; we miss the exquisite freshness of the enraptured poet who began to write in the city eleven years before. As always, in his best phrases ("the light buzz of silence," "human consciousness, that ominous and ludicrous luxury") Nabokov is an incomparable distiller of the ineffable. Three of these stories have appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

CHARLES I, by John Bowle (Little, Brown). In his preface and introduction, Mr. Bowle says that in tak-

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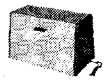

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ing account of recent research "I have had to discard many still popular *idées reçues* of the great nineteenth-century Whig and Liberal historians from Macaulay to Firth and Gardiner, even to Trevelyan, while respecting their narrative power, and to revise the later but now obsolescent view of the mid-seventeenth-century crisis as a conflict between a 'feudal' order . . . and a Protestant 'rising bourgeoisie.' " Thus, his Charles is not a backward-looking despot but an enlightened blunderer: sensitive and brave, steadfast in his convictions, and mistaken in his means. What Charles envisioned was a version of the centralized state that Richelieu and Mazarin brought about in France—a divinely sanctioned hierarchy in which the highest would protect the lowest. With genuine earnestness, he told the court that sent him to the scaffold, "I know that I am pleading for the liberties of the people of England more than any of you." Yet, "he was always miscast; conscientious, dedicated, aloof, Charles I could neither understand the realities of power nor manage men in their incalculable and sometimes repellent diversity." Mr. Bowle shows how this bundle of traits can be seen at several stages of Charles's career, and in the process creates a dense, detailed narrative.

AN IMPOSSIBLE WOMAN: THE MEMORIES OF DOTTORESSA MOOR OF CAPRI, edited and with an epilogue by Graham Greene (Viking). "She had possessed even in her seventies a quality of passionate living which I have known in no other woman, though I tried to give it another form and habitation in Aunt Augusta of 'Travels with My Aunt.' " So Graham Greene describes his friend Elisabeth Moor, a Viennese-born physician who served the people of Capri for nearly half a century and died last year at the age of ninety. Like Aunt Augusta, the Dottoressa was a frankly randy woman. She had many lovers, most of them younger than herself, and enjoyed the last of them as she approached seventy. There was her first love, a boy named Max Adler. There was an actor who introduced her to certain Viennese hotels. There was the artist Gigi Moor, who beat her for being unfaithful while he was cheating on *her*. There was the naval lieutenant Beniamino Tutino, with whom she may have conceived a

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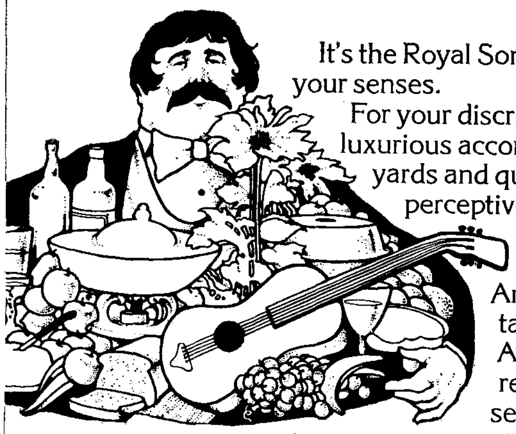
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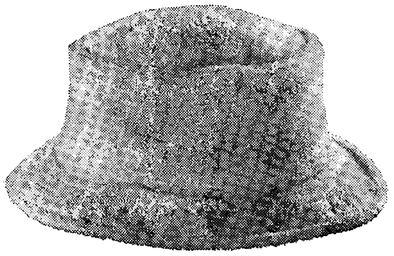

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child while she was married to Moor. There were quite a few others, including some one-night stands. And there were her friendships with many of Capri's annual visitors, such as Graham Greene, and her grief at seeing her son and her best-loved grandson die as she stood helplessly by. The Dottoressa spoke these memories, in German, to an unnamed interviewer, and the results were translated into the kind of incorrect English that Mr. Greene says was her style. They are best when they share the evocative tone of Greene's own prose; when they show off the Dottoressa's deflating earthiness, they reveal how even the most delightful of foreigners can lose considerable charm in verbatim transcript.

LONELY IN AMERICA, by Suzanne Gordon (Simon & Schuster). A sympathetic research-and-reflection essay on the kinds of loneliness and the varieties of lonely people that the author has found in this country—children of divorce and divorced grownups; old people whose children are physically or emotionally distant; families who move repeatedly; young men and women yearning for true love and fearful of rejection. The work suggests some explanations for loneliness. Suzanne Gordon thinks Americans are taught to expect too much of one another—to believe that parents and children should be close friends, for example, or *that* spouses must always be in perfect accord. She also believes that Americans are taught to fulfill or express themselves at all costs, and that our self-centered quest for success or singularity does not create many warm, considerate people. The author suspects, too, that many of us fear loneliness because we confuse solitude with failure, and that people with a keen sense of their own worth do not find it painful to be alone.

JEROME, by J. N. D. Kelly (Harper & Row). One of the traditional defenses of classical education is that it breeds precision, logic, style, and the careful handling of incomplete evidence. Thus it is perhaps appropriate that the most obvious virtue of this biography of the fourth-century churchman is the grace with which Dr. Kelly hedges his narrative, constantly telling us where gaps exist in the record and where one has to resort to calculated guesses, and firmly describing Jerome wherever he shows himself plain. Unfortunately,

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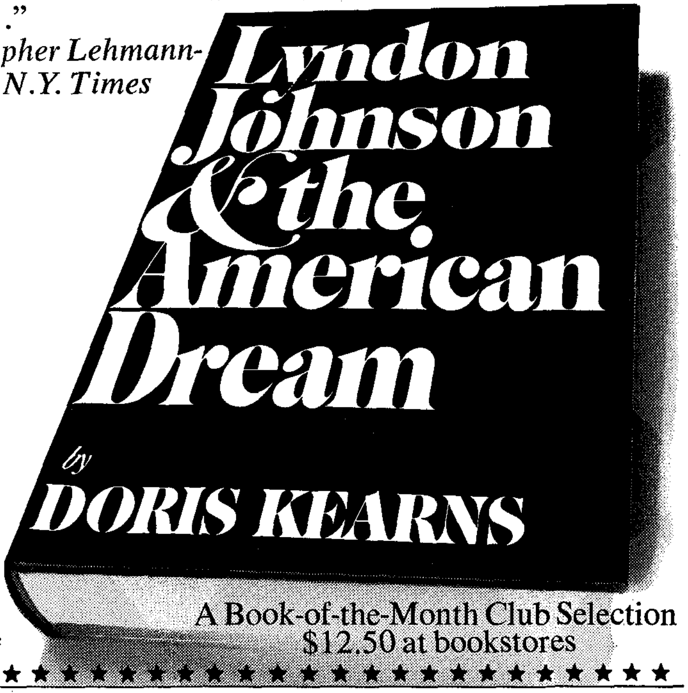
Jerome seems to have been a far from sympathetic man: quarrelsome, vain, proud of his abilities, constantly in trouble, abusive of opposing controversialists. He was, however, one of the greatest of Latin stylists, the translator of the durable Vulgate Bible, author of an important series of commentaries, and a would-be ascetic whose divided attitudes to the flesh exemplify a conflict that burns on in many lives today. All the more surprising, then, that this should be his first full-scale biography in English.

WORLD ENOUGH: RETHINKING THE FUTURE, text by Margaret Mead; photographs by Ken Heyman (Little, Brown). A collaboration between the eminent anthropologist and a former student who is a photographer. The theme is vast—the globe itself, and all the peoples on it—but Dr. Mead reduces it to intellectually manageable dimensions. As ever, she offers astute, striking comments. Her conviction that we—the members of the human race—must solve our problems together or we will not solve them at all is emotionally attractive. Yet the excellent photographs seem to argue against her. Mr. Heyman records such diversity—not merely of race but of culture, of richness and poverty and varieties of adaptation to either, of landscape and religion and dress and styles of expressiveness—that the reader wonders if we can indeed cross all these visible barriers, even though Dr. Mead says we can.

ULYSSES, BY JAMES JOYCE: A FACSIMILE OF THE MANUSCRIPT (in two volumes), and ULYSSES, BY JAMES JOYCE: THE MANUSCRIPT AND THE FIRST PRINTINGS COMPARED (Octagon Books). At fifty dollars per volume, an incomparable spread of Joyceiana is offered. The first two volumes reproduce—with a photographic fidelity that includes all the colored-crayoning, the notebook covers, and the lined graph paper the author happened to employ—the original manuscript of "Ulysses." Our impression, after page after page of Joyce's curiously slant-margined handwriting, is of the extraordinary fluency with which the complexities of the narration, at this stage of their composition, spun themselves out. Working from note scraps that have been lost, Joyce, his prim penmanship at times accelerating to the dash of shorthand, wrote with a tidal steadiness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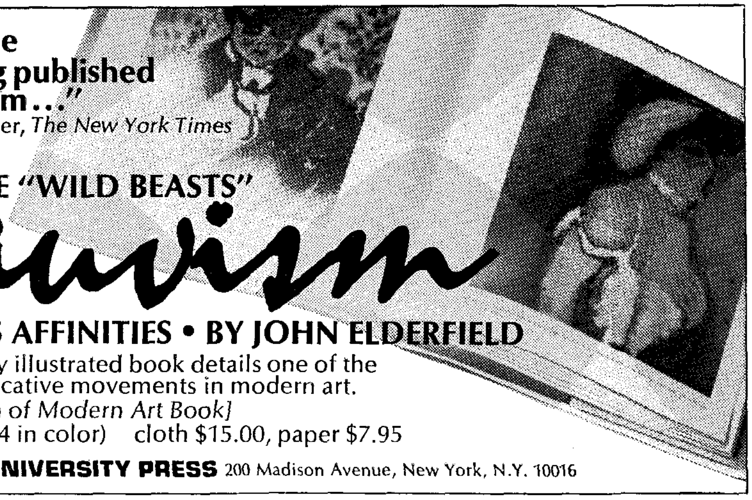
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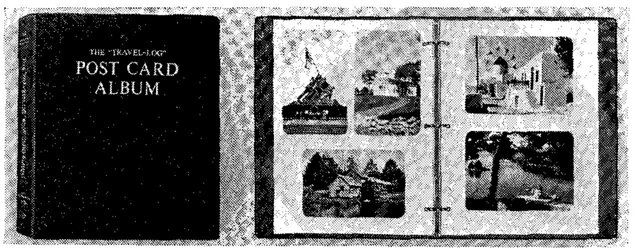

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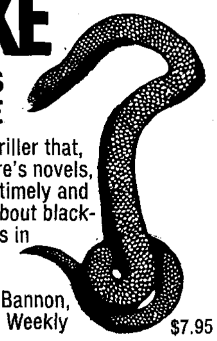

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that swept all detritus of present inspiration and past notation steadily before it. The much slimmer third volume of this set presents—four pages to a page, at a size just this side of legibility—the book's first printed version, meticulously annotated (vis-à-vis the manuscript and the installments published in *The Little Review*) by Clive Driver, curator of the collection of A. S. W. Rosenbach, who bought the manuscript in 1924 for a mere $1,975. Driver's encirclings and marginalia make visible the marvellous extent to which Joyce, in reading proofs, remained open to new gusts of realistic detail, to new elaborations of thematic cross-reference, to new deepenings of his book's already deep matter. Also revealed, surprisingly, is the extent to which Ezra Pound, in processing the chapters for publication in his review, bowdlerized them. Both Mr. Driver and Harry Levin provide admirable introductions, setting forth the bibliographical facts and pointing out special treasures of revision that this unprecedently close examination has brought to light. One is left wondering only if the numerous typographical errors and plain mistranscriptions of the manuscript that Mr. Driver and his assistant came across in their three years' labor will be reported to "Ulysses's" publishers, for an edition as near to perfect as the infinitely meditated text deserves.

•

La Grange, Ga. (AP)—A 27-year-old woman was shot between the eyes with a .22-caliber pistol and lived to tell about it, police said.

Katie Matilda Ogletree was treated and released at the hospital after a bullet fired by an angry friend hit her between the eyes and stopped before penetrating her skull, Lt. James Blackwood said.

"That's what happens when you get these little old Saturday night specials," said Blackwood. "They don't pack enough power to do anything."—*Santa Ana (Calif.) Register.*

Downhill all the way, eh, Lieutenant?

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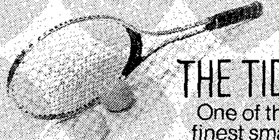

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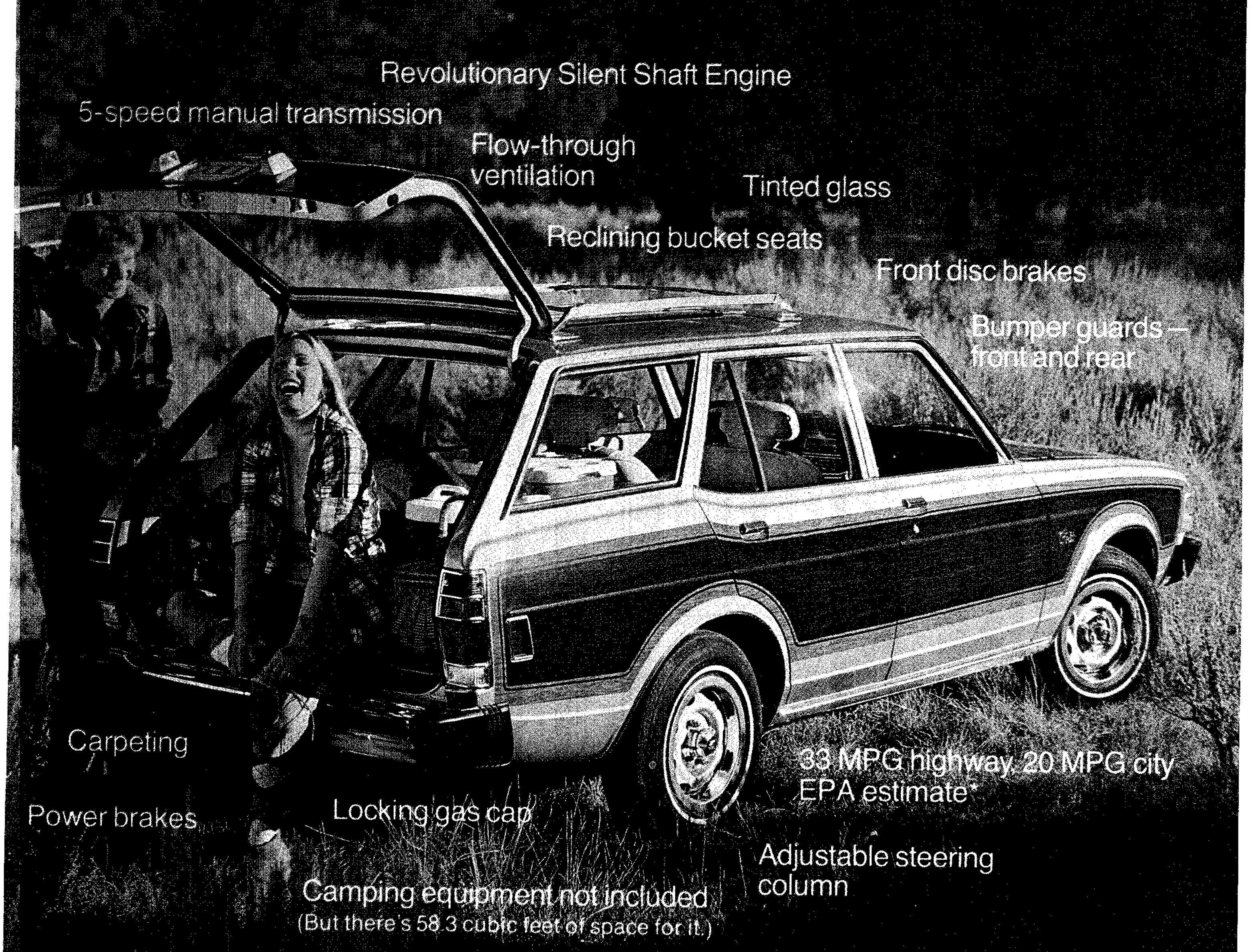

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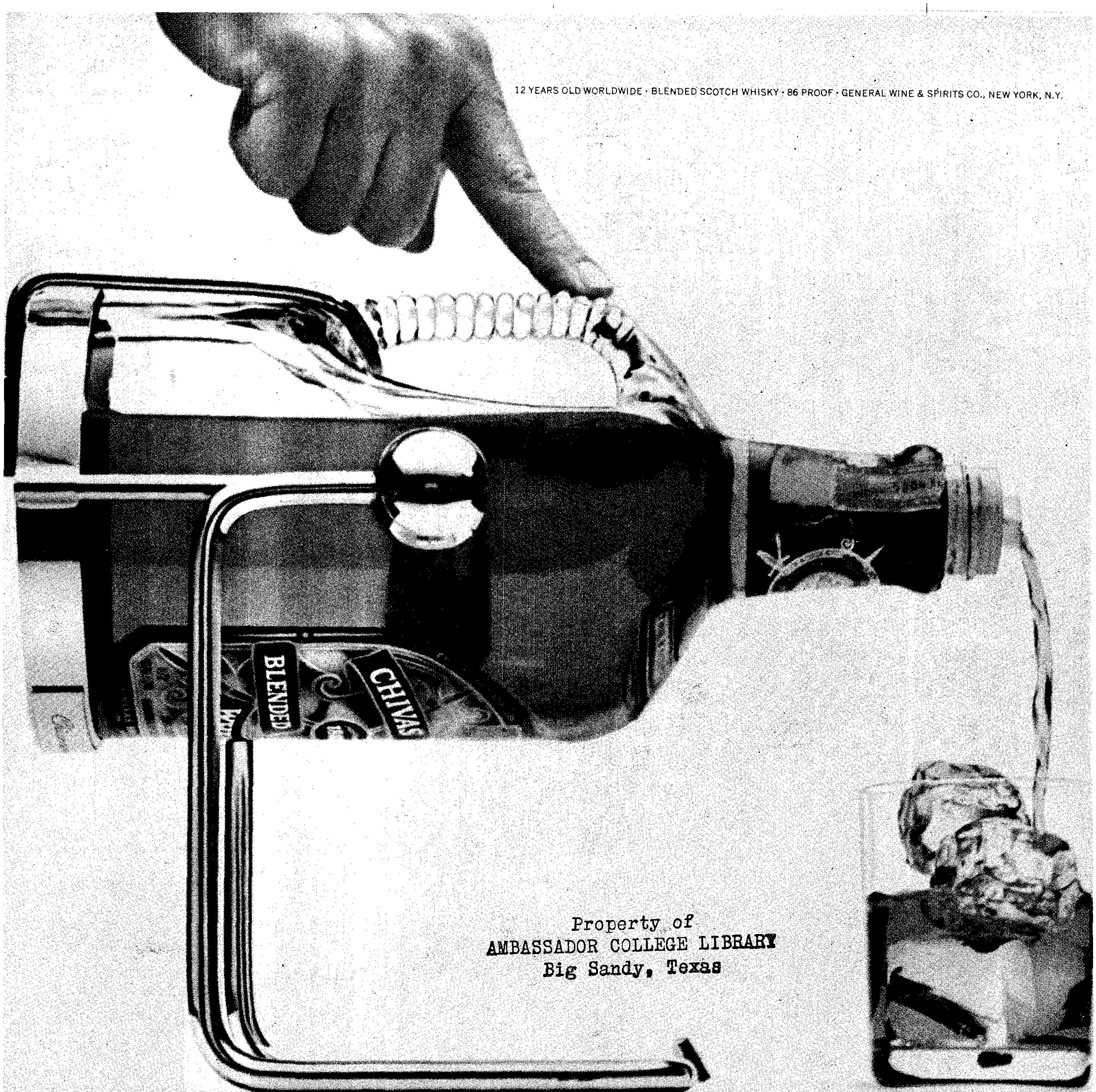

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